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THE GRANITE MONTHLY NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE:

Devoted to Literature, History, and State Progress.

VOLUME III.

13

VOLUME XIII (OLD SERIES).

1890



CONCORD, N. H.:

JOHN N. McCLINTOCK, Editor and Publisher.

REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

1890.

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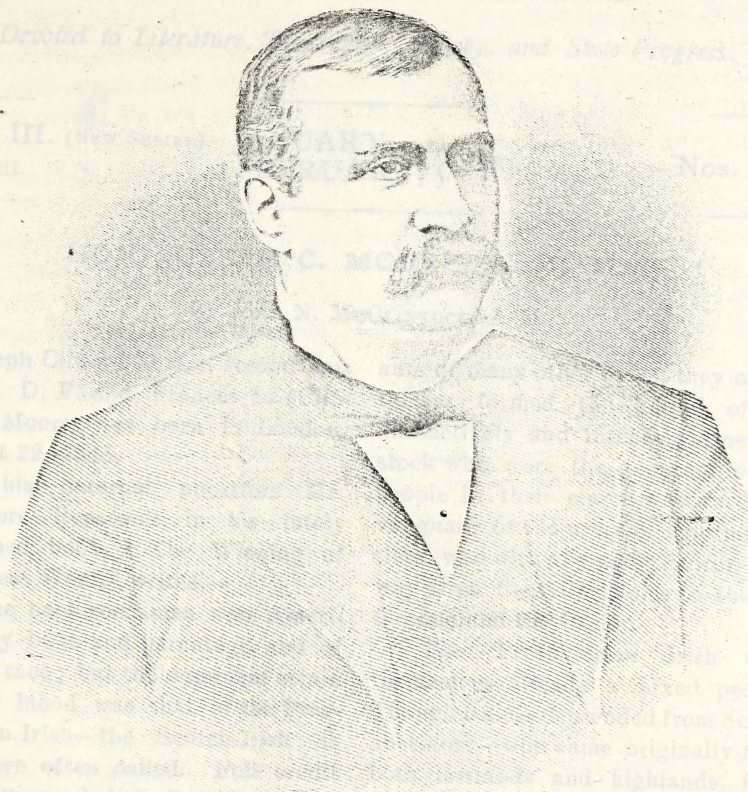
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Joseph C Moore

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VOL. XIII. FEBRUARY, } 1890.

Nos. 1, 2.

HON. JOSEPH C. MOORE, A. M., M. D.

BY JOHN N. McCLINTOCK, A. M.

Joseph Clifford Moore, second son of Dr. D. F. and Frances S. (Clifford) Moore, was born in Loudon, August 22, 1845.

Of his paternal ancestors Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in his lately published book, "The Winning of the Great West," writes,—

"The backwoodsmen were Americans by birth and parentage, and of mixed race; but the dominant strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish—the Scotch-Irish as they were often called. Full credit has been awarded the Roundhead and the Cavalier for their leadership in our history; nor have we been altogether blind to the deeds of the Hollander and the Huguenot; but it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people, the Irish, whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. These Irish representatives of the Covenanters were in the West almost what the Puritans were in the North-east, and more than the Cavaliers were in the South. Mingled with the descend-

ants of many other races, they nevertheless formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march westward, the vanguard of the army of fighting settlers, who with axe and rifle won their way from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific.

"The Presbyterian Irish were themselves already a mixed people. Though mainly descended from Scotch ancestors—who came originally from both lowlands and highlands, from among the Scotch Saxons and the Scotch Celts—many of them were of English, a few of French Huguenot, and quite a number of true old Milesian Irish extraction. They were the Protestants of the Protestants; they detested and despised the Catholics, whom their ancestors had conquered, and regarded the Episcopalians, by whom they themselves had been oppressed, with a more sullen, but scarcely less intense, hatred. They were a truculent and obstinate people, and gloried in the warlike renown of their forefathers, the men who

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Published in Concord, New Hampshire, by J. W. Moore and Son, Proprietors.

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FROM JOSEPH C. MOORE, A. M., M. D.

By J. W. Moore and Son, Proprietors.

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had followed Cromwell, and who had shared in the defence of Derry and in the victories of the Boyne and Aughrim.

"They did not begin to come to America in any numbers till after the opening of the eighteenth century; by 1730 they were fairly swarming across the ocean, for the most part in two streams, the larger going to the port of Philadelphia, the smaller to the port of Charleston. Pushing through the long-settled lowlands of the sea coast, they at once made their abode at the foot of the mountains, and became the outposts of civilization. From Pennsylvania, whither the great majority had come, they drifted south along the foothills, and down the long valleys, till they met their brethren from Charleston, who had pushed up into the Carolina back country. In this land of hills, covered by unbroken forest, they took root and flourished, stretching in a broad belt from north to south, a shield of sinewy men thrust in between the people of the seaboard and the red warriors of the wilderness. All through this region they were alike; they had as little kinship with the Cavalier as with the Quaker; the West was won by those who have been rightly called the Roundheads of the South, the same men who, before any others, declared for American independence."

Referring to this passage, the editor of *The Independent* makes the following comment:

"This is fine writing. It is equally good history, and introduces the reader at once to the hardy population who, with the Bible in their hands and their own stern ideas of

personal independence, could do no other thing than they did in founding a democracy that was American from the start and to the core.

"So in the 'History of Tennessee: The Making of a State,' by James Phelan, his clear recognition of the Presbyterian Scotch-Irish as the path-finders and way-openers, and of the influence of their stern Calvinism on the whole future development of the country, deserves careful notice."

One stream of this great tide of Scotch-Irish migration, striking Boston in 1719, was diverted by Governor Samuel Shute to Londonderry. In that company came Aiken, Bell, Blair, Campbell, Cochran, Christi, Dinsmore, Gilmoor, Goffe, Humphrey, McFarland, McKean, McNeil, Moore, Morrison, Nesmith, Reid, Rogers, Stark, Stewart, Taggart, Thompson, Todd, Wilson, and many others whose descendants "have not been without honor in their own country."

The new town, located in a fertile region, soon became of importance. Farms were cleared; new crops were introduced; and many new enterprises were inaugurated. The town filled up, and an exodus into the wilderness commenced. Amoskeag falls offered sport for the fisherman, but the soil in the neighborhood was poor. Pressing on, in parties large and small, they made their stand in the valley of the Suncook, on the hillsides in Pembroke, and along the banks of the Contoocook.

James Moore, probably a son of William Moore, of Londonderry, settled at the north end of Pembroke street about 1730. In those primitive

times the Moores were a prolific race. Had the family increased in the same ratio as did that of James Moore of Pembroke for at least three generations, and from analogy there is no good reason to think that they did not, there would have been in the present or seventh generation 1492 thousand males of the name, and as many more of the gentle sex, scattered from Maine to the Gulf of California. As a matter of fact, his descendants, although perhaps not so numerous as suggested, have made their way up the Merrimack and Pemigewasset valleys, over to the Connecticut, up the Amonoosuc, into the Coös country, into Vermont, into Canada, and have increased and multiplied until not a state or territory of our Union is without a representative of the Moore family.

They are good stock. The family have furnished fighters as well as frontiersmen. Colonel Samuel Moore led a regiment to the brilliant capture of Louisburg; Captain Daniel Moore commanded a company in Stark's regiment at Bunker Hill; John Moore was his second lieutenant; one was a ranger with Rogers. One of Mr. Moore's ancestors participated in the battle of Lexington. His grandfather was Archelaus Moore, a thrifty and well-to-do farmer of Loudon. His father, Dr. David Fifield Moore, the well known homœopathic physician, was for many years one of the foremost physicians of central and northern New Hampshire. He was born in Loudon, April 2, 1815. In 1855 he settled in Lake Village, where he continued to reside until his death, February 15, 1888. He continued in the active practice of his

profession, in which he was remarkably successful, until within a few years of his death, when failing health caused a suspension of his work. He was a worthy citizen, and one who held a high place in the esteem of his fellow-townsmen. In his profession he was ever ready to respond to the call of distress, and the success which crowned his labors was beyond that usually attained. Although he was of a quiet and unobtrusive disposition, and never sought public life, yet, nevertheless, he had been accorded various positions of trust and responsibility. He was much attached to professional duties, and at one time was president of the New Hampshire Homœopathic Association, and also president of the Bay Side Cemetery Association of Lake Village. In the latter he was particularly active in its interests, being one of the first to secure and push forward its completion. A noticeable feature of his funeral was the attendance of a large number of representative men of Gilford and Laconia, mingling with the bereaved family in token of respect not only to them, but in memory also of a much respected citizen and departed friend.

Dr. D. F. Moore had a good voice, in his prime, and was a very pleasing singer, as well as an eloquent public speaker.

On his mother's side, Mr. Moore is a descendant of a fine old New Hampshire family. John Clifford, then an old man over 70 years of age, was a resident of Hampton in 1680.¹ A branch settled in Gilman-ton, in the last century, and there his mother was born.

His mother, Frances Susan Clifford,

¹ See McClintock's History of New Hampshire.

was the daughter of Joseph and Clarissa (Clifford) Clifford, and the granddaughter of David and ——— (Gilman) Clifford, of Gilmanton. Her father, Joseph Clifford, was a farmer, and for forty years made an annual pilgrimage to Brighton, Mass., with a herd of cattle raised by himself and his neighbors. He was much respected by his fellow-townsmen as an honest and upright man, and represented the old town of Gilmanton in the legislature. In her youth Mrs. Moore was noted for her beauty of person and character. In her declining years, she is noted for her charity and benevolence.

Mr. J. C. Moore is a good representative of the combination of old New Hampshire and Scotch Irish stock. The accompanying portrait fairly delineates his features. His two score and five years have dealt lightly with him; and his face is unwrinkled with care. He is a large and tall man, over six feet in height, urbane in his manners, and, as some of his ardent admirers express it, the best—however, as he is a modest man, withal, and still youthful, it may be as well to spare his blushes.

Mr. Moore was educated as a physician. His early educational advantages were obtained in Lake Village, to which place his parents removed when the lad was ten years of age. There he attended the public schools. Having pursued a course of medical training at the New York Medical College, he returned to his home in Lake Village, in the town of Gilford, and in 1866 entered upon the practice of medicine in partnership with his father.

For thirteen years, or until Novem-

ber, 1879, when he became interested in the *Manchester Union*, he continued to follow his profession with untiring industry and gratifying success. His practice extended over a wide section, and involved long hours and much arduous travel. During this time he was active in general business enterprises.

¹Mr. Moore began his journalistic career without the benefit of any special training whatever, but brought to the work a clear, cool head, ripe judgment, and honest purpose. It was early apparent that he possessed that rare quality, the newspaper faculty. Careful, prudent, cautious, and conservative by nature, he applied that faculty with constantly increasing shrewdness and wisdom, so that the enterprise not only developed a remarkably rapid, but a sound and healthy, growth. Exercising good business judgment and methods, he successfully maintained the financial standing of the paper, notwithstanding the excessive demands of a rapidly growing plant. In shaping the tone and conduct of *The Union*, he has uniformly aimed to give it a character for independence, integrity, and respectability, advancing it on the true line of progressive modern journalism. He is a ready editorial writer on political and general topics, eschews the ornamental and descriptive, and goes straight at the meat of a matter in a plain and direct style. His methods are convincing, as well as terse and vigorous.

¹Mr. Moore has always taken a warm and active interest in politics, not from the selfish motives of the office-seeker, but as an ardent believer in and a staunch supporter of a

¹History of Belknap County.

sound, sterling, and progressive Democracy. At the state election of 1880 he was elected a member of the state senate from the Sixth or Winnebago Senatorial District, and filled his seat with credit to himself and to his constituency. He introduced and was chiefly instrumental in securing the passage of the measure which created the present state board of health. Always under self-command, easy and agreeable in manner, he proved to be valuable in legislative work, and was invariably relied upon to release the senatorial body when sharp conflict of opinion led it into a jangle.

In 1888, Mr. Moore was sent as a delegate from New Hampshire to the Democratic National Convention, and did good service on the committee on resolutions.

In politics, Mr. Moore is a Democrat. He believes in that party, called into existence by the genius of Thomas Jefferson, sustained by Andrew Jackson, and supported in New Hampshire in by-gone years by such men as William Plumer, Levi Woodbury, Isaac Hill, Samuel Dinsmoor, senior and junior, Franklin Pierce, and Edmund Burke, which would entrust the government of the people to the people, and which, with the motto "Free trade and sailors' rights," fostered American commerce, encouraged emigration, and extended the bounds of the republic. He stands very high in the confidence and in the councils of his party and his party's leaders.

In January, 1885, he was unanimously chosen president of the New Hampshire club, an organization com-

prising the leading business and professional men of the state, and shortly after accompanied it on its memorable excursion through many of the Southern states. As the president of that club he was broad and liberal, seeking only to develop its interests and to extend its influence.

Dartmouth college, at the June commencement, 1884, conferred upon him the degree of A. M.

Mr. Moore retains his residence at Lake Village, with his aged mother. He is married, but has no children. Since the expiration of his senatorial term, his time has been given almost exclusively to business matters and the conduct of the *Union*.

He was chosen president of the People's Fire Insurance Company at its organization, and holds the office still. He is president of the Burton Stock Car Company, located at Wichita, Kansas, where the company has a large plant, and gives employment to at least four hundred workmen. He is the leading spirit in the ownership and management of a large hosiery mill at Lake Village. He is also interested in several other business enterprises, in connection with which he holds positions of trust and responsibility.

In manner Mr. Moore is easy and agreeable, and is favored with an excellent address and an attractive personal presence. In business affairs he is careful and conservative, and at the same time enterprising. Honorable and just in his transactions, he enjoys the confidence and respect of business men. He is now in the vigor of his powers, with the promise of a useful and successful future before him.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

At the reopening of the College Church in Hanover, October 26, 1889.¹

BY FREDERICK CHASE.

It was cynically remarked by the wisest of men, that "there is no remembrance of the wise man more than of the fool, for that which now is shall in the days to come all be forgotten." The truth that this statement contains will, nevertheless, weigh upon him who attempts to rescue our local antiquities from oblivion. It is sad to recall the long list of learned and courtly men, many of them not unknown to fame in their day, and the accomplished and charming women, who were wont in the past to dignify and grace these pews, but whose names, if I were to rehearse them now, would bring from the most of my hearers not an answering ray of recognition. A similar fate we must, ere long, expect for ourselves.

But there are some things that by sturdy survival lift themselves out of the fading past, and, taking on new life, now and then serve as a bond of union between successive generations. This edifice is one of these. And on this joyful occasion of its latest, let us hope not its last, renovation, I am asked to tell you something of its history, on its 94th birthday.

This Meeting House—for such is its proper and official style—was projected in the early part of the year 1794, and with appropriate ceremonies dedicated to the worship of God on the 13th day of December, 1795.

The church for whose use it was

designed had already existed a quarter of a century. We are told that its earliest services were sometimes held, even in winter days, under the unclouded canopy of heaven.

But in those days the college was the village, and a place for the church was speedily found in the college building that stood on the south-east corner of the Green.

About 1774 the village, as Dr. Wheelock tells us with pardonable pride, had grown to eleven comfortable dwellings, and in that year the citizens, thirteen in number, subscribed £30 (\$100) to enlarge the building then devoted to a college chapel, situated near the pump on the common, to serve the joint use of all. In this, the famous old "College Hall," were held not only the services of the church, but an important series of secular meetings which came near changing the political relations of the whole upper Connecticut valley. Through defects of construction and neglect this building fell into decay, and was abated as a nuisance by the students at the close of the year 1789.

This *coup d'état* on their part compelled the erection of a new college chapel in hot haste. The expense was £300 (\$1000.) The college was hopelessly in debt, and funds were wanting. In this emergency, about thirty gentlemen of the village came forward with a contribution of £70,

¹ The church edifice had been, during four months, thoroughly renovated, within and without, at an expense of some \$10,000, mainly by the generosity of Hiram Hitchcock, Esq. It furnishes now one of the finest specimens of an old colonial interior to be seen in New England.

for which, until repaid, they enjoyed privileges in the new chapel similar to those they had in the old. In fifteen years the village had increased three-fold.

That building, too, by force of circumstances, opened its doors to assemblies not of a religious character—to the exercises of Commencement, of course; and in 1795 the New Hampshire legislature, then of wandering habits, held there its annual session, and inaugurated with great pomp the governor of the state, Mr. Gilman, of Exeter. The chapel stood in the college yard, a little away from the south-west corner of Dartmouth Hall, and was remarkable chiefly for its acoustic properties. A whisper or the tick of a watch in either corner, thanks to the arched ceiling, could be distinctly heard in the corner diagonally opposite, a distance of more than 60 feet. As college chapel, the building served its purpose till 1828, when a team of forty yoke of oxen drew it away, and it was degraded to a barn, which only within a few years past has ceased to exist.

But the wonderful growth of college and village in the last decade of the century made better accommodations for public occasions indispensable; and in February, 1794, a conference of citizens, held at the dwelling of Humphrey Farrar (now Mrs. Wainwright's), formulated plans for the house where we now are. About a dozen families had been added to the population within four years. President Dwight, who took Hanover in his route of travel in September, 1797, speaks of about forty houses, several of them, however, to his surprise, "ragged and ruinous." Wealth had

certainly increased, for the comparatively large sum of £1,500 (\$5,000) was raised for this object without serious difficulty.

A minimum value was fixed on the pews according to dignity, and in April, 1794, privileges of choice were offered by auction at the inn of Gen. Brewster (afterwards the "Dartmouth Hotel"). You will, no doubt, be interested to know that the pew first chosen was No. 1, the front pew on the east side of the middle aisle. This was valued at £30 (\$100), and fetched a premium of \$40 besides, from Ebenezer Woodward, a merchant and general factotum, who lived in a low house on the crest of the hill east of Rollins chapel. The second choice fell to General Brewster, who selected a wall pew at the north end east of the pulpit; and the third to Richard Lang, who likewise took a wall pew near the front on the western side. President Wheelock and Professor Woodward chose seats on the middle aisle, a little back from the front. The pew contiguous to the pulpit on the western side was reserved for the pastor's family, and was so occupied in my boyhood. The preacher himself was from that point, I believe, wholly invisible.

The mode of payment stipulated was one not unusual at that period. One half was to be in cash as needed, and the remainder in beef, pork, grain, lumber, and labor at fixed prices. Labor was estimated at 3/6 (58 cents) a day, the workman providing his own "victuals and drink." The means were wholly furnished by individuals, but with the understanding that the college should share in the use of the building under

arrangements that still exist. The western gallery was first assigned to the students.

The building was 66 feet long and 60 feet wide, with posts of 30 feet, and a "belcony" 15 feet square at the south end. The "belcony" was 50 feet high, with a steeple 50 feet more. The house had 57 windows, wholly without blinds, and 66 pews of dimensions $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $5\frac{1}{4}$ feet. The pews were raised from the aisles one step in the middle blocks and two steps on the wall. They were furnished, of course, with doors, fastened with wooden buttons, and for forty years were numbered with *chalk*. The east gallery was also, at one time, divided into pews, but never assigned in severalty.

The pulpit was very high, but of a light and graceful pattern, painted white, with doors like the pews, and a bell-shaped sounding-board suspended overhead, which I saw some years ago in the rubbish of the cellar, but now it is gone. Behind the pulpit was a large mullioned window hung with a curtain, and over it a mural tablet inscribed with rays and the words, in English and Hebrew letters, "God said let there be light." Attached to the front of the pulpit platform were the deacons' official seats, two in number, raised one above the other and facing the audience, likened irreverently to a comb case.

The pews were fitted, on all sides but that of the door, with seats which were hinged to be raised in prayer time, when by custom (continued till recent time) all stood. It followed that the seats were generally uncushioned, and that the resumption of them was celebrated by the crash of

falling boards, like a volley of musketry, which announced to any who chanced to remain at home the progress of the service.

Twelve years after the house was built, it narrowly escaped destruction by fire. The roof was ignited from a burning dwelling across the street, and was saved by the nerve of a student named Bicknell, who ran out upon the ridge with pails of water. In 1802 one of the lower windows was blown out by a hurricane, and landed bodily in the yard of the dwelling at the north-east corner of the Green. It was restored to place, not a pane broken.

As first constructed, the house had no appliance for heating. With its 57 windows, one shudders to think of it. The ladies were, some of them, favored with tin foot-stoves containing a pan of coals, but the boys had to brave it out. Our venerable friend, Judge Nesmith, assures us, that when a freshman in 1816, sitting over there in the south-east corner by the door, his "best foot" was frozen during service. About 1822, contemporaneous with radical improvements of the same kind in the college building, a large stove was brought in, and placed, as appears, in the centre of the house. Afterwards, doubtless in 1838, two chimneys were built at the north end, stoves were placed near the doors, and the long pipes, suspended over the side aisles, dripped creosote diligently on the floor, and frescoed the chimneys.

In the summer of 1827 the adjoining residents began to look askance at the steeple. It was tall and beautiful in its proportions, but, being unprotected in some of its parts, the tim-

bers were decayed and it appeared unsafe. Ropes were procured, the timbers were cut, and the 50 feet of steeple was with difficulty pulled bodily over to the ground; then for about a dozen years the square tower or "belcony" stood alone, capped only by an ornamental railing. In the meantime the whole structure fell out of repair, and in the autumn of 1838, under the influence of the pastor, Rev. Henry Wood, Prof. Adams, and others, a radical renovation was made. The present steeple was erected, the old square pews were taken out and the present slips of half the width substituted, but furnished as before with doors, and with buttons this time of brass. Half of the windows were boarded up, and all were provided with blinds. The entire floor was raised to the level of the wall pews, and the pulpit platform arranged as we knew it down to 1877. The pulpit itself remained a year or two, until replaced by the mahogany desk bought by the ladies from the profits of a fair held in the hall over the store where now Mr. Cobb presides.

The next important improvement was made in 1869, largely through the munificence of Mr. Henry C. Lord. The foundations were wholly renewed, vestibules were built at the side doors, and a furnace for wood took the place of the stoves. The old chimneys were taken away from the north end, and a new one was built near the tower, and the house was repainted. It was also carpeted anew, and the students' seats were cushioned and widened, being as they said too narrow to sleep on with safety. The changes made in 1877 are well known, when, by the expenditure of about \$4,000, among

other things the building was extended eleven feet at the north end, the galleries were lowered two feet, the south gallery narrowed three feet, the gallery seats changed in form, and the floor of the house, including the pews, carpeted anew, all alike. Hitherto the pews had been left to private enterprise. Some had been carpeted and some had not, and no two were alike. When a carpet was first introduced to the aisles, I am at this moment unable to say.

My imperfect sketch would be inexcusably deficient were I to omit mention of the provisions made for the service of song. The front seats in the south gallery were designated for the singers before the house was occupied. The choir then, as now, was drawn chiefly from the students, and so great was their interest in the matter that President Dwight on his second visit, in 1803, declared that "never (unless in a few instances at Wethersfield, Conn., many years before) had he heard sacred music rendered with so much taste and skill."

The type of the church music of that day was the "light and jangling" fugue. In 1807, a general revolt took place all over New England against the use of that sort of tune, and the *HANDEL SOCIETY* was formed in the college for the purpose of promoting a return to the more solemn style of the old masters. Ritter, in his *History of Music*, declares that next to the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, the Handel Society of Dartmouth stood in its influence at the head of all the numerous similar societies of that day.

At what time instruments were first introduced at the church services

we cannot definitely say. The Handel Society purchased a bassoon in 1808, and in 1820 there is mention of Esquire Hutchinson's violin and Deacon Long's viol. In 1829 a bass viol was bought by the society, and later a double bass, the only one then in the state. Dr. Mussey was the master of this instrument, and at the same time for twenty years or more leader of the choir. In 1839 a trombone was purchased, to be played by sophomore Tyler, and a post horn in 1842. The extent and quality of the orchestra varied, of course, with the varying degrees of musical talent afforded by the society.

In July, 1852, through the efforts of Professor Brown, the organ, till now in use, was purchased at a cost of a little more than \$1,000, and placed in the south gallery, where it remained till removed, in 1877, to the north-east corner of the lower floor. It is to that instrument that the boys

of the village (myself included) are indebted for their musical education, —contracted from the bellows-handle.

I feel that apology is due for this bald and hasty sketch, confined of necessity to the barest material details of construction and repair. It will not be forgotten, that, as the place for all general gatherings, religious and secular, there is another side to its history which both time and ability would fail me to describe. It would be hard to over-estimate the service the old house has rendered to the college and the community.

With what feelings of gratitude and wonder would the generous and far-seeing men who built it behold it now, by modern taste and generosity faultlessly complete, in the style of their own period, to a degree of beauty and comfort beyond their most fanciful dreams! Long may it survive, a blessing to all who dwell under its shadow.

JOHN CALFE—HIS HORN.

In one of my rambles last summer I stopped at a farm-house, and was invited to enter. After alluding to the topics of the day, the lady of the house said she had a Revolutionary relic which she would like to show me. She then brought out John Calfe's powder-horn, saying it had descended to her as an heirloom; said she would like to have me write a description of it, and print it. After admiring the delicate etching with which it is ornamented, I told her I would take it home, with her permission, and have it photographed.

The idea pleased the lady, and the pictures I send you are the result of my promise.

The horn is quite large, of the regulation size to contain two pounds of powder. It is elaborately fringed in the border, the figures being etched with exactness, showing great skill in the use of the penknife, with which it is said the whole work was done. The horn is in perfect condition, and is a beautiful memento of those days of trial which made heroes of common men.

The legend inscribed on it is as

follows, and is etched the whole length of the horn :

*"What I contain shall freely go,
To bring a haughty tyrant low.*

JOHN CALFE

*His Horn Made at
Mount Independence April 1777 "*

On the reverse side of the horn is etched a correct plan of the military works on both banks of the lake, including the forts, redoubts, batteries, barracks, gunboats, and officers quarters. The old "French lines," formed for the defence of Ticonderoga, are shown; also, the "Way to Crown Point," "To the Mills" which they had built. The "South Bay" is shown, with vessels of one and two masts riding at anchor near by. In the bottom of the horn is a mirror, nicely inserted, with which the captain was wont to shave himself, and perhaps admire his own countenance. On the whole, this relic from "Mount Independence" is thrillingly interesting. It would be a great prize in any collection of relics. Its examination had the effect to fill me with the desire to learn somewhat about "Mount Independence" and the unfortunate brave men who stood guard and ward within its fated walls. After vainly searching in many histories and encyclopedias, I found what I desired in an old volume, entitled "The History of the British Empire from the year 1765 to the end 1783—By a society of gentlemen—Philadelphia, 1803."

Mount Independence is a high, circular hill, on the Vermont shore of the inlet opposite Fort Ticonderoga. On the summit of this hill, which is table land, was erected a star-fort enclosing a large square of barracks,

well fortified, and supplied with artillery. The foot of the mount, which projected into the water on the west side, was strongly intrenched to its edge, and the entrenchments well lined with artillery. A battery about half way up the mount sustained and covered these lower works. The colonists also joined the two forts (Ticonderoga and Mount Independence) by a bridge of communication thrown over the inlet. The bridge was built upon sunken piers of very large timbers, strongly fastened together by chains and rivets. The side of the bridge next to Lake Champlain was defended by a boom of very large timber fastened together by riveted bolts and double chains, one inch and a half square. By this work communication was maintained between the two forts, but access by water was totally cut off on the northern side.

The strength of Ticonderoga with all its outlying defences was, however, only apparent. It was effectually commanded by Sugar Hill, an eminence near by, and which General St. Clair who was in command failed to secure.

These extensive works were garrisoned by about 3500 men, and among them was Col. Pierse Long's regiment, from the neighborhood of Dover and Piscataqua, and John Calfe, lawyer, was a Captain.

On the 5th of July, 1777, the royal army, led by Gen. Burgoyne, had almost finished their approaches to the works, Sugar Hill having been instantly seized by Gen. Phillips. A council of war was held. It was there decided that only immediate evacuation of both forts could save

the troops. The baggage of the army, with such artillery, stores, and provisions as time would permit, was dispatched on 200 batteaux up South Bay to Skenesboro, the main army marching by Castleton for the same place. But they were pursued and attacked by Gen. Reidesel with such force and energy that St. Clair's army, already demoralized by lack of confidence in their officers, was nearly utterly destroyed.

One hundred and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, stores, and provisions of all kinds and of great value were captured.

"The retreat of the garrison proved more ruinous than a surrender upon any terms. Gen. Burgoyne concluded the pursuit in person by water. The bridge and other works, which had cost ten months' hard labor, were ruined in less than as many hours."

On the 7th of July the main body of the retreating army was attacked by Gen. Fraser and totally defeated, with a loss of 800 killed and wounded and 200 prisoners. Many of the wounded were left to perish miserably in the woods. The loss to the British was trifling—200 or 300 killed and wounded.

It was a sad disaster to the Patriot cause, and a deep gloom settled over the minds of the people. Loud complaints were uttered against St. Clair and his general officers, charging them with losing their heads, and incompetency. A court of inquiry

was ordered, and Gen. St. Clair was relieved from the command, and ordered to report at head-quarters.

Capt. John Calfe was born in Newbury, Mass., 1740,—a descendant of Robert Calfe, an eminent merchant of Boston, who strenuously opposed the government and church crusade against witches in Salem. He was author of "More Wonders of the Invisible World," printed in London, 1700; died at Roxbury, 1719. Many years Capt. John was a resident of Hampstead, N. H., where he was held in high honor. He was deacon of the church thirty-five years, judge of the court of common pleas twenty-five years. According to tradition, nearly every office in the government was thrust upon him, whether he wanted it or not. At the age of eighteen he was an under officer in the war against the French and Indians, in 1758. In Dec., 1776, he was captain in Col. Pierse Long's regiment stationed at Piscataqua. Then the regiment was ordered by Gen. Ward to reinforce the army before Ticonderoga, and marched for that point in Feb., 1777. It was while stationed here that he etched with his penknife the plan of all those great military works upon his powder-horn, which has come down as an heirloom among his descendants, and is now the property of Mrs. Stephen Morse, a great-great-granddaughter of the old judge, who died in 1808, aged 68 years.

ON RUM HILL.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

We climb Rum hill, a grassy slope,
This afternoon in May ;
The kine look up in mild surprise,
To watch our upward way ;
The dandelions show their gold,
The violets their blue ;
Each tree and shrub flings out its green
In spring's most dainty hue.

We follow up the low stone wall
To where the little tree,
Umbrella-like, spreads wide its shade
To welcome you and me ;
And from the mossy rocks beneath,
We watch the bluebirds' flight,
And hear the sparrows talking love
From somewhere out of sight.

I say I think the sweetest time
Of all the year is May ;
And now you point where Pembroke's street
Runs its long, slanting way,
And bid me note the meeting-house
That stands half-mountain high—
An ancient, dingy, peaked speck,
Clear marked against the sky.

A corner of the Lower Bridge
Peeps out amid the green,
And, just below, a tiny bit
Of river blue is seen,
That like a bright brooch seems to hold
The bushy frill in place,
That draws its puffy line beneath
The sand-bluff's yellow face.

Flitting along the city's length,
Like gay young things in play,
Cloud-shadows chase each other down,
Racing in wanton way ;
And after them the sunshine comes,
Lighting up roof and spire,
Till the old state-house eagle's wings
Flash out like flames of fire.

Where the long, level lines of road
Go winding into town,
Like mottled bugs the moving teams
Are creeping up and down ;
While o'er the sunny intervale,
Marked off with wall and line,
The pleasant homes are dotted round
With quiet, browsing kine.

Oh, peace and comfort everywhere!
 What is there now to show
 Of the fierce struggles, toils, and cares
 In days of long ago.
 When from the "howling wilderness"
 And from the Indian foe
 Our ancestors reclaimed the land,
 And made the harvests grow!

Naught but the lettered monument
 Down there a little way—
 Poised on its top a wild bird sits,
 Trilling its roundelay:
 And vaguely dim old memories
 Gleamed from historic page,
 So framed about with childish joys
 They scarce a thought engage.

Then in the winey, sweet May air
 Let's toast the pioneers
 Who gave to us our happy homes,
 Redeemed through strife and fears;
 Oh! may their well earned rest be full,
 And, on the heavenly strand,
 May they be first to enter in
 The promised Better Land.

Concord, N. H.

ABOUT PICTURES AND FACES.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"When from the sacred garden driven
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in heaven,
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
 'Twas Art, sweet Art! new radiance broke
 When her light foot flew o'er the ground,
 And thus, with seraph voice she spoke:
 'The curse a blessing shall be found!'"

We have no Louvre or Vatican, no Dresden Gallery with miles of paintings, in America. We are not an art-loving or art-patronizing people, perhaps, in the strictest sense of the word. Yet there is gradually growing among us a finer culture, a more thorough appreciation of ethics, than have marked any preceding generation. Many of our wealthiest citizens have private collections of stat-

uary and paintings that speak well for this increasing interest in art; and in almost every large city there is an Art Gallery, where the public "without money and without price" can study the best works of the greatest masters. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, and Washington have each a large building devoted to art treasures,—painting, statuary, ceramic ware, and valuable *bric-a-brac*,—where one can behold lovely and glorious works that in some respects are not surpassed on the other side of the Atlantic. We are not going to attempt a description of any of these buildings or collections now,

our chief intent being to set before the reader a few studies that we saw during a recent visit at the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

How differently the same subjects are rendered by writers, painters, and sculptors, according as they sympathize with their subject, or not! I once saw a "Charlotte Corday led to Execution," beautiful as a woman could be, but quite capable of wickedness. Her face was that of a real assassin, a murderess, and might have answered for a Lady Macbeth or a Clytemnestra. I suspect the painter was a bitter red Jacobin. In the Corcoran Gallery there is a painting of "Charlotte Corday in Prison" that is very different. It represents the heroine looking through the iron bars of her prison window. Her dress is that of a Breton rustic, and a tricolor ribbon ornaments her cap. She rests her weary form upon her right arm. The same hand holds a pen, and supports the drooping head and pale, beautiful face. Her features are of the noblest beauty; the mouth declares a resolute will; and there is a rare fascination in the quiet, mournful eyes. You know, as well as if the painter had told you himself, that he was an admirer of this heroic peasant girl, who braved death and dishonor for the sake of her country.

One lingers long at another picture close beside this one—"The Vestal Tuccia," by Hector Leroux. In fine harmony the artist has combined purity and excellent conception of design with cool, chaste coloring, and an admirable knowledge of *technique*. The whole interest of the picture, however, converges upon the form of the vestal virgin. There she stands,

the beautiful priestess Tuccia, charged with the gravest offence which could be brought against her profession, with all the beauty which youth and the climate of her own Italy could give her, poised on the bank of the yellow Tiber, with a sieve in hand, while distant masses of the people, a near group of vestals, and a solitary fisher-boy in the background, watch her in eager expectation of the issue of the miraculous test. It will be a long time before one can forget the stately grace of the elegant patrician figure clad only in its white stola, and the delicate beauty and purity of that face which might be that of a Madonna, but which has also the pride of an Empress.

A "Scene at Fontainebleau" is a picture of a bosky lane in that royal French domain. At a distance through the vista is seen the grand chateau, with its towers, windows, balconies, and terraces, while in the foreground is an old-fashioned young lady who may well be Agnes Sorel, or the eleventh Louis's liege queen, Charlotte of Savoy, so queenly is her mien, so regal are her robes. Her rich amber brocade is lifted with one hand and shows her white embroidered skirt, while a symmetrical foot and ankle peep from beneath it. She has a sweet young face, yet there is fire and pride there too. For such a face knights have before now risked their lives in the tourney and on battle-fields. She is attended by a noble-looking hound, haughty and handsome and faithful as Llewellyn's in the old, old story.

The next notable picture is the "Talking Well." We have seen that maiden somewhere before. Is it Elaine who guarded the shield of Launcelot? Certainly she is fair

enough, but that lily grace and old-time dress are lacking. Nor is it Rebekah nor Maud Muller. Ah, I remember now. She is the girl who went to school with me, and was my playmate in many childish games. The same dress, the same face. She stands leaning upon the pitcher that she has just filled to the brim from the fountain. Hers is a charming figure, and the arch smile gives her face a piquant beauty that accords well with her rustic garb. The sun lights up her crimson bodice; and the saucy fellow who bends over the low wall, in slashed scarlet jacket and jaunty cap and plumes, page of "my lord," ought to have his ears boxed.

One of the realistic, dramatic pieces of Jean Gérôme hangs up on one side of the room, where the light never touches it, a weird, powerful picture that haunts one: "Caesar Dead." The transitoriness of human greatness was never brought out so strongly before as the artist has represented it here. There is the world's great master lying stretched alone on the pavement, his chair fallen, his robes blood-stained, the wide, marble-paved senate chamber dusty and deserted, the pillars sprinkled with blood, the circlet of golden leaves fallen from his brow,—all vulgar accessories kept from sight, save the imposing row of columns, the base of Pompey's statue, and the stony stare of horror from the Medusa in the pavement, dabbled with the bloody foot-prints of the conspirators—a gloomy, awful, but perfect scene of crime and loneliness.

"O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?"

There was a portrait of "A Lady" that I gazed upon with a devouring but vain curiosity to pierce the story of her mystery and her fate. This unknown beauty, supposed to be one of Lely's female heads, perhaps one of that fair bevy of lovely women who shone a star in the firmament of Whitehall or Hampton Court, is represented by a woman in the bloom of youth, with Juno's magnificence and Diana's grace in every outline of her person. With a sigh of baffled interest I gaze upon the fine contour of the face, the open, expansive brow, the ripe, rich, curving lips, the lovely neck, the exquisite bust, calling upon my imagination to supply the lack of tradition, and asking such questions as Lord Byron asks of Cecilia Metella, with as little possibility of being answered:

"Was she chaste and fair?

What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?

What daughter of her beauties was the heir?

How lived, how loved, how died she?"

The gallery is rich in portraits of famous and great men,—scholars, statesmen, and rulers. We pause and gaze upon them long. How strangely diverse human faces are, each distinct feature being indicative of individual character! Why do some faces repel and others attract us? Is it not on account of the character of the person that lies behind the mask of the features? Mr. Corcoran's face pleased me, it has such a hale, peaceful, benevolent look. Ex-President John Tyler's did not. It is fine and chiselled—and proud. It is handsome and intellectual, but I should not have liked him for a friend. Even Guizot's face, grand as it is, does not attract you. There

There was a portrait of "A Lady" that I gazed upon with a wondering but vain endeavor to guess the story of her mystery and her fate. This enigmatic beauty, supposed to be one of Lady's female friends, perhaps one of that fair party of lovely women who stood about in the mansion of Whitehall or Hampton Court, is represented by a woman in the bloom of youth, with June's magnificence and Diana's grace in every outline of her person. With a kind of pallid interest I gaze upon the fine contour of the face, the open, expansive brow, the ripe, rich, glowing lips, the lovely neck, the exquisite hand, resting upon my imagination to supply the lack of tradition, and asking such questions as Lord Byron's of *Camille* might, with as little possibility of being answered:

"What is the mysterious lady?
What was her story, and where did she die?
What mystery of her beauty was the light
That lit her face, how loved, how died she?"

The gallery is rich in portraits of famous and great men—nobles, statesmen, and artists. We pause and gaze upon them long. How strangely diverse human faces are, each distinct feature being indicative of individual character! Why do some faces repeat just others almost? Is it not on account of the character of the person that lies behind the mask of the features? Mr. Courtenay's face pleased me, it has such a hale, powerful, invulnerable look. Elizabeth John Tyler's did not. It is fine and chiselled—and proud. It is handsome and intellectual, but I should not have liked him for a friend. Even Christ's face, grand, triumph, again, struck to the little measure?

enough, but that his grace and old-time dress are lacking. Nor is it Nebuchadnezzar and Babel. Ah, I remember now. She is the girl who went to school with me, and was my playmate in many childish games. The same dress, the same face. She stands leaning upon the pillar that she has just tilted to the ruin from the fountain. Here is a charming figure, and the arch smile gives her face a radiant beauty that sends well with her gentle words. The sun lights up her crimson bodice; and the many fellow who heads over the low wall, in shaded sunset light and jaunty cap and gloves, gaze at "my lord," ought to have his ears bored.

One of the realistic, dramatic pictures of Jean Gironde hangs up on one side of the room, where the light never touches it, a weird, powerful picture that denotes itself, "Nebuchadnezzar." The transitoriness of human greatness was never brought out so strongly before as the artist has represented it here. There is the world's great master lying stretched alone on the pavement, his chair fallen, his robes blood-stained, the wide, marble-paved senate chamber dark and deserted. The pillars glistened with blood, the circles of golden leaves fallen from his brow,—all vulgar accessories kept from sight, save the imposing row of columns, the base of Pompey's statue, and the stark stone of horror from the Medusa in the pavement, dyed with the bloody foot-prints of the conquerors—a ghastly, awful, but pathetic scene of crime and loneliness. "O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low? Art all the conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?"

is in it a suggestion of nervousness. Yet what a noble man he was! He was one who helped the world.

The small, thin face of John Randolph of Roanoke, with his mobile mouth, clear, bright eyes, and lofty forehead, is both attractive and repellent. The portrait holds you with a strange fascination. We all remember this singular and eccentric personage, the boasting descendant of Pocahontas, the petulant, caustic, and capricious man, the fiery orator, the only speaker whom Henry Clay ever feared. Well, he looks down from the wall just as he looked to his contemporaries in congress, when, tall, slender, and arrogant, he stalked into the Hall of Representatives booted and spurred, whip in hand, and his hounds behind him, to tilt with Clay and Webster. You can imagine him pointing his long, skinny finger at his enemy, and hurling his invective, sarcasm, and syllogism against those who opposed him in debate. You do not observe any of that youthful look which distinguished him at the time he was first sworn in and he was asked by the clerk if he was of legal age, when he retorted in his characteristic manner, "Go ask my constituents," but the absence of beard, his bright eyes, his hectic cheeks, make him appear younger than he was.

His great and life-long enemy, Henry Clay, with whom he fought a duel while in the Senate, looks down very calmly from the same wall in brotherly proximity, as though the two had never stood facing each other in mortal combat. The face of Clay is rugged with power. It is a stronger and a finer face than Randolph's, though not a more intellectual one.

His forehead is no higher, but it is broader. There was a massiveness about Clay which Randolph lacked. Both were natural orators, but while Randolph was rapid, fiery, caustic, and vehement, Clay was smooth, pliable, logical, and convincing. More flowery oratory never flowed from the lips of any man than from those of Henry Clay. Randolph was irascible, abrupt, and arbitrary; Clay was always the polished gentleman, and perhaps only two other men of his time equalled him in dignity of bearing and courtliness of address. These were Aaron Burr and Andrew Jackson.

It rests one to turn from Randolph's portrait to that of Clay. You can almost see the fire in Randolph's eyes, and hear the withering invective or cruel irony issuing from the thin, nervous lips. But Clay's face is serene as an archangel's, and though he could be earnest enough, he always strove to convince rather than to annoy or irritate. Strong common-sense seems written all over the face of the "Mill boy of the slashes," and Athenian culture is strongly commingled with American shrewdness and penetration. There was not so much difference in the moral qualities of the men; both could gamble, bet at horse-racing, and fight duels, but I fancy Clay would have been the better neighbor, the more agreeable friend.

We linger before two other portraits and study them well. They belong to two men who were distinguished personages in their generation. Their very names carried prestige and influence, and they are honored to-day in our valhalla of heroes—Calhoun and Webster. For forty years these

three,—Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, —ruled the minds and hearts of their countrymen with absolute sovereignty. They were the three noblest citizens of the Republic, three great uncrowned kings. And there are their portraits speaking to us from the walls. Webster's grand, massive head and dark, swarthy countenance, with the burning eyes and Homeric forehead, are unmatched in power, but there are elements of weakness in them. There is too much pride, too much voluptuousness, too much alimentiveness. Such a man could be great, but he could not always be good without constant fighting with the flesh and the devil. And Webster sometimes yielded,—too often, even on the admission of those who knew him best and respected him most. Beside his, the face of Calhoun looks like that of a saint.

John C. Calhoun was the purest of all our statesmen, purest in deed and in principle; but I must confess I never understood the man till I saw his portrait in the Art Gallery. That massive Roman face, with the clear cut, noble features, the deep, cavernous eyes, iron countenance, and compressed lips, tells what he was. It was easy to read why he was never President of the United States. His earnest and unconquerable independence of character left him without a national party; his incorruptible purity and integrity left him without intrigue or policy; and the naturally metaphysical bent of his genius swayed mind, not the masses. He could electrify the souls of the few, but he could not carry the hearts of the multitude by storm. Clay could do that, but Calhoun never.

Clay was our Demosthenes, Webster our Cicero. Calhoun had the severity of Cato and the logic of Phocion. Clay could mould the people to his will, Webster could magnetize a Senate; but let ten men of solid attainments be picked out for judge and jury, and nine of the ten would have yielded to the iron logic of Calhoun. As an orator his chief characteristics were clearness of analysis, simplicity, appropriateness, and power of expression, and a subdued and lofty earnestness. He very rarely indulged in tropes and figures, and seldom left any doubt as to his meaning. In elevation and nobility of character he resembles Pericles more than any other man in American history.

As an orator pure and simple, Clay of the great triumvirate perhaps excelled. He depended more upon his voice, his gestures, his appeals to the emotions, than upon coherency or faculty of statement; declamation was his forte. Webster's oratory was impassioned but less declamatory; breadth and richness of illustration were his great points. The force of Calhoun's oratory depended on clear statement, close reasoning, and keen retort. Although rhetorically brilliant, his speeches read better than when he uttered them. Webster did some fine writing: his literary remains are models of noble English,—but to have heard them, to have listened to those glowing sentences as they thus thundered from his lips—that was the experience of a life-time.

No three men as great, as marked in genius, as commanding in their influence, have lived since their time. Sumner, Seward, and Chase were in

a degree smaller men,—at least, they lacked the inherent genius to be what their predecessors were. Of the three former, Clay was undoubtedly the greatest genius,—that is, nature made him more than the others; he was less influenced by circumstances. What he was he would have been in any other time and place; he would always have been the orator. Webster had the most massive brain: he was Jove always, whether the others were Mercury or Apollo. But as a man, a citi-

zen, a husband, and father, John C. Calhoun was much “the noblest Roman of them all.” As Webster said of him, “he had the basis, the indisputable basis, of all high character,—unspotted integrity, and honor unimpeachable;” eloquence, knowledge, goodness; and the last is the greatest of them all;—so, while I bow to Clay and take off my hat to Webster, I shall kneel to Calhoun, the spotless, the simple, the profound.

THE REBELLION.

Major EDWARD E. STURTEVANT, of the Fifth, said to have been the first man from New Hampshire to enlist in the Union army, was born in Keene, August 7, 1826; was a printer, and, at the opening of the conflict, was employed in Concord on the police force. He enlisted 226 men, and was commissioned captain in the First. He was commissioned captain of Company A, of the Fifth, October 12, 1861, and was promoted to major July 3, 1862. He was killed at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, and was buried on the field of battle.

Lieutenant-Colonel THOMAS ALBERT HENDERSON, of the Seventh, was a son of Capt. Samuel H. Henderson, and was born in Dover, December 1, 1833. He fitted at Gilmanton, and graduated at Bowdoin college in 1855. He was the principal of the Franklin academy at Dover for three years, read law with Woodman and Doe, and

graduated at Harvard Law School in 1861. November 4 he was commissioned adjutant of the Seventh; promoted to major August 26, 1862; lieutenant-colonel August 22, 1863; and was mortally wounded at Deep Run, August 16, 1864. He was buried in Pine Hill cemetery, Dover.

Colonel EDWARD EPHRAIM CROSS, of the Fifth, son of Hon. Ephraim Cross, was born in Lancaster, April 22, 1832. At the breaking out of the war he was in command of a garrison in Mexico. He immediately resigned, hastened home, volunteered, and was commissioned colonel of the Fifth, September 27, 1861. His early manhood had been one of adventure on the plains of the West, where he had acquired much military experience and shown his dauntless bravery. Colonel Cross was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was buried in Lancaster.

MY LORD BANGS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW WYSE."

CHAPTER VIII.

PEACE, OR WAR?

It was a fascinating picture that My Lord Bangs gazed upon, and no one would have dreamed that it had been carefully draped and arranged as to lights and shades. Margery was careless in matters of dress, but she showed the true artistic sense in the arrangement of her bits of color, and her effects were marvelously picturesque.

She noted her old tormentor's start of pleased surprise, with a feeling of entire satisfaction. She was fully alive to the importance of first impressions, and had acted accordingly. She knew that in order to punish effectually, she must first charm; and she meant to punish him—yes, to the utmost—for all that he had made her suffer in the past. She had practised the sweeping courtesy she would make him, and had rehearsed the cold, courteous greeting he was to receive. But when he came to her, eager, smiling, surprised out of his usual languid indifference, and handsomer than ever, holding out his hand with cordial words of welcome, she could not, without positive rudeness, refuse it. Indeed, she found herself responding to his greeting with a surprising degree of warmth, considering her firm resolutions.

She was vexed with herself, however, directly, and would not be detained by flattering compliments. He begged for a rose from the basket she had just gathered, as she turned

to go in, but she shook her head and pointed laughingly to the garden, saying,—

"Help yourself, there are plenty more."

"Where the dickens did she get her style!" he said to himself, looking after her admiringly. "That gown is awfully fetching. I wish Edith—— Who would have dreamed that little Margery could change to such a degree! She's had a narrow escape from being a regular beauty. A full-fledged young lady, too, by Jove!" He debated with himself whether he should follow her, but finally decided against it. So intimate a relation existed between the families that the thought to ask him in did not occur to Margery. He came and went as he chose. Margery was not quite satisfied with the interview. She felt that she had seemed too cordial, but she could hardly have helped it under the circumstances.

"Of course I could n't be rude to him," she said in apology to herself. "But he will soon see that I don't care for fine speeches, certainly not from him."

He strolled over after dinner—his duty to Edith required that—but he was experiencing a new sensation, and was impatient for Margery's visitor,—who was a pretty, uninteresting sort of girl, and quite abashed by my lord's grandiloquent manner,—to be gone. He allowed Geoffrey, who was "equal to that sort of thing," to take her about the grounds, and point out

the beauties of the place, while he planned to follow after in a leisurely manner with Edith and Margery. But he might as well have expected a bird to fly down and perch upon his finger at his call, as that Margery should walk at his pace. She was distractingly pretty as she flew hither and thither, with rose-flushed cheeks, her tumbled hair full of golden lights, beguiling them with bits of bright talk, snatches of gay song, and soft, happy laughter. On she went until she reached the highest point of the grounds, a hill overlooking the town.

"Come up!" she cried joyously to the others. "Nothing could be lovelier than this view. It is glorious. How wide and straight the streets are! Do you notice, Kathie," to her visitor, "how nearly the branches of the grand old trees touch each other in the street at the right? It's like a perfect bower. And the river, how still it is—how like a ribbon it lies between the fresh green banks!"

"One would think by your rhapsodies, Miss Margery, that this was your first visit here," said My Lord Bangs, with an indulgent smile.

"I have been here hundreds of times," answered Margery, quickly, "but I never appreciated the view before. Surely our lines have fallen in pleasant places," she added, as though to herself. She was silent after this. Indeed, the spirit of silence seemed to fall upon all, as they seated themselves upon some rustic benches to watch the sun go down. Geoffrey stood leaning against a tree, apart from the rest, with folded arms, his eyes fixed upon the little group with a keen appreciation of the different emotions depicted on each

countenance. Margery, with a rapt expression on her mobile face, her bright hair luminous in the sunshine, was gazing at the panorama spread out before her; Edith, with that indefinable charm which arises from an exquisite perfection of figure and graceful attitudes, her inborn pride showing itself in the slight quiver of her delicate nostrils, had her dark eyes fixed intently upon her sister. "Look at Margery," she had just said to her companion.

"Aw, yes," adjusting his eyeglass and looking at her critically. "Her costume is decidedly fetching, and her pose is not bad—not bad at all. Geoff. should sketch her. I think he might do it. He's rather clever at those things."

"Then you think her improved?" said Edith much gratified.

"I should scarcely know her for the same Margery," he answered. "I was convinced some time ago that with necessary training she would become all that we could wish." This was said with the air of one who could say, "You see I was right. It was my insistence that has brought about this desirable result."

"How killing handsome he is!" Kathie Dinsmore was saying to herself. "I wish I wasn't so awfully afraid of him. I envy Margery Josselyn with all my heart: I don't see how she *can* seem so indifferent."

They stayed until the pearly gray around the far-off hills had deepened to purple. The rugged granite boulders stood out grim and dark in the gathering twilight, and the willows waved mournfully beside the black serpentine river.

Margery shivered slightly as she

felt the night dews falling, and rising with a half sigh, she led the way in silence down the long pathway to the house, seemingly oblivious of everything around her. But with the lights came a quick change. She was an April child, a coquette by nature. There was a witchery about her that no one could withstand. My Lord Bangs had made up his mind, with characteristic self-confidence, that she could be easily moulded to suit his ideas, but was forced to acknowledge at the end of a few weeks that he could n't make her out. He utterly failed to impress her with his own importance. That there was to be peace between them was assured at the outset. Edith was happy to note that, but Margery was not to be depended upon for anything further than that. She was a delicious little sprite, very wilful, very capricious, but very charming withal, and she amused, tormented, and angered him by turns. She had heard of his nickname, and called him by it on all possible occasions. She laughed at his airs, and forced him to be natural. Sometimes she received him in a pretty, shy way that was very flattering. Then, again, she kept him at a distance by an absurd degree of dignity, until he vowed to himself that he would take no more notice of her. She failed in her promise to drive with him a few days after her return. There had been no hour fixed, to be sure, but my lord evidently expected her to be ready and waiting, at whatever hour he chose to present himself; but he didn't quite know Margery. No sooner had she seen the handsome, high-stepping bays brought out, than a wicked idea

flashed into her mischievous little head. She flew to a small, unused room at the top of the house, and as soon as she heard the impatient pawing of the spirited animals at the door (my lord prided himself on his thoroughbreds), she stationed herself at the window and peeped through the blinds.

"They will never think to look for me here," she said. Pretty soon she heard Edith's voice, "Margery, dear, where are you?" Then a few minutes later to a servant, "Katy, find Miss Margery, and tell her the carriage is waiting."

"Oh, yes, tell Miss Margery, if you can find her!" said that young lady softly from her hiding-place. "Now my lord begins to be impatient, soon he'll be furious. My lord in a temper will be very interesting. Oh, I long to see him in a temper! Now he looks as though he would like to strike somebody with his whip. He does n't dare to snap it for fear of the horses. How handsome they are! How I should like to drive them! That's an awfully swell turnout. My lord's thoroughbreds, as sure as my name is Margery! 'Lord Bangs!' Does n't that just suit him? Joe Whitteley says that everybody calls him that. Kathie says he's 'killing handsome,' and I don't mind acknowledging that he's quite the handsomest young man I have ever seen,—and such a swell! Oh, they'll be a lovely couple, he and Edith! Well," with a sigh, "beauty is n't everything. I would n't fall in love with a man just for his beauty. Gracious! I do believe he's going to drive off. How vexed he is! What fun! There he goes! I almost wish I were with him

though. Those horses are superb! Now, I'm going over to see Geoffrey. No, he's coming back, and—yes! Edith, dear girl, is going with him. He does n't look more than half pleased, the ungrateful wretch! She's too good for him, a great deal too good for him. To think that he should prefer poor little me! It is n't because he cares, though. It's only because he had made up his mind to take me, and didn't like to be thwarted; and the conceited thing thought I'd be beside myself with joy at the privilege. Bah! I'll go and see Geoffrey."

"Where have you been hiding, little girl?" asked her friend as she came in.

"How did you know?" she answered quickly. "Did you see me?"

"I did n't know," he said, "but I am good at guessing. So it seems that you have been playing one of your old childish tricks. Fie! Miss Margery! How could you be so naughty? One would think that a drive with a handsome young man, behind a pair of thoroughbreds like those of my cousin's, would be an enjoyable recreation."

Margery looked grieved for a moment. Her pretty lip quivered, and tears seemed just ready to spring to the soft blue eyes bent so appealingly on her companion. Then the spirit of mischief broke forth in smiles upon her countenance.

"I am going to tell you all about it," she said. "I know you will think me silly and childish, but if you had seen him looking so pompous, with such an air of conferring a great favor, you would n't blame me. I really could n't help it. I ran up

stairs and hid. It would have been more dignified if I had gone down to Kate Langdon's, but I didn't think of it in season; and then I should have lost the fun of seeing him angry. I came over to be scolded, but—but, I won't be scolded!" her blue eyes flashing. "I did just right. Why didn't he come over and ask me when it would be my pleasure to drive? I acted like a child because I was treated like a child. 'If you'll be a very good girl you may take a drive with me, by and by,' says My Lord Bangs. 'If you'll be a very good girl you shall have some bonbons.' No, I thank you; I won't be treated like a child, and I won't be patronized. I am almost eighteen, and he *shall* treat me politely. Now, am I not right? Say I am right, Geoffrey, and I'll never do so again."

"You are right to a certain extent," answered her companion. "You are right to the extent of insisting upon being treated with courtesy, but a gentle dignity is generally more effective——"

"I'm not a bit like Edith," broke in Margery, with a sigh.

"You could n't have a better model," answered Geoffrey, quickly.

"I know that, but if I were Edith I shouldn't be Margery, and some people like Margery very much," she answered with charming *naïveté*.

"That is very true, my dear child," he answered, "but——"

"Now you are going to spoil it all," she broke in with her prettiest pout. "I know you were going to say, 'but if you would only,' and those three words, 'but' and 'if' and 'only,' taken in connection, are an abomination to me. Ah! there they

are! Do you see? They are coming up the street. Those horses are perfectly mag-nif-i-cent! Now I am going to drive with your handsome cousin. I can't resist those horses, and"—looking back before closing the door—"I am going to make him ashamed of his fit of temper."

Margery tripped across the lawn with the step of a fairy.

"What beautiful creatures!" she exclaimed, stroking the glossy coats of the spirited animals as she passed them. "I think they are quite the handsomest horses I have ever seen. But how soon you have returned! Are you going to take me now?" with a seductive smile. "How very good of you! I won't keep you waiting a moment," and away she ran for her wraps.

Now, My Lord Bangs had fully made up his mind to punish Margery for not holding herself in readiness to drive with him at a moment's notice. He would not ask her to go with him again until she had made a suitable apology for her conduct this morning. But he could hardly drive off as he had intended, and when she reappeared with a light rap thrown over her arm, a dotted veil reaching to the tip of her delicate little nose, tied around a bewitching hat, and a pair of perfectly fitting gloves on her small hands—she would wear nice gloves—she was far too pretty to quarrel with. However, he remarked in a rebuking tone, as they drove away,—

"I was disappointed in not finding you this morning. If I remember rightly, we made an engagement to drive. Are you in the habit of breaking your engagements, Miss Margery?"

Margery opened her eyes in innocent surprise.

"I never break an engagement," she answered positively. "You were kind enough to ask me to drive with you—some time this morning; but as there was no hour set, how could I know just when you would be here? Besides, I was n't far away. Indeed, I was at your house in less than ten minutes after you started. If I misunderstood, if it was my fault, I am sorry."

"No. It was not your fault," he answered, completely restored to good humor. "If it was anybody's fault, it was mine; and," looking admiringly into her eyes, "we won't have any misunderstandings in the future."

My Lord Bangs enjoyed this drive thoroughly. Why should n't he? He was entirely self-satisfied: everybody turned to get a look at his stylish turnout, and he was seated beside the prettiest girl in town. He exerted himself to entertain her, and she was in a mood to be pleased.

"I have had a perfectly lovely drive," she said to Edith, as she stepped from the carriage two hours later. Then to her companion impetuously, "I envy you the possession of those horses."

"You need not," he answered gallantly. "They are yours whenever you wish to use them."

She thanked him with bright eyes and a charming smile, as she turned to go in.

"I am glad you enjoyed your drive, dear," said Edith. "I was sure you would, it is such a delightful morning."

"And the horses, Edith," answered Margery, enthusiastically. "Did you

ever see such perfect beauties? And their master condescended to be agreeable to poor little me. In fact, I found him quite charming. He is very much improved, don't you think?" with a saucy glance at her sister.

"How about Margery?" queried Edith, mischievously. "I think we find the most marvellous change in little Margery, and we are all very glad," passing her arm affectionately around her sister, and giving her an approving look.

"Well, you have n't changed, at all events," answered Margery, lovingly. "You are the same dear blessed Edith, and I love you better than anybody else in the world."

CHAPTER IX.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Summer was waning. The June roses, which greeted Margery with soft blushes and delicious perfume on her return from school, had long since ceased to bloom. The poppies, glowing like living coals, no longer nodded their sleepy heads, but had sunk to slumber in real earnest, folding in their tiny cups that which would germinate and renew their life and beauty another season. A few marigolds still gleamed in the kitchen garden, and hollyhocks reared their stately heads, crimson and pink and white. In front, upon the closely shaven lawn, Margery stood with battledore in hand, trying to keep the light-feathered corks in the air, with as much interest as though an important game were being played. The wind had tossed her lovely hair into picturesque disorder, and her cheeks were flushed with the exercise, mak-

ing her creamy complexion fairer than ever.

A pair of lazy blue eyes had been watching her from under a large tree near by, for some time. The picture pleased the aesthetic sense of their owner. Finally a lazy voice from the same quarter called out,—

"Is n't that interesting game nearly finished? Pray come here and sit awhile: I want to talk to you."

"You had much better come and play with me," she answered, without stopping or even looking in his direction. "One needs to take a moderate amount of exercise as an aid to digestion. You'll be having dyspepsia one of these days, and won't know the reason why."

"I'd look well playing at battledore and shuttlecock!" he laughed. "I have n't played that delightfully infantile game since I wore knickerbockers. I wonder if Edith remembers?"

"Of course she does," answered Margery. "She spoke of it when I was rummaging about this morning. I found some old grace-hoops, too. Perhaps you would rather play graces," looking at him with a flashing smile. That smile melted him.

"I am at your service," he answered, smiling in return, and away she ran to fetch them.

What a graceful fairy she was! Her little feet, encased in embroidered silk stockings and the daintiest of shoes, seemed scarcely to touch the ground.

"What is it, dear?" asked Edith, who was seated on the piazza with her embroidery. Geoffrey, seated on the steps at her feet, had been reading aloud. His book was now closed,

and he was watching his cousin with a disturbed look.

"Grace-hoops," Margery answered, as she came back with them in her hand; "and Charlie is actually going to play. Is n't it delightfully ridiculous?" and she laughed a low, rippling, contagious laugh.

She did not wait for an answer, and soon they heard snatches of gay talk, interspersed with light laughter.

"How like two children they are!" remarked Edith, her fine face glowing. "How happy they seem! It is such a pleasure to watch them." Geoffrey did not answer. He was thinking:

"Is it possible that she does not see?" he said to himself, gazing anxiously at the fair, frank face beside him. He was struck anew by the delicately marked brow, the large expressive eyes, and firm, sweet mouth. "No, she does not see, or—she does not care."

He put the latter thought from him at once. It was too dangerously sweet for him to entertain. He had no thought that his cousin meant treachery to Edith. Oh! no. He was simply amusing himself, in his careless, selfish way, without a thought of anything but the pleasure of the moment. Poor Margery! Was she really learning to care for him in spite of the past? Sometimes he thought so. But she was such a capricious child, one could hardly tell. It was certain she did not ridicule him as at first, and she yielded more readily to his fascinations. He had dropped his little affectations entirely when with her. He had offered only that most subtle and delicate flattery which is so dangerous to a

girl of Margery's temperament, calling to his aid all the bright qualities which had made him so irresistible; and Geoffrey feared for her.

"They are playing with fire," he said to himself, "and I fear the consequences. I must speak to Charles. He shall not play the villain, even unconsciously, if I can prevent it."

"What is the matter, Geoffrey?" said Edith at this moment. "You have been unusually grave all day. Now, at this moment, you present to me a countenance that is positively grim. Have stocks gone down?—or has that wonderful Western mine ceased to yield its accustomed richness?" She laughed lightly as she said this.

His firmly set mouth relaxed a little as he answered,—

"I was not thinking of stocks or mines. Those are small matters compared to—more serious things: but don't mind me. I am a grizzly fellow, at best, and have been troubled about some little affairs——"

"Forgive me, Geoffrey," she answered, rising impulsively. "I did not know—I did not even suspect—there was any trouble. Can you not tell me? Do let me sympathize with you. We, who are your best friends, should certainly have this privilege."

He took her offered hand between his own, pressed it to his heart with a warmth which brought a flush to her cheek, and answered,—

"Dear heart, do not be troubled. It may be—it probably is—nothing,—a mere fancy on my part."

"You are not prone to be fanciful," she persisted.

"No," he answered, "but this is a matter which touches me deeply, so

deeply that I cannot judge correctly, perhaps. However, we will hope for the best. Don't think of it any more. I have no doubt I have been making a mountain out of a mole-hill. But I must say good-night," taking up his hat. "I have letters to write."

"What has come over Geoffrey?" said Edith to herself. "If it were anybody else in the world, I should say he was in love—but *Geoffrey!* It is impossible. I wonder, now I think of it, that he has not married. Any woman might be happy to get Geoffrey. But what on earth should we do without him! I don't know which of us would mourn the most." She smiled as she called to mind a few remarks which Margery had made on this subject a day or two before: "I don't see why people who have happy homes should want to marry—why they should be willing to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Men are so deceitful, one can never tell beforehand how one will be treated. Just think of poor Eleanor Gleason! They say she is miserably unhappy; that Tom Gleason is jealous and miserly, and even sneers at her in public: and everybody knows how polite and attentive he was before they were married. I would n't marry the best man in the world."

Margery and her companion had ceased playing, and had wandered over to the other house, chattering nonsense as they went.

The house had been moved some distance to the right and farther back, and great had been the changes within and without. Margery's taste, as well as Edith's, had been consulted with regard to its adornments, and

she felt as much interest in the matter as anybody,—for was it not to be Edith's home?—and she should certainly stay with Edith half of the time. It was very picturesque in its present state, and made the Josselyn mansion look very plain and old-fashioned. But Edith loved the old house and everything belonging to it, and did not care to have it changed.

Geoffrey was waiting for his cousin. He had written his letters and sent them to the post-office. Then he gave himself up to the task he meant to perform. He would warn Charles at once. It was his duty. He was well assured of that. The difficulty was, how to begin.

"Well, old fellow,—cogitating as usual?" was his cousin's greeting. "What weighty subject have you on hand? By jove, I would n't do as much thinking as you do in this hot weather for a fortune. Did you see me playing graces with Margery? Great game that for a dignified young man like your humble servant."

Geoffrey looked at him a moment, gravely, without speaking. Finally he burst forth impetuously,—

"Do you realize what you are doing, young man?"

"I? eh! what the deuce!" stammered his cousin.

"I repeat," said Geoffrey, calmly, "Do you realize what you are doing?"

"Well, really, judge," answered Charles, "if you will condescend to explain——"

"I fear you are not as innocent as your manner would indicate," said Geoffrey, gravely. "But I will ask a plainer question. After you have succeeded in gaining the affections of a young, innocent, and confiding

girl, what do you propose to do? If you break Margery's heart you will certainly wreck Edith's life; but perhaps you intend to be false to Edith?" This was said very sternly.

His cousin's eyes flashed angrily as he answered,—

"No other man would presume to insult me like this. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I won't stand by and see this thing go on any longer. I ask—I have a right to ask—your intentions," said Geoffrey firmly.

"My intentions! Well, really old fellow, you mean well, but—ha! ha! ha!—you must pardon me, but it is too ridiculous, don't you know, positively the richest thing I ever heard of. Little Margery in love with me! Why, bless your dear old heart, she only tolerates me. She is so high and

mighty sometimes that I have literally to get down on my knees to her. Margery in danger from your humble servant! Is that a joke? Pardon me, but you are such a serious old fellow that when you make a joke it is a very solemn thing. Is that all?"

"I see that I have made a mistake," answered Geoffrey, frankly, "and I beg your pardon, but Margery is such a child still, I was afraid for her, and for Edith too: you know that Edith is bound up in Margery. So pray be careful. You handsome fellows exert a great influence over feminine hearts."

"Never fear, Geoffrey," said his cousin, touched by his monitor's sincerity. "There is no harm done, I assure you."

[To be continued.]

THE GREATEST OF THE INDIANS.

BY JOHN FISKE.

In the summer of 1778, this horrible border warfare became the most conspicuous feature of the struggle, and has afforded themes for poetry and romance, in which the figures of the principal actors are seen in a lurid light. One of these figures is of such importance as to deserve especial mention. Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea, was perhaps the greatest Indian of whom we have any knowledge; certainly the history of the red men presents a no more many-sided and interesting character. A pure-blooded Mohawk, descended

from a line of distinguished sachems, in early boyhood he became a favorite with Sir William Johnson, and the laughing black eyes of his handsome sister, Molly Brant, so fascinated the rough baronet that he took her to Johnson Hall as his wife, after the Indian fashion. Sir William believed that Indians could be tamed and taught the arts of civilized life; and he labored with great energy, and not without some success, in this difficult task. The young Thayendanegea was sent to be educated at the school in Lebanon, Connecticut,

which was afterwards transferred to New Hampshire and developed into Dartmouth college. At this school he not only became expert in the use of the English language, in which he learned to write with elegance and force, but he also acquired some inkling of general literature and history. He became a member of the Episcopal church, and after leaving school he was for some time engaged in missionary work among the Mohawks, and translated the Prayer-Book and parts of the New Testament into his native language. He was a man of earnest and serious character, and his devotion to the church endured throughout his life. Some years after the peace of 1783, the first Episcopal church ever built in Upper Canada was erected by Joseph Brant from funds which he had collected for the purpose while on a visit to England. But with this character of devout missionary and earnest student, Thayendanegea combined, in curious contrast, the attributes of an Iroquois war-chief developed to the highest degree of efficiency. There was no accomplishment prized by Indian braves in which he did not outshine all his fellows. He was early called to take the war-path. In the fierce struggle with Pontiac, he fought with great distinction on the English side, and about the beginning of the War of Independence he became principal war-chief of the Iroquois confederacy.

It was the most trying time that had ever come to these haughty lords of the wilderness, and called for all the valor and diplomacy which they

could summon. Brant was equal to the occasion, and no chieftain ever fought a losing cause with greater spirit than he. We have seen how at Oriskany he came near turning the scale against us in one of the most critical moments of a great campaign. From the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna his name became a name of terror. Equally skilful and zealous, now in planning the silent night-march and deadly ambush, now in preaching the gospel of peace, he reminds one of some newly reclaimed Frisian or Norman warrior of the Carolingian age. But in the eighteenth century the incongruity is more striking than in the tenth, in so far as the traits of the barbarian are more vividly projected against the background of a higher civilization. It is odd to think of Thayendanegea, who could outyell any of his tribe on the battle-field, sitting at table with Burke and Sheridan, and behaving with the modest grace of an English gentleman. The tincture of civilization he had acquired, moreover, was not wholly superficial. Though engaged in many a murderous attack, his conduct was not marked by the ferocity so characteristic of the Iroquois. Though he sometimes approved the slaying of prisoners on grounds of public policy, he was flatly opposed to torture, and never would allow it. He often went out of his way to rescue women and children from the tomahawk, and the instances of his magnanimity toward suppliant enemies were very numerous.

—*December Atlantic.*

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

BY HELEN MAR BEAN.

I seek in my garden a messenger sweet
To go to my darling, and lay at her feet
 A love that never can die;
To breath forth the words that I dare not speak,
And bring an answering blush to her cheek,
 The light of love to her eye.

Not you, my bright pansies of purple and gold,
Nor you, O pale lilies, so passionless, cold,
 To fade and die in an hour;
But thou, my sweet rose, with thy leaves all aglow
With the rich wine of life, my fair Jacqueminot,
 Thou art Love's own passion flower.

Go forth on thy mission, O passionate rose!—
In my garden of blooms the fairest that grows,
 Bright glowing with fervid fire;
I choose thee and send thee in Love's own name,
With thy perfumed breath and thy lips of flame,
 To whisper my hearts desire.

Thou will know my love by her exquisite face,
So tender and sweet; by her marvellous grace—
 Her form of the finest mould;
By the delicate tint of the cheek, so fair;
By the soulful eyes; and the sun-kissed hair
 That glistens like burnished gold.

Then speed thee, oh! speed thee, and thou shall rejoice,
O fortunate rose, in the sound of a voice
 As soft as the coo of a dove;
She will press thee close to her rich, rare lip,
From thy dewy, perfumed leaves she shall sip
 The sweet, wild elixir of love.

And then she will sigh, oh! my beautiful rose,
For the message of love that thy heart shall disclose,—
 My maid with the sun-kissed hair,—
And her soft eyes will open in gentle amaze,
As deep in thy passionate heart she shall gaze,
 And discover my secret there.

BESSIE BEAUMONT.

A NOVEL.

By E. M. G. AND J. N. M.

CHAPTER I.

"Some day,
In bright morning when the gale
Sweeps the blue waters as in play,
Then we shall watch the coming sail."

"Oh, auntie! why should we not let The Cedars for a year or eighteen months to this friend of Jack's, if he wants to rent a place in this neighborhood? Do let us. It would be delightful to travel for that time. It would be something more than one of our petty trips to Switzerland or Germany; it would be really doing it on a grand scale."

"Where could we go, Bessie?"

"Why should we not go to America, and explore the Rockies, and come home by way of the United States? Now I should call that really expanding our minds—much better than following the old beaten tracks, meeting the same faces, waiting to cross that choppy channel, where everybody is green and yellow, and one's temper as well as one's stomach is turned upside down for a week at least. Now that poor Jack has gone to India—and heaven only knows when he may return—I am sure we shall die of the dumps; for there is literally nothing to do here all by ourselves."

"What will Lord Cecil say to such an arrangement?" asked the girl's twin sister.

"He does not enter into the case at all, Carrie. You know there is not a creature one really cares about

here, excepting the dear old squire, and he has never been the same since Lady Mossgrave's sad death. Come, now, Carrie, do persuade Aunt Amy to listen to reason! I am sure you are dying, as much as I, to go and enlarge your ideas, and get that *je ne sais quoi* air of foreign travel! I can see by the smile trembling at the corners of your lips that you would like it."

"My dear girl," answered the lady first addressed, "how can I shut up our home, or let the house to this probably rollicking colonel? Dear child, it is quite too impossible. At one of his bachelor entertainments the manor might be burnt down, and who would be able to save the family portraits and the old China, and I not here?"

"Oh, pshaw, auntie! What could you do in such a case?"

"Besides that, consider my time of life—forty-four next birthday—how impossible for me to undertake a journey like that! Oh, no! my dears, you really must not think of such a thing. Were I a young girl like you—well, perhaps, I might have been tempted to undertake such a journey. Indeed, I once hoped I might have had to go there; but," heaving a long sigh, "all that is now over for ever."

"Oh, auntie dear, do let us hear what that terrible sigh means! I am sure some old story hangs at the end of it." At these words, the impul-

sive girl rushed across the room, seized her quiet Aunt Amy round the waist and gave her a boisterous squeeze, insisting at the same time that she should at once inform her darling nieces what terrible episode had been buried in the depths of her kindly heart.

Opportunely for her, a servant entered the room and handed a card on a salver to the aunt. She took it in a slow, listless manner, and read,—
“Colonel Carruthers.”

“Gracious, children! Why? what can have made him come here? I suppose I must receive him!” Then, casting her eyes dreamily over her dress, she bade the maid usher in the visitor at once. While the servant was doing the bidding of her mistress, the reader shall be presented to the inmates of the room where the conversation here recorded was carried on.

The scene was the drawing-room of The Cedars, a country house in Wiltshire, England, the home of Mr. John Beaumont, the representative of a very old, very wealthy, and very distinguished family. The occupants of the room were Miss Amelia Beaumont, his aunt, and her two nieces, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Caroline Beaumont, his sisters.

Miss Amelia Beaumont, or, as she was commonly called, Aunt Amy, had had the charge of her brother's household ever since his wife's death, which took place when his twin daughters were only seven years old. Hers had been a rule of love. Shy and retiring, she had mixed little in the outer world. An early disappointment had saddened all her once bright hopes; but, instead of souring

her temper, it had only seemed to make her naturally gentle disposition more amiable and retiring, and perhaps a little more indifferent. At the moment surprise raised a brighter tinge to the ordinarily delicately tinted cheeks. Her deep blue eyes were fringed with dark lashes; the beautiful mouth showed lines of sorrow at the corners; and her still abundant dark hair, though well mixed with gray, was covered by a tiny lace cap, with long floating ends dangling behind. Her dark brown soft merino gown, with plain linen collar and cuffs, gave a grave and almost matronly air to her tall and elegant figure. Time had rounded what might have been angles in her early womanhood.

Her nieces were bright and lively girls of nineteen. By the most critical they would have been pronounced beautiful. They were healthy, joyous-looking creatures, tall, lithe, easy in their movements, with lovely brown eyes, thick curling lashes, and well marked eyebrows, and with a perfect wealth of auburn hair such as a painter would delight to portray on his canvas. As yet, no cloud had rested on their young lives. So exactly alike were they in features, height, and voice, that even the family were sometimes bewildered in trying to distinguish Miss Bessie from Miss Carrie,—more especially, as they made a point of wearing dresses exactly alike. Many and ludicrous were the mistakes, until within a few months their only brother, Jack, had insisted that Bessie, as the elder, should wear earrings, as the one distinguishing mark of her eldership. Though in many

respects so much alike, there was a very great difference in character and disposition. Bessie had more life and determination, and, if thwarted, would show real obstinacy. Carrie, though equally lively, was pliant and yielding.

At the moment Colonel Carruthers entered, Bessie was still with her arms twined round her aunt's waist, and teasing, in her usual peremptory fashion, to force her to confess she would at least think about the journey to the western continent, which Bessie was now crazy to visit. Probably, had her aunt acceded at the first, Bessie, of her own accord, would have been the one to give it up as not worth the fatigue.

The colonel entered, and advanced to Miss Amelia Beaumont's side, almost before the girl could scramble to her feet; and the first words of greeting made both girls look with astonishment to see their usually listless mannered aunt receive him with such evident agitation.

Colonel Reginald Carruthers was a fine specimen of those English officers who have made the army of England respected in every quarter of the globe. His erect and military bearing seemed to add to his height; and his fifty years of life, over thirty of which had been passed in the service of his country, did not betray the hardships to which he had been exposed. His features were regular; his eyes blue, clear, and penetrating; his hair, still abundant, slightly tinged with gray; his moustache, nearly white, shadowing a gentle yet resolute mouth.

After the first courtesies, the colonel continued,—“My dear madam, I

am grateful and gratified to be allowed to renew my old associations here. Your nephew, my friend, Mr. Beaumont, informed me that you were at his home; but I was scarcely prepared to see your nieces as grown up young ladies, and find yourself ready to welcome me in so friendly a manner.” Here, he stopped, stammered, and seemed at a loss how to continue the conversation.

Happily, Bessie, who never under any circumstances lost her presence of mind, interposed by inquiring,—

“Is it long since you saw my brother?”

“I only parted from him on board the Simla at Southhampton. He charged me to come and see you, and deliver this little packet into your own hands, which I very willingly agreed to do, so that I might meet you, young ladies, and again have the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Miss Amelia Beaumont, which for me unhappily has been so long interrupted,”—handing, at the same time, the little packet to one of the sisters, as if to give time to their aunt to recover her ordinary self-possession.

“You have a charming view from here, and one of the finest avenues of magnificent elms I have ever seen. You are devotees of tennis, I see.”

“Yes,” replied Bessie. “Do you know, we were just speaking of you when you arrived? My brother, in his letter of yesterday, mentioned you thought of taking The Chesters for some mouths, and I proposed to auntie to let you The Cedars instead, so that during that time we could travel in America. Don't you think it an admirable suggestion?”

"Indeed, I should like nothing better than becoming your tenant. I could not hope to be so well located elsewhere, but what I may gain in comfort would scarcely recompense me for the loss of your delightful society."

"Thank you for the compliment, Colonel Carruthers," cried Bessie, dropping him a gay and mocking courtesy with a smile. Colonel Carruthers continued,—

"I certainly have no intention of leasing The Chesters; it is too far from L— barracks—twelve miles, I think—and this I should say does not exceed three, and is within an easy distance of many of my most intimate friends. But I am not so selfish as to try to oust such charming people. I should have all the neighborhood crying 'Shame!' and be sent to Coventry, and rightly so, for depriving society of three of its most charming representatives."

"Now, I am sure you are mocking us," said Bessie. "You can know very little of this part of the country. Society, I assure you, is at its lowest ebb here; and I call it very unkind of you not to join with me at once in persuading Aunt Amy to undertake this journey I have been longing for for the last two days. You cannot think what a grief it will be to give it up now. Let me be your cicerone."

The young lady sprang to her feet, took from a chair in the hall her hat and sun-shade, and continued,—

"After you have seen all inside and out of The Cedars, if you then refuse to second my earnest entreaties, I warn you at once we shall be at daggers drawn. I shall proclaim you a recreant knight, and quite

beyond the pale of all civilized society." So saying, the mischievous girl darted through the low window on to the lawn, calling to the others to follow her at once on pain of her lasting displeasure.

The gallant colonel seemed, to make use of a rather nautical saying, taken aback. However, perceiving that Miss Amelia Beaumont had recovered from her momentary trepidation, he gallantly offered her his arm, saying,—"I should much like to have an inspection of house and grounds, if you are really in earnest about this journey. Let us follow them."

The Cedars is a solid Elizabethan house of two stories. The entrance hall, occupying the centre of the building, is lighted from the top. Around this hall open the various sitting-rooms, which are neither particularly large nor small, but which, as they communicate with each other on state occasions, form a very pretty suite. The great beauty of The Cedars is its commanding view of the valley of the Avon. The broad terrace walk running along the front of the house, and the stone balustrade, give the whole of the building a more pretentious appearance than an ordinary hall of that period. Stone steps lead to the lawns, which are again divided by a long avenue of elms, whose overarching branches form a cool retreat during the heat of the day. Beyond this is a parterre, then the kitchen garden, surrounded by high walls, covered by the branches of fruit-trees, then a fine old orchard. A little to the left are the stables and the usual out-buildings of a country gentleman's dwell-

ing. But what Colonel Carruthers more particularly noted was, the perfect order and repair of every part of the demense. Making some allusion to that effect, Miss Beaumont remarked,—“My brother was an excellent manager; and Jack, on coming into the property, has followed his father's example. No changes have been made in any department, unless for its real improvement. Now and then a farm has been added as occasion offered. Another thing: Jack has not wasted money on new-fangled improvements until he saw how they really worked, and if they would prove of value.”

The luncheon bell recalled the strollers. Nothing loth, the colonel accepted their invitation to give them the pleasure of his company to this at all times enjoyable meal in a country house. He hoped, too, some chance word would show how far he might second Bessie's wishes. Though feeling it would be rather ungracious on his part to do so, seeing clearly how distasteful to their aunt this undertaking was, he wished much that they would put it in execution, and leave him tenant in charge during their absence. How many old associations rose to his mind, connected with that long buried past! How carefully had they been concealed from the prying eyes of those so called friends, who delight in raking up the skeletons and in filling in a history, of their own imaginations, little recking how the scars still bleed, however deftly they may be handled. Many another in the wide world has suffered,—ay! and perhaps is suffering still,—with a smiling face.

Before the meal was finished, and not without much demurring from Aunt Amy, it was decided that, in a month from that day, Colonel Carruthers should have possession of the house. They themselves agreed to remain his guests from Saturday till Tuesday, when they were to start for Liverpool to sail by the Canadian Mail line for Quebec.

Warmly did Bessie thank the colonel for so ably seconding her wishes. Before leaving The Cedars he made many promises of returning in time to accompany them to Liverpool and to see them fairly on ship-board. Besides, Bessie assured him, he must be introduced to their innumerable pets, which he had agreed to look after during their absence, and make friends with the wheezy fat cobs which the ladies were in the habit of driving to town two or three times a week, when they went to change their books at the Subscription Library, or to pass an hour or two in that truly feminine delight of shopping.

A short time after the departure of Colonel Carruthers, the ladies were joined by a young gentleman who was evidently very much at home at The Cedars.

Lord Cecil Howard, a descendant of a long line of noble and distinguished ancestors, was a representative of that privileged class in England who for so many ages have shaped the destinies of the British empire. He and Mr. Beaumont had been chums at Eton, cronies at Oxford, and friends since their childhood. He was a handsome young man, given to manly sports, deformed by no vices, to whom the future

looked very bright. He was more than half in love with Miss Bessie Beaumont, openly courted her, and confidently expected that in good time they would be united in marriage. He had proposed for her hand very regularly about every six months since the time he wore knickerbockers and she wore pinafores, and as regularly had been refused.

"We are going to America, and shall be gone a year or more," said Bessie, as the young man seated himself near her.

"No! Really?"

"Yes, we have decided."

"Then it is all up with me," responded Lord Cecil, laughingly. "You will be sure to fall in love with some untutored savage, and be content to live in a wigwam."

"There are savages on this side of the ocean."

"Then they are of the so called gentle sex. The cruelty of an American Indian is mildness compared with the tortures inflicted on their victims by an English beauty."

"Why will you not go with us?" asked Caroline. "We may need a protector."

"The Americans will need protection," said Lord Cecil.

"They have quite enough protection now, I should think," said Aunt Amy, who was not following the conversation very closely, and who was surprised at the laugh brought out by her unintended play on words.

"The duty on luxuries over there is almost prohibitive," said Lord Cecil; "one may not be able to import such beauty."

"The Chinese are the only people

who can not freely enter the United States," said Aunt Amy.

"How do you happen to favor this wild project, Miss Amelia? I should not have thought——"

"I am a martyr," answered the aunt.

"Martyr or no, Aunt Amy, you will surely go, and we shall have a delightful trip."

"You will have a delightful journey, undoubtedly," said Lord Cecil. "If you are not scalped by the Indians, you will meet Molly Maguires, the Ku Klux Klan, Fenians, anarchists, stage robbers ——"

"Please say no more, Lord Cecil; you will make Aunt Amy and Carrie timid and afraid to go."

Bessie, when in the sanctum of her room, sat down and began carefully to go over the events of the day; and to trace out by what chapter of accidents Colonel Carruthers had been so intimate with their family in the past. She felt sure that there had been more than an ordinary friendship; she would sift the matter to its inner depths until she did find the clew to it. Aunt Amy has known him in the past, that is evident; or why so much agitation when he was announced? How curious that I should never even have heard his name before last night, in that letter from Jack; and then he wrote as if he were no stranger, but as though he had known him for years, and had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with him. How strange that our existence should be made up of such multitudinous shreds, woven so together into pages and chapters, which we call a human life!

CHAPTER II.

"On the bosom of a river,
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
Steamed a vessel light and free;
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright poles of her banner,
And the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea."

Early on Thursday all was excitement, as the ladies and their maid, accompanied by Lord Cecil and Colonel Carruthers, made their way to the Liverpool dock. The latter had joined the party a few minutes before starting, much to Bessie's disgust, her plans for finding out something of the colonel's past history being entirely frustrated. They found the "Polynesian" ready to leave her moorings, with steam up, and her pilot already at the wheel, her flag streaming in the breeze, her prow set by the flood-tide towards the New World, ready to cut the foam-crested waves of the murky Mersey and the billows of the stormy Atlantic. Miss Beaumont's hitherto resigned air of a victim gave place to real tears, when the colonel took her hand, as the bell rang out for all to quit the vessel. Holding it firmly in his own, he whispered,—

"You will not forget to write to me and let me know of your arrival. I feel as if Jack had left you all in my care during his absence in India. Remember, if you should be in any trouble or difficulty, to let me know, and I shall come to you at once."

With a hurried adieu to the ladies, the gentlemen sprang on to the wharf, the colonel shouting at the same time,—

"Young ladies, don't forget your promise of a long letter by every mail; and I shall religiously fulfil

mine towards all your protégés during your absence."

As the great steamer gained headway, and the distance between the friends increased, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the two men stood with raised hats until lost to view. Over Colonel Carruthers there came a great wave of loneliness; and he felt what he had not done for nearly twenty years, as if a sudden blight had fallen on his heart.

For many days the gallant vessel ploughed her way through the briny deep. Life on shipboard is too monotonous and too every-day an occurrence in these times for one to stop and recount the passing events. The Beaumont ladies were at breakfast, steaming up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when the pilot came on board at Rimouski to take charge of the vessel up to Quebec.

A young Englishman, a fellow-passenger, politely invited them to promenade on the upper deck, and explained and pointed out many points and objects of interest. He told them that on both sides of the St. Lawrence, French was the only language spoken by the inhabitants, and that, too, a "patois." They watched the numerous low buildings on each side of the river, with here and there a glittering church steeple or a gaily painted house standing prominently out from among the others,—long green flats of meadow land and river grass lying low down to the water. In the background, long ranges of forests of maples of richest crimsons, interwoven with deep, dark pines and yellow and brown-tinted oaks and butternuts, whose rich autumnal tints made the last three hundred miles of

their voyage one magnificent and splendid panorama. As the fading light of the September evening faded out along the coast-line, the many low lighthouses glowed like so many fire-flies. The deep blue tints of the Notre Dame mountains on the one side, and the more majestic Laurentide on the other side, were slowly shrouding themselves in the short twilight of this hemisphere. The *coup d'œil* was so magnificent that a hush seemed to fall upon the noisy passengers, all life and excitement, in expectation of the happy meetings with their friends. Towards six o'clock, as they steamed past Kamarouska, they heard the sweet bells of St. Louis borne faintly over the waters. A few miles further they saw that remarkable group of rocks where is seen that beautiful delusion, the "Mirage," almost at all seasons, owing, undoubtedly, to the refraction of the sun's rays, as the rocks are sparsely covered with vegetation; and near this they heard the repeated laugh of the loon, coquetting with her brood as they swam.

Miss Beaumont amused her friends by saying, "There must be something altogether uncanny in this New World, where the beasts of the sea cry like young babies, and the birds laugh like Christians. I only hope no judgment will fall upon us before we get back again to our quiet home in Wiltshire, for tempting Providence by visiting such a far-away country. The river is not like one at all, but like a mighty sea."

On landing at Quebec, Miss Beaumont and her nieces went direct to the St. Louis hotel, with the intention of visiting everything worthy of

notice in this the most ancient capital of the Dominion. During dinner Carrie's neighbor was the young man who was their companion on the river,—Mr. Walter Wentworth. She had scarcely noticed him during the passage out. Once or twice he had rendered her some little courtesies; but until now she had hardly remarked how well bred and gentlemanly he was. He informed her that he had come out to this country at the repeated solicitations of his old college friend, Arthur Pomeroy; but that before paying this visit, it was his intention of seeing a little of Canada. He should be only too glad if her party would make him useful in any way, so far as their paths lay together. He did not tell her that he had only found out just before landing that he cared so much about this arrangement. Three days before, he had in his own mind determined to go directly on to Montreal, and to await there his friend Pomeroy, before commencing that little tour to the Rockies, talked of when the two friends parted more than two years previously at Heidelberg. It is astonishing what power a merry girl's smile has!—how it will change in the twinkling of an eye all the deepest laid plans, however deliberately and sagely matured. Aunt Amy added her thanks to Carrie's, and said she should only be too glad to count him as a friend. She had found that many of his people were former acquaintances, whom she had lost sight of, as she had gone so little into the world since the death of her sister-in-law.

One day it was arranged with several other inmates of the St. Louis, to make the trip to the Saguenay.

To delay another week would be too late, for the season was far advanced; besides, the moon was near the full. "What more delightful than these evenings," as Miss Beaumont said, "to be on deck with pleasant companions. Though these American ladies are perhaps a little brusque, and the nasal twang at first is unpleasant to the ear, really I like them immensely, they are so engaging. Then they have such sweetly pretty faces, they are quite poems to look at."

At nine in the morning all were on board the steamer "Saguenay" for this trip to unknown localities. Aunt Amy was wondering how she could have hesitated about undertaking what she felt would prove the most delightful tour of her life. Secretly, in the depths of her heart, she kept dwelling on Colonel Carruther's parting words. They seemed to take her back to her youth, when they two were friends; ay! more than friends, — betrothed lovers. How well she remembered their last parting under the trees in the orchard! How he had whispered his fond "Good-night!" and promised to come early on the morrow! But when that morrow dawned, what instead? A cold, heartless letter, accusing her of faithlessness and deceit. During the long hours of that day all she heard was that he had left for the Continent. Why he had done so no one could fathom. To every question asked to probe this mystery he had answered, "Ask Amy. She is the fittest person to explain. If she cannot speak out, neither can I."

Years after, Amy's foster sister, on her death-bed, had revealed how

she was in the habit of personating her young mistress, and clandestinely meeting their rector's son in the orchard, after the other members of the family had retired for the night. She told them how young Captain Carruthers had surprised them in one of their stolen interviews, having returned to the orchard to seek for something he had dropped, an hour after parting with Miss Amy; how he had mistaken her identity, and upbraided her for her supposed duplicity and treachery. She was too frightened at being recognized to dare to speak and explain. Had she known that in consequence of this the captain had broken off his engagement with her young mistress, she would have confessed all; but such silence and mystery had been observed by the family, that none of the household had suspected it; and she had been too much afraid to speak of it for fear of dismissal. Many times she had tried to sound old Madam Beaumont, to find out the cause of the quarrel, but the old lady's pride and reserve had always silenced her at the first word.

Did Colonel Carruthers now know the truth? Was this his object in calling? Did he at last know that she had been faithful even to his memory? For nothing had remained to her but his cruel letter. During all these years never had his name passed her lips; scarcely had she heard it in the nearly twenty years since they had parted. Now she was a woman in middle life; he two or three years her senior. Had the barrier at last been demolished? Probably her nephew, Jack Beaumont, who was his father's confidant

in all things, had revealed to Colonel Carruthers how he had been the victim of a mistake. Yet what was to be gained by the knowledge? No reconciliation could, after such a lapse of time, pick up the dropped stitches. The only satisfaction was that it would prove to him that she had not been the heartless flirt and treacherous coquette he had stigmatized her.

As they slowly steamed up the entrance of the chasm of the Saguenay, Carrie Beaumont and their English friend, Walter Wentworth, found themselves alone together on the guards. She was in such deep thought that the sound of his voice made her almost leap over the side of the vessel, as he asked her what she thought of the funereal aspect. The silent cliffs of almost black grey granite gneiss, rising out of the Styxite waters, fringed with dark, gloomy pines, like the plumes of a hearse, to their summits, and the still loftier background of ranges of dark rocks, had cast almost a sadness of death upon the expressive face of the young girl.

"O Mr. Wentworth, I feel such a solemn awe, such a complete stillness!—it seems to have paralyzed me, as well as all nature. Not a sound have I heard, even among our own ship's company; nor is there one living object visible,—not even the whirring sound of a bird. It seems as if it would be out of place, in this dismal gorge of fantastic forms, as incongruous as loud laughter at an interment. There has not been a yard of the last few miles but what impressed me with its wild grandeur and utter desolation. And that

creepy feeling,—how glad I shall be to welcome a more smiling nature and the bright, clear waters, instead of the blackness of this terrible Styx!"

"I am glad," said her companion, "you have interpreted my own feelings so exactly. I felt so at a loss how to frame my thoughts into words. I am very sure something of the same kind is passing through the minds of our fellow-travellers. Look at gay Mr. Meredith at your sister's side! Have you ever seen such a change come over any man's face as over his? He looks even more lugubrious than this dismal scene. I am, however, glad to have seen it. How truly impossible it would be for any one to picture the scenery unless he had really been here! Seventy miles of it, from Ha Ha to the St. Lawrence, is no short distance of this weird-like coast. I am quite glad you have settled to go by water to Montreal. The captain has just been telling me that as we near the city the scene will remind me much of Calcutta."

It is winter in Montreal. Two young men, well muffled up in furs, were slowly descending from the mountain. They crossed Dorchester street into Dominion square to await a member of the Tandem club, who had promised to pick them up on his way to join the usual meet of that society. When about half way down the street, the taller of the two exclaimed,—

"Walter, surely the ladies in that four-in-hand sleigh were bowing to you. They are neither Americans nor Canadians. Their quiet dress and perfect repose proclaim them

English, and English, of the best type. My dear fellow, what is the matter? You look as astonished as if you had seen a ghost, instead of a vision of golden locks and dark eyes! "And if they do, I don't. I believe you have suddenly become an idiot. Go on, and let us hear something more."

"Why, confound you! what more can I say? But they are called Beaumont, as I have already said. They live at a place called The Cedars, at the other side of my county. They have let their house for a year to Colonel Carruthers, whom you must remember seeing once or twice when you went with me to Tom Montague's. Their brother is in India for an indefinite time; so the aunt and these twin sisters are travelling about this continent, as Miss Bessie told me, to expand their ideas, before they became quite fossilized in their native woods."

"You look quite dazed." "Well! I hope we shall catch up with them, for the hasty glance I caught revealed a pair of saucy brown eyes and ruddy brown locks. Oddly they are the ladies who occupy the suite of rooms at the other end of our corridor. Last night, don't you recollect, when we came in we passed their door, and I said I had heard a most musical laugh; but I was so tired and sleepy I forgot it this morning. You will introduce me, my dear fellow? Surely you are not so selfish as to wish to keep all three as your own particular property? How glum you look! Are you in love with this little red-headed girl? You are so down in the mouth all at once! Cheer up! I will not poach more than I can help upon your preserve. But it does seem queer you have never mentioned to me your little romance on board till now. If you

"I could scarcely get a glimpse, for they passed like a flash; but I should say, were it not an impossibility, that it was a lady,—I mean Miss Beaumont and her nieces; but as I know them to be—at least I mean—I—I—understood they were at Ottawa, and intended remaining there for some weeks, I cannot well see how it could have been, they. Who could that handsome military looking man, driving, be? Confound his impudence! And, Carl, that is Miss Carrie, I should rather say, smiling up into his face!"

"Well, now you have thawed a little, why don't you go on? That tells me nothing. I have never heard of them. Be a little more lucid."

"You see we came out from England together, and my people know them, and—and——"

object to introducing me, I give you fair notice I shall make their acquaintance without your aid, and before another twenty-four hours are over our heads. For they are sure to be at the ball at The Hemlocks this evening. The Alwyns know everybody worth the knowing."

The speakers were Walter Wentworth and his friend Arthur Pomeroy.

The ball was at its height as the young men entered the handsome rooms. Their host playfully reproached them for their tardiness, declaring that all the prettiest girls had filled up their programmes, and that he was afraid they must content themselves by doing duty with the chaperones.

"Now I wonder whether you, young gentlemen, will agree in the unanimous verdict that these two English sisters are the *belles* of the room." As he spoke, the sisters, Bessie and Carrie Beaumont, were whirling round in the dance with delighted partners.

Walter could scarcely repress a sigh of pain as he saw Carrie waltzing in the arms of the military man of the sleigh. Neither could he have believed evening dress could make such a change in any one's appearance. The sisters were dressed alike, wearing some thin, white floating material of the simplest make. Their rich, abundant, golden brown hair, dressed not in the style of the day, but low on the neck, and parted off their low, broad foreheads, was a beauty in itself. They wore no ornaments, but a few natural flowers in the corsage of their dress,—Carrie's pale pink, whilst those of Bessie were

the deepest crimson. As they passed in the dance, Pomeroy noticed the deep flush mount over Carrie's face as she saw his friend, and commented on it as a sign in his friend's favor. Bessie, on the contrary, stopped, offering at the same time her hand, as she exclaimed, "How glad I am to see you again, Mr. Wentworth! I told Carrie I was certain I had made no mistake when I bowed this morning," darting, as she spoke, an interrogative look at his friend, at that moment in animated conversation with their host.

Before another word could be uttered, Mr. Alwyn interposed,—

"Allow me, Miss Bessie, to introduce my friend, Mr. Pomeroy, who begs to have the honor of the next waltz with you."

The music stopping at this opportune moment, the conversation became general.

Bessie twitted Walter unmercifully on his woe-begone appearance, appealing to his friend to corroborate her assertion that he must have left his heart at Washington, for she certainly never had seen so rueful a countenance in a place of festivity.

"Can you enlighten me, Mr. Pomeroy, who the fair lady is who has laid her spell on him?"

"I certainly thought, until the occupants of a four-in-hand passed us to-day, that my friend had been perfectly heart-whole; but now I agree with you, the change is marvellous. Every look is charged with despair. Let us hope, now that he is here, the gloom will soon disperse, especially when he finds so fair a lady as yourself is interested in his behalf. I believe this is our waltz."

Placing his arm around her, they soon were lost among the crowd of dancers.

Walter joined Miss Beaumont, who welcomed him as an old friend, and scolded him for his remissness in not calling upon them, saying they had seen him pass their rooms on their arrival, and had been expecting him all day. She thought the old adage held good in his case,—“Out of sight out of mind.” Playfully she asked how he had spent his time, and how long he meant to remain in Montreal. They themselves purposed going on to Kingston in a few days: afterwards to pay some visits in the North-west, beginning with Winnipeg.

Walter had no chance of speaking to Carrie until he attended them to their carriage, on their return to their hotel. Her friend of the drive and evening, Captain Alwyn, was most unremitting in his attentions, only releasing her for a dance, and then either sitting or walking with her between dances, till it would have taken a man with more assurance than Mr. Wentworth to have attempted gaining her notice. Once his friend whispered,—

“Do not look so despondent. You will have better luck to-morrow, for I have accepted for us both a breakfast in Miss Beaumont’s private sitting-room; and if this military friend should show face, surely your prior acquaintance must be a point of advantage in your favor. Take heart! Never say die! Above all, do not wear the willow so openly. I am sure any one who troubled himself to look at you to-night must have thought you were a “rejected.”

The next day, after breakfast, the

party went tobogganing on the Mountain. There Arthur Pomeroy manœuvred so well that he secured Bessie altogether to himself. Nor was there the slightest objection on the lady’s part. Her joyous laughter rang out merrily at their many discomfitures. Carrie, on the other hand, accepted the attentions of the many. Near the close of the afternoon, Walter, who had been on the alert for accidents, at great personal risk saved her from a most dangerous fall as she was going down the steep incline with a youth who either did not understand steering, or else had lost all presence of mind. Seeing an accident was impending, he sprang over some paling and caught her in his arms before her head came in contact with a projecting rock of ice. At first he thought she was stunned, or had fainted, she was so deadly pale; but on his beseeching her to speak and let him know where she was hurt, she tried to raise herself from his arms, telling him she thought nothing was the matter but fright. Would he drive her back at once to the hotel without alarming her aunt and sister?

Securing a sleigh, he drove her quickly to the Windsor, leaving her under the care of her maid, then hastened back to the scene of the disaster before his absence had been discovered.

Miss Beaumont, on her return, was quite alarmed at her niece’s palid looks, and insisted upon her remaining quiet for that evening. She would ask Mrs. Alwyn to chaperone Bessie, whilst she remained at home with her darling. Walter came in later to inquire after the patient before starting for the fancy ball,

and begged earnestly to be allowed to remain. Eleven o'clock, to their astonishment, rang out before they were at all aware it could be so late. Wishing them a hasty good-night, and lighting a cigar as he quitted the hotel for a stroll, he walked along Dorchester street and the environs of "the city of churches," pondering in his mind as he wandered up the Mountain, past the scene of the disaster. He determined at the first opportunity to risk his fate, before that military fellow should cut him out.

However, "Man proposes, but God disposes" is a very true saying. The next morning Carrie Beaumont was seriously indisposed; and before night she was dangerously ill. For many days her life hung on a mere thread.

It was now that all the strength of Aunt Amy's character developed itself. Instead of wringing her hands and lamenting their being so far from home, she at once took the charge of the sick-room, issuing her orders, and seeing those of their physician promptly carried out; but it was more than a month before the invalid was able to leave her room.

As soon as she was at all equal to the fatigue of a journey, they decided to go on to Kingston, for a change,—that panacea for all ills flesh is heir to, be it the mind or body. And poor Carrie's trouble was as much caused by the former as the latter. A sick-room is a wonderful place for the unsealing of the mysteries of a heart in uncertainty whether the beloved object returns one's affections. Jealousy, so rife with love, filled Carrie's heart almost to madness. She urged their speedy quitting the city, as day after day she saw Miss

Alwyn was her sister's companion, with Walter, Arthur, and Captain Alwyn, in their tobogganing, skating, or sleighing parties; and as she listened to the music of the bells on their horses' necks, and watched them starting from her window, she sighed, for she thought she should have to give him up, though as yet no word of love had passed between them.

"Did I not see his pleading glances that night at the ball, when I wilfully held aloof from him? As I lay passive in his arms, did I not hear his agonized cry to God to restore me to him? Now another has come between us! This Miss Alwyn, whom he knew in England, his sister's school friend, whom he must have admired long before he made my acquaintance! I do not wonder at his being bewitched with her, she is so gentle and pretty. Perhaps I might have been as pretty, had I not had this horrid red hair. He hates red hair, for he once told me so. Why did I ever get better? Oh! how wicked I am growing! How cross I am! Who says gentleness is the outcome of crossness? I fear that will never be my case. Yet I must strive to drive him out of my heart. I will try to be as patient and sweet as auntie, and live for others. I shall only have the cross to bear that she had. But then, as dear papa used to say, she was always good and merry, as well as the prettiest girl in all Wiltshire, until that sorrow came to her which she told me about yesterday. I do so hope it will come round again. She will make him such an excellent wife. Yes, I will try to be generous and noble, and give up thinking of——"

At these words the door opened, and Walter Wentworth entered the room, looking pale and anxious, as he bent over her, and took the thin white hand.

"Miss Beaumont has allowed me to come and say good-bye," he whispered. "She said you were to start to-morrow. I have been so troubled never to have had an opportunity of telling you all that has been on my mind since we parted three months ago. May I continue?" as he saw her sink back, paling, among the sofa cushions.

"You cannot have misunderstood my feelings for you, dear Carrie? You will let me call you *my Carrie?*" taking her hand.

"Carrie! Carrie! here are Miss Alwyn and Mr. Pomeroy come to see you and bid you good-bye."

At this inopportune interruption, Walter felt as if he could have strangled all three on the spot. "Baulked!" was his hasty inward exclamation; "and the aunt positively forbids my seeing her again before she starts. I cannot follow them to Kingston. I must return with Pomeroy to the States, and a letter I won't risk. I must know from her own lips how she stands with that Captain Alwyn. Had they but waited a few minutes my destiny would have been settled. It is just my accursed luck! I must start for England next week. My father's letter is peremptory: he cannot spare me longer from home. How the word thrills through me! Shall I ever take my darling to my home, to be a daughter to the *pater* in his old age? Her sweet, winning ways with her aunt would make any one love

her. How I covet the right to kiss her sweet lips."

Fortune befriended him at the last moment, as the two friends were making their adieux. Miss Beaumont asked him to do her the favor of taking charge of a small parcel to her sister, who was a near neighbor of his. Joyfully he assented, promising to return for it later on in the evening. His lucky star in this instance was certainly in the ascendant, for he found Carrie alone, the aunt and sister still absent on their shopping excursion in search of little mementos for friends at home. Almost before Carrie had realized his presence, he had rushed into the subject so abruptly interrupted in the morning, and won from herself how she was all his own, and had loved no other but himself.

"You believe me, don't you?" hiding her blushing face on his breast, as he clasped her tightly in his arms.

Pomeroy came in soon after with the others, as he said, to look after his friend, who was not at all times fit to be left to his own devices, being given too much to mooning. At a glance he took in the situation, kissed the hand of the blushing Carrie, crushed Aunt Amy's fingers, as he grasped her hands, exclaiming,—

"I knew—I knew it would be all right! If he only found his senses, it was as plain as a pike-staff!"

Miss Beaumont demanded, "Pray, what is as plain as a pike-staff? You are talking enigmas, Mr. Pomeroy."

"That I am to be your nephew by marriage, in some way, my dear madam. Carrie has accepted Wentworth, and from henceforth count me as your most devoted slave."

[To be continued.]

VALENTINE & CO.

BY VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

Saint Valentine sat in his sanctum one day,
 Serene, fat, and smiling, and cheery and gay,
 While queer little elves around him displayed,
 With jokes to each other, the missives he'd made
 As he sat at his desk, with his quill-pen in hand,
 And attempted to answer the monstrous demand
 Which lovers and sweethearts and true friends and foes
 Made in anticipation, that they might disclose
 The state of their feelings, as every one may,
 On the fourteenth of February—"Valentine's Day."

For unfortunate swains who'd been given "the mitten,"
 He had hearts pierced with arrows to show they were smitten
 By darts from the bow of that reckless boy, Cupid,
 Who gathers his victims from bright folk and stupid.
 For those more successful in seeking their loves,
 He made little cots filled with sweet, cooing doves,
 And attached little verses of amorous tone,
 Such as any true lover would write to "his own."
 All this he did gladly, but sobered a bit
 When he opened the orders for sarcastic wit,
 By which joking persons designed to deride
 The faults of their fellows to all, far and wide;
 But only a moment on Valentine's face
 This shadow of pity for others had place,
 For he said to his elves, "It may possibly be
 A good way to cure them, to just let them see
 The way that their actions to other folk look."
 So the quaintest of take-offs from his pen he shook,
 While over his shoulders the elves laughed in glee,
 Declaring no man was so funny as he.

These done the good Valentine really grew sad,
 For the last pile of orders were those from the bad,
 Unprincipled people, with hearts full of hate,
 Who were angry or envious of others whom Fate
 Or Providence lifted to places which they
 Aspired to, but reached not; and so in this way
 Anonymous messages fain would they send,
 With base innuendoes from opening to end;
 And care not how long in the hearts they'd attack,
 Their unkindness rankles, or e'er take it back.

Then Valentine quietly turned to his elves,
 Saying, "Really, *such* people must write for themselves;
 I cannot and will not send forth poison darts
 To stir up dissension within human hearts:
 My mission on earth is a kindlier one."
 And the elves danced in glee and just revelled in fun;
 Then gathered the missives in queer little packs,
 And away they all trooped with them strapped on their backs,
 And scattered the tokens of true love and mirth
 From Valentine's home to the ends of the earth.

THE CRADLE SPIRIT'S TALE.

BY CECIL HAMPDEN CUTTS HOWARD.

That large garret was a solitary place! I wandered within its precincts one dark November day, and wondered how, as a child, I had ever found a charm within it. To be sure, I could find nothing really disagreeable: there was a curious mixture of the ancient and modern in its make-up. Six windows and a Mansard roof were part of its adornment. In height and breadth it was the equal of the most roomy garret in New England! The collection of antiquities in its board would have made envious many a modern collector. I sat down on a small hair-covered trunk marked with small brass nails, "E. H. C."

In front of me was an ancient cradle, whose existence I knew dated back to 1796, and possibly earlier. Adjacent to this were a pair of massive brass andirons, saved, like the cradle, from the great fire of 1804, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A chest of old letters kept them company: beyond that was a larger chest in which rare trophies had once been brought from the West Indies. Thus making a mental inventory, as it were, of my companions, I felt the charm come over me that held me spell-bound in childhood, yet deeper far in its wealth of meaning.

"How is it," I thought, "that inanimate objects can exert such an influence?" At that moment my train of thought was broken as I heard a thin, quavering voice cry out,—"Really, sir, inanimate objects! Indeed, I must object!"

I glanced in every direction to discover my strange companion. It was like the voice of some dear old lady, hidden from view, and thinned in volume by age. During my search I came close to the cradle. It was of polished mahogany. Again I heard the voice only more distinctly:

"Really, my dear sir, since you accuse us of being 'inanimate objects,'—yes, actually lifeless,—let me assure you it was not so once, and if you are interested I will tell you of incidents in my life."

The voice came from the cradle—there was no mistaking that—but where was the being or spirit who spoke?

"You need not search for me," the same thin voice cried out. "I am a spirit, invisible. Indeed, how could I well be otherwise, since I am only an 'inanimate object'?"

This was all so pleasantly said (though it might seem sarcastic), that I sat down on a chair of comparatively modern date, and listened attentively to what my companion might have to say.

The spirit proceeded with her tale in a quaint, gracious way, as follows:

"You have given me a chance to vindicate my rights,—in fact, the rights of the whole furniture world. We have life, I can assure you. Many a tale I could tell you of your ancestors that you would give much to know. I am an old woman now, so a little must suffice."

The spirit was silent then for a moment, and in the violence of her

emotion, the cradle moved to and fro. Then she said.—

“In 1796, according to your reckoning, though different with us, I first had life in my present form. As a part of the mahogany tree I had had a previous existence many years.

“I was sent from the cabinet-maker’s in Portsmouth, through the ancient streets, to one of the oldest residences in town. It was upon Market street, and built on land formerly owned by John Cutt, the first president of the King’s Council in New Hampshire. An historic spot truly, and beautiful in its location.

“Since then the house has been burned to the ground, and a tree is growing to-day from the cellar. Dear me! how much I have seen since those young days! I have even now a vain regret that I cannot go over the old place again, now known no more!

“The nursery therein was a large one; on one side there were many panels of wood encircling a huge fireplace. Deep cushioned seats were in the two window casings. At the right, as you entered, was the tall form of a four post mahogany bedstead, with simple hangings of white. Between the windows there was a large mahogany bureau. These were the richest articles in the room. The chairs and carpet were suited to children and were simple in style and pattern.

“My neighbors, the bedstead and bureau, were of the same social rank as myself. We were indeed kin; all bearing the arms of the ancient Mahogany family. There was no social

superiority shown by us toward our friends the carpet and chairs. We were sensible of their many good points. We were all sociable; but this was at night when the good folks had retired, when the last gleam of the embers could be seen on the hearth. I have heard people wonder what made furniture and boards squeak! Squeak, indeed!”

Here the spirit was again in such violent emotion the cradle was perceptibly moved. Then she proceeded again: “Dear me! that is our converse; it seems as if people were most stupid in plainest things. In my early days I was carefully guarded. Did I not hold each day the little one of the household? Was I not responsible for its sound sleeping? You may smile, but I tell you, my dear sir, it is no light task to hold a sleeping baby and keep from talking. Perhaps in your mortal experience you can assent to this?

“The Bedstead was very often crotchety, and wanted to be talking when the baby was asleep. If I spoke the baby would awaken, and so I have many times passed a whispered message by the chairs to ask her to stop.

“‘Lady Bedstead,’ as we called her, would sometimes cease, and sometimes disdain to notice my request. Her voice was horribly rasping. She was older than myself, as age goes in our world, and really ought to have known better. However, as she was really a kind soul at heart, I learned to respect her vagaries and say nothing.

“Dear me! the first baby I held passed away very quickly. She was the joy of the household, little Mary

the joy of the household, little Mary
passed away very quietly. She was
known better. However, as she was
our world, and really ought to have
been often than herself, as she goes in
the voice was hardly ringing. She
those dishes to notice my request.
would maintain. "What and what."
"Daddy behested," as we called her,
to stop.
ed message by the child to ask her
I have many times passed a newspaper
spoke the child would whisper, and so
when the day was asked. If I
grounded, and wanted to be talking
The husband was very often
patient for her secret to this
talking. Perhaps in your mental ex-
bold a sleeping baby and keep from
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again. "Dear me; that is our con-
specially moved. Then she passed
violent emotion the child was pas-
ing. The spirit was again in each
agreed. "Thank, thank!"
must make things and hearts
heart. I had a heart people wonder
the mother would be seen on the
and walked when the last glass of
this was at night when the guest talks
I notice. We were all astonished and
were sensible of their many good
towards the expert and shrewd. We
apparently showed by us toward our

poor family. There was no social
bearing the name of the ancient Ma-
as a result. We were indeed kind, all
business, even of the same social rank
"My neighbors, the husband and
gallery.
green and were simple in style and
chairs and carpet were suited to this
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lowest windows in the room. The
poorly painted. There were the
the windows there was a large mas-
simple hangings of white. Between
four post mahogany bedstead, with
you noted, was the last form of a
the two window casings. At the light,
place. Deep cushioned seats were in
backs of wood supporting a huge fire-
one; on one side there were many
The nursery therein was a large
more)
the old place again, now known as
a rain forest that I cannot go over
those young days. I hope even now
me; how much I have seen since
growing to it from the cellar. But
passed to the ground and a time is
light.
spot truly, and beautiful in its loca-
in New Hampshire. An instance
that president of the King's Council
formerly owned by John Carter, the
highest street and built on land
residence in town. It was open
elegant stairs to one of the object
maker's in London, through the
I was sent from the cabinet
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As a part of the mahogany tree I
first had life in my present form
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"In 1775, according to your rec-
ed. Then she said—
emotion, the child passed to and

The first born! But she was fragile, and faded like a flower. I could see she was not strong, before her parents noted the change. Her parents were your great-grandparents. I can almost hear the intonation of their voices to-day. How I wish I could bring the echo to you. Their second was a son, Samuel, a winsome, cheery child. He was even more carefully watched than the first. They were named for their mother and grandfather. Dear me! how much I loved those little ones, more almost than the many I since have held. Samuel faded away, though, like his sister Mary. I was alone again! By and by a second daughter came to gladden us all. They called her Anna Holyoke, the maiden name of her paternal grandmother. A fair rose! She outgrew the cradle, and strange indeed it was to see her toddle around the room. The ladies who came to call, from the families of Sheafe, Haven, Ladd, and others, all praised her, as well as her next sister, who had very beautiful golden hair.

"They called the latter Mary, in memory of her dear mother and of her older sister who had left them. Mary, too, passed beyond my confining bounds to other hands; and the next to gladden the household was a little boy. He was called Edward Holyoke, for his great-grandfather, who had been thirty-two years president of Harvard college.

"The family moved into a new house not long after that, on Christian Shore. It was surrounded by a variety of fruit trees, and thirty acres of land! A beautiful site, and perpetual in its charm. I think if the walls had not been damp Edward

would have thriven there, but he faded, like the rest. Ah, well, what need to rouse those sweet memories again! He and his sister Anna were ill together, and together they were carried out to their long, deep sleep. Only Mary was left then. Dear little thing, she prattled cheerily every day, and I was glad to see her near me.

"When little Hampden came, she was the only one of all the little ones left to welcome him. Little thought I then that they would not be separated until after they were "three-score and ten." He was named for an uncle who died just before his birth, and the cognomen came down from the great John Hampden, who was a friend of one of his ancestors.

"When we moved from grandfather's, as the children called it, 'Lady Bedstead' was left behind, and only the chair and some articles in other rooms went with me. The new home was of wood, three stories in height, and down the front were long terraced walks, arbors, and vines. I heard Mary and Hampden tell of the fruit as they grew older and rambled through the gardens. The new nursery, in size, was very like the old. Cheery and large was the fire-place, and my friends were loyal and many. The windows were cushioned, and the sun kept us company all the morning. When Mary was six and Hampden four, another little girl came whom they called Anna Holyoke. The children were delighted. She, too, outgrew my care and the nursery. They were there daily, though, for many years. My friends, Major and Mrs. Andirons, can tell you more of their later history.

"Some day I will tell you of another generation who grew up 'neath my fostering care. When you want to hear of any of my contemporaries, come to me and I will give you the secret pass into the realms of the land of furniture. Dear me! how

tired I am. I don't think I ever talked so long to a mortal before."

A sigh of regret escaped my lips when the tale was ended, and I resolved to accept the offer so generously given. Would you?

JOHN M. MITCHELL, ESQ.

When Governor Charles H. Sawyer, Oct. 1, 1888, appointed John M. Mitchell as one of the railroad commissioners for a term of three years, he made a wise selection, for he chose a man eminently qualified for the office by legal attainments and strong common-sense.

Mr. Mitchell was born in Plymouth, July 6, 1849; was educated at the Derby (Vermont) academy; read law with Edwards and Dickerman, of Derby, and with Harry and George A. Bingham, and settled in Littleton upon being admitted to the bar. He

was chairman of the board of selectmen of Littleton in 1877 and 1878, and a member of the school board several years. He was appointed solicitor for Grafton county, to succeed Major Evarts W. Farr, by the supreme court, and was elected for the term from July, 1879, to July, 1881.

In 1881 he settled in Concord, and with Hon. Harry Bingham formed the law firm of Bingham & Mitchell. He married, Nov. 19, 1874, Miss Julia C. Loneragan. Of their three children, Agnes only is living.

EDWARD DOW.

Not only Concord, but many towns throughout New Hampshire, are indebted to the architectural skill of Edward Dow for the artistic designs of many public and private edifices.

Mr. Edward Dow, son of Zebadiah and Asenath (Smart) Dow, was born in Lexington, Vt., in July, 1820. His grandfather, Daniel Dow of Derby and Newport, was a skilled mechanic. Unaided he made a piano and manufactured clocks. He married Deborah Barker.

His father, Zebadiah Dow, born in

Derry, lived in Croydon. He was a carpenter. He married Asenath, daughter of Caleb and Asenath (Blake) Smart of Croydon.

Mr. Dow's early years were passed on a farm and in his father's carpenter-shop, where he became familiar with tools. At the age of 16 years he removed with his parents to Newport, and as a boy worked for Ruel Durkee.

He settled in Concord in 1847, and has been an architect since 1854.

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF
THE GRAND ARMY FAIR AT CLAREMONT,
November 4, 1889.

BY FRANK H. BROWN, ESQ.

In addressing you this evening, I do not expect to give you a new idea, or furnish you with a new thought. As far back in the ages as King Solomon it had already been discovered there was "no new thing under the sun." The centuries that have intervened since then have not improved the chances of obtaining new matter of any kind; and surely all that can be asked of any speaker is, that he so use his subject as to represent old facts and fancies in modern form.

Both musician and painter labor under narrow limitation. Yet by skillful combination, what magical results follow their touch! All the music that enthralls the world, from the low lullaby of the cradle, through the gamut of symphonies, is composed of seven notes. All the colors that charm the eye, even from the pale beauty of the wood-violet to blaze of sunsets, are but blendings of seven primary colors. And so I thought speech-making, if the analogy holds good, still contained such possibilities that I might attempt to hold your attention for the brief period allotted me in which to address you. For I cannot let this opportunity pass without offering my humble tribute of love and praise, to the glorious country, and still more glorious institutions, of which we are as a nation the possessors; and to you, the brave remnant of that gallant band who in the dark days of the early sixties left your hearths and all the dear ties of home, that on distant

battlefields you might re-cement with your blood a broken and disrupted nation. Hardly a generation has passed away since those dark days, and to-day we hold a place among the galaxy of states unparalleled in history.

Our territorial area is boundless. Two mighty oceans ebb and flow on our Eastern and Western shores, divided by a tract of fertile soil three thousand miles in width, containing all the agricultural possibilities known to earth. All the cereals, all the fruits of vine and orchard, thrive within our borders. The generous earth that smiles in harvests in the sun's glad rays, yields still richer stores from out her cavernous depths.

Where the largest fresh water body on the globe breaks in lines of silver on our northern frontier, there copper, valuable in coinage, alloy, and the arts, awaits but the miner's touch to repay him an hundred-fold; tin, iron, gold, silver, coal, lead, are scattered with such lavish hand as only nature knows, in rich deposit and various localities, throughout the length of our vast mountain-chains; while that great staple, cotton, the need of which in England so nearly precipitated upon us European interference midway our late civil war, nods its milk-white pod in the perfumed breezes of the Gulf.

Our republic, dominating a continent separated by leagues of rolling ocean from foreign intervention or

control, temperate in its climate, diversified in its products, unbounded in its resources,—over whose broad areas and league of states a journey of a thousand miles is but a step,—jewelled with palace-crowned cities, dotted with prosperous hamlets,—grand, as we stand upon our own cloud-capped granite hills and listen to the echo, as wind, that weird old harper, smites his thunder harp of pines in the primeval woods of Maine,—beautiful, where the Father of Waters rolls his turbid tide through bayou and ancient city to the dark blue waters of the Gulf, or where by her Golden Gate she sits and drops her starry banner to the great god of day, as the evening gun from her western-most fortress salutes the beams of the setting sun;—such are we as a nation to-day, the centennial of the year in which Washington took his seat as president over a confederation of thirteen sparsely settled states, poverty-stricken by their great war of independence, and straggling down the line of Atlantic sea-board from New Hampshire to Georgia, with the vast country beyond the Alleghanies a terra incognita, and perils on every hand both from within and from without.

Here in this virgin land was tried, for the first time in the world's history, the experiment of a confederation of states, sovereign and independent, bound together by a central government. Here was to be tested that immortal principle of self-government among men, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

And look at the result;—a galaxy of forty-two states, besides territo-

ries; rich beyond the dream of avarice; great in all that makes mankind better and progressive; strong past the power of two foreign wars, and one civil, to disintegrate; bound together by that enduring principle, that corner-stone of our political fabric and embodied in our constitution, that all men before the law are free and equal.

Here in this rich and spacious country, what blessings of freedom and of civilization do we not enjoy! A freedom from taxation such as would not be believed in Europe; no standing army to support; no ever threatening war-cloud to drain the people's purses and disturb the peaceful current of trade and arts; no army conscription, that calls for three of the best years of a man's life, whether in peace or war; no civil list to provide for royal marriages and settlement of younger sons; no nobility to bow to; no church to cringe to,—but every man the peer of every other before the law, and all places, all positions, eligible to all.

This is the country, these the principles, that you, Gentlemen of the Grand Army, rose up to defend. In the days in which a great and powerful North stood facing a fierce and solid South; when brother's hand was raised against brother; when the land was in travail,—you felt the thrill of battle, and you joined that glorious company of citizen soldiery whose tramp caused the ground of every loyal state to tremble with the rhythmic beat of hurrying feet. You left your occupations and your homes, your wives and little ones, and stood grandly forth in your

habiliments of blue, that on many a battlefield you might test the right of this nation to live. It matters not, so far as the esteem of a grateful people is concerned, what befell you in your campaigns. When you deserted pen and plow for sword and gun, you by that act accepted all the chances of war. To many of you came wounds and disease, to some death, to all glory—I wish I might add, a pension.

From Sumpter to the grand climacteric at Gettysburg, where the South lost her courage and the flower of her armies, where Pickett rode the incarnation of battle in his last charge, down to the end at Appomat-

tox, the nation leaned on you for weal or for woe. On you, and on you alone, rested not only the saving of this nation, but that immortal, God-given principle of equality among men, of which this nation was and is the exponent and the test.

Your name and fame, though chiselled in granite and impressed in bronze, are graven still deeper in the hearts of your countrymen; and as long as time lasts, your deeds and praise shall be told by sire to son, and recurring spring-times find sentinel at the door of each soldier's "low green tent, whose curtain never outward swings," the nation's emblem placed there by reverent hands.

EBENEZER LOCK.

BY BENJAMIN L. BARTLETT.

In the old burying-ground at East Deering, N. H., lie the remains of several Revolutionary heroes. Among the number are those of Ebenezer Lock and his three sons.

This Ebenezer Lock, the first American to fire upon the British, was born in 1734, at Woburn, Mass., which had been the home of an unbroken line of Locks since 1650. He was the seventh child and only surviving son of Ebenezer and Elizabeth Lock; grandson of Deacon William, and great-grandson of William, an orphan boy six years old when he came to America in 1634 in the family of Nicholson Davies.

This William was a cousin of John Locke, the philosopher, and those curious in such matters can trace the ancestry back to the middle of the 15th century and perhaps further, with a good degree of certainty.

Ebenezer married Lucy Wood, at Woburn, Feb. 22, 1759. He was a farmer living in the extreme westerly part of Woburn, and here his wife died Feb. 14, 1765, leaving three sons, Ebenezer, Jonathan, and Benjamin. Mr. L. did not marry again, but employing a relative he kept the family together for several years. But the troubles with the mother country were fast coming on, and, though but one of the humblest citizens, he could not remain indifferent.

On the memorable 19th of April, Pitcairn having given the signal of war, the Americans flew to arms. Instead of joining the party on the green, Mr. Lock took position in an open cellar, and for some ten minutes worked valiantly, bringing down an enemy at nearly every shot. A volley of balls lodging in the opposite wall told that he was discovered,

but he continued to load and fire till closely pressed by the British. Having but one bullet left he levelled his gun at the soldier near by, dropped the weapon as the man fell shot through the heart, and sprang for the orchard, his only way of escape. The balls whistled close around him, but reaching the brink of a steep hill he threw himself to the ground, rolling downward as if mortally wounded, thus escaping unhurt.

Throughout the long and fearful struggle, weary with incessant toil, destitute of suitable clothing, suffering the pangs of hunger, cold, and exposure, he with others endured all their forced marches, frequently leaving traces of blood at every step.

Hastening home after the disbanding of the army, Mr. L. found his little property greatly diminished, and some years after he followed his sons to Deering, N. H. Fond of reading, good-natured and cheerful, he spent the evening of life in quiet seclusion, and died at his youngest son's, Sept. 12, 1816, aged 82. A plain stone upon the hillside marks the final resting-place of the man who only did his duty, when, forty-one years before, in manhood's prime, he had devoted all his energies, and life itself, if need be, to the service of his country.

At the commencement of hostilities Mr. Lock's eldest son was scarce fifteen, and his youngest a lad of ten, yet all three took part in the War for Independence.

Ebenezer, the eldest, was wounded and left on the battle-field with those unable to proceed, while his father marched onward with the troops. Jonathan served on the sea, and Benjamin, born 1765, Feb. 10, was a

soldier from the beginning of 1780. In 1784 the latter two were in Deering, N. H., each clearing the respective farm on which he was to spend his days. Although their scanty wages had been carefully saved, yet the depreciation of continental currency left them little capital save strong arms and stout hearts, and for these they found constant requisition while founding a home in the wilderness.

Jonathan, born 1762, had married Lucy Brooks, of Woburn, and hither he brought his wife and infant daughter. After a useful, prosperous life, he died June 21, 1830, Mrs. L. joining him May 21, 1839. Their only child, Lucy, married H. Hadlock of Deering, and died in 1857.

In 1786 Benjamin Lock married Anna, daughter of Moses and Sarah (Norton) Eastman, then of Weare, but originally of Concord, N. H. Born Jan. 11, 1767, and having but few educational facilities, Mrs. L. was yet a woman of decided intellectual vigor, skilful, industrious, frugal, and persevering, she proved a worthy helpmeet, ably seconding all her husband's efforts at improvement. Mr. L. died Sept. 14, 1839, his widow Dec. 14, 1843. Of their nine children one only survives, Mrs. Anna, widow of the late Col. John Bartlett, of Deering.

Ebenezer came to Deering a little later than his brothers, and married Mollie Eastman, a younger sister of Mrs. Benj. Lock. Incapacitated for much labor, he was among the first to receive a pension. The wound in his knee never healed, and he died in consequence after years of suffering. One son preceded him to the spirit world, and in 1815 the other two with their mother removed to Pennsylvania.

THE DEPARTURE.

[After the Norwegian of A. Munch.]

By MARY H. WHEELER.

At dawning of a summer day
A ship lay under lee,
Where cliff, and grove, and island quay,
Were mirrored in the sea.

A sweet, refreshing morning breeze
Out through the night air went ;
And ocean's breath with scent of trees
In grateful fragrance blent.

Still lay the dark ship near the land ;
No word the master said ;
It but awaited his command
Its snowy wings to spread.

For when the sun's first golden ray
The signal height should hail,
We were to leave the quiet bay
The wide, wide sea to sail.

On deck, with sweet, expectant air,
My wife sat in repose ;
She was as lovely, was as fair,
As is the blushing rose.

To her warm hand my own she drew
So hopefully, for lo !
Her cherished dream was coming true—
We should together go

Far o'er the sea to countries strange,
In sunny southern lands,
With youthful eagerness to range
Arno's and Tiber's strands.

For her life seemed so morning-pure,
So beauty-rich, so long,—
She floated on that charming tour
As might a queen in song.

But, God be praised ! that happy day
Her future was untold :
Not long thereafter still she lay
With white cheek 'neath the mould.

LITERARY MENTION.

IRENE E. JEROME'S NEW VOLUME

"In a Fair Country,"

Soon to be published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, with 55 full-page original illustrations, engraved on wood, and printed under the direction of George T. Andrew, with nearly one hundred pages of text by Thomas Wentworth Higginson—a perfect union of art and literature. Over the clear-cut thoughts of a modern master of classic essay, one of the foremost of American artists draws the magic pencil which has achieved so many triumphs, and "in verdure clad," starts into life the rural beauties of "April Days," "My Out-door Studies," "Water Lilies," "The Life of Birds," "The Procession of the Flowers," and "Snow." It was a happy thought that selected these models of literary genius for illustration, a loving homage to nature which guided the artist in her wanderings "In a Fair Country." The fifty-five illustrations which ornament this volume are not surpassed even by the former triumphs of "One Year's Sketch Book," "Nature's Hallelujah," "A Bunch of Violets," and "The Message of the Bluebird,"—household treasures throughout the land. Whether floating in her boat on Concord river, with its wealth of floral adornments, its scenic surprises in the windings of its stream in and about places made famous by Thoreau and Emerson, or in her loftier flights amid the hills of "beautiful Camden" down by the sea, where the grandeur of mountain views possesses charms to wake enthusiasm, she has exhibited the same fidelity to nature in her beautiful pictures, the same exquisite taste in the selection of her subjects, which have characterized her previous achievements. Without the illustrations the essays would be admirable; without the essays the illustrations would be charming; but the union of pen and pencil has produced a book in every way superb.

THE COSMOPOLITAN may be taken as embodying the best literature of the world, as the magazine editor pays the highest prices to novelists, scientists, statesmen, soldiers, and even kings and princes, for the best they can furnish in the literary line. The well edited magazine becomes an educating influence in the family circle, whose importance cannot be over-estimated. The children, as they

grow up, are attracted by its illustrations, and so come in time to have a taste for reading. There is always something that is new, something that is strange, something that is interesting; and we consider that we are doing our readers a positive benefit if we are instrumental in placing such a publication within their reach. The special arrangement which we have made with the *Cosmopolitan* presents very unusual inducements. That magazine, although only in the tenth month under its new management, is already recognized as one of the most interesting publications of the day. It is seeking subscribers everywhere, and obtaining them. The proprietors believe that the *Cosmopolitan* has only to be examined to secure a permanent subscriber. That is why we are enabled to make, if the offer is accepted before January next, such a very low rate, by which our readers can obtain the *Cosmopolitan* for little more than the cost of this journal alone. Just think of what the combination means! You obtain your own home journal at about the regular price, and have thrown in a magazine which gives you, in a year, nearly fourteen hundred pages of reading matter by the ablest writers of the world, including 600 pages of illustrations that are unsurpassed in point of interest and execution. Will it not pay you to send a subscription to this office for the GRANITE MONTHLY and the *Cosmopolitan* immediately? Remember, only \$3 00 for the two.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The undersigned is about to publish a History of Dartmouth College and of the Town of Hanover, N. H.

It is the aim of the writer to furnish, so far as possible, a complete and accurate record of the important facts connected with the college in all its relations, beginning with the rise of Dr. Wheelock's school in Connecticut.

As, owing to the peculiar circumstances the life of the town of Hanover has been inseparably connected with that of the college, the history of both must be told in the same pages.

The work is drawn to a great extent from original and unpublished sources. It will be comprised in two large octavo volumes (8vo), executed in the best style of the printer's art, with a number of illustrative cuts, and copies of many documents and letters.

The first volume, covering the period prior to 1815, will be first issued. It will contain upwards of 600 pages, besides an adequate index, and may be expected during the coming winter.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

Chap. 1. Dr. Wheelock and his school in Connecticut.

Chap. 2. The incorporation and location of Dartmouth college.

Chap. 3. Early history of Hanover; how the grant was obtained; physical features of the town; proprietary acts; first settlers, &c.

Chap. 4. The official church of the town; the Grafton Presbytery; and the schism of Rev. Mr. Burroughs.

Chap. 5. The College and College District from 1770 to 1775.

Chap. 6. The Town and College in the Revolution.

Chap. 7. Political relations of College and Town 1774 to 1786; early efforts to restore New Hampshire authority west of the river; quarrel with New Hampshire about representation; conventions and doings of the "College Hall" party; jealousy of state officials; town of "Dresden;" unions with Vermont; records and letters hitherto unpublished; collapse of the union; persistency of Dresden party; ensuing trouble with New Hampshire about taxation, &c.

Chap. 8. The College and Moor's Charity School to 1815.

The second volume is expected to contain,—

1. The College Church, and the causes leading up to the great College controversy.

2. The College and the University, and the College Case, between 1815 and 1820.

3. The College subsequent to 1820.

4. Annals of the town and village.

5. Monographs on topics connected with Town and College.

6. Prominent families.

The price of each volume will be \$3.50 net. Those who wish to subscribe are requested to do so at once, that the size of the edition may be determined in view of the probable demand.

Address

FREDERICK CHASE,
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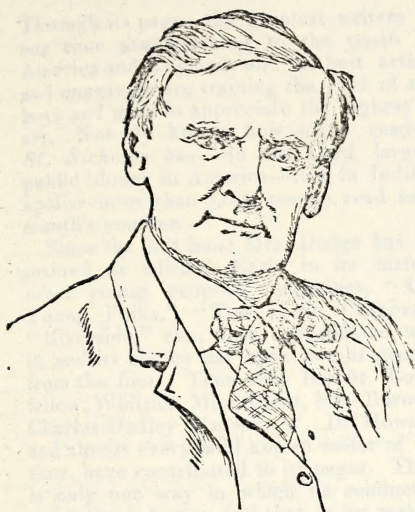
THE NEW YORK LEDGER'S CHANGE OF FORM.

From this time forth the New York *Ledger* will contain sixteen pages. The publishers have been urged for years by their subscribers to make this change, so they would have the *Ledger* in a form convenient for binding. In making the change from eight to sixteen pages, Messrs. Robert Bonner's Sons have utilized the opportunity to introduce important improvements into the *Ledger*, and to add many new and costly features. The new number of the *Ledger* (November 16th) leads off with the opening chapters of an extraordinary story from the pen of Anna Katharine Green (author of the "Leavenworth Case"), entitled "The Forsaken Inn."

This remarkable story was written in a white heat—dashed off almost without rest from commencement to end. It has been the habit of Anna Katharine Green to deliberate for a long time before taking pen in hand to begin a new work, and then to devote at least a year to its completion, but "The Forsaken Inn" presented itself to her in a way so forcible and vivid that all her former methods were discarded, and she wrote the story under the spur of overpowering inspiration. The result was the production of an exceptionally brilliant and glowing literary gem.

In addition to Anna Katharine Green's great story, the *Ledger* of November 16th contains the following brilliant articles;

"Nihilism in Russia," by Leo Hartmann, Nihilist; "Old-Fashioned Fashions," by James Parton; "Dr. Hoknagel's Strange Story" (illustrated), by Julian Hawthorne; "A Missionary's Life in the Wild North Land," number one (illustrated), by Rev. E. R. Young; "A Scientist's Bright Thoughts," Editorials, etc.; "The New South," by Hon. Henry W. Grady; "American Cookery," by Miss Maria Parloa; "The Lady of the Rock," a poem (illustrated), by Thomas Dunn English; "An Original Temptation" (illustrated), by the Marquise Clara Lanza; "Paying the Penalty," (7th instalment) (illustrated), by Maj. Alfred R. Calhoun; Correspondence, Science, Wit, and Humor, and a fine variety of miscellaneous reading matter. Notwithstanding the vast outlay to which the publishers of the *Ledger* have gone, the price of the *Ledger* is only two dollars a year. Considering its extraordinary excellence, the New York *Ledger*, at two dollars a year, is the cheapest—as it is the best—family paper in the world.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

"THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" IN 1890—
JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—
NOVELS BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,
AMELIA E. BARR, AND OTHERS.—
A CAPITAL PROGRAMME.

During 1890 *The Century Magazine* (whose recent successes have included the famous "War Papers," the Lincoln History, and George Kennan's series on "Siberia and the Exile System") will publish the long-looked-for Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, whose "Rip van Winkle" has made his name a household word. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the public. Mr. Jefferson is the fourth in a generation of actors, and, with his children and grandchildren, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. His story of the early days of the American stage, when, as a boy, travelling in his father's company, they would settle down for a season in a Western town, playing in their own extemporized theatre,—the particulars of the creation of his famous "Rip van Winkle," how he acted Ticket-of-Leave Man before an audience of that class in Australia, etc.,—all this, enriched with illustrations and portraits of contemporary actors and actresses, and with anecdotes, will form one of the most delightful serials *The Century* has ever printed.

Amelia E. Barr, Frank R. Stockton, Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen, and many other well known writers, will furnish the

fiction for the new volume, which is to be unusually strong, including several novels, illustrated novelettes, and short stories. "The Women of the French Salons" are to be described in a brilliant series of illustrated papers. The important discoveries made with the great Lick telescope at San Francisco (the largest telescope in the world), and the latest explorations relating to pre-historic America (including the famous Serpent Mound, of Ohio) are to be chronicled in *The Century*.

Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale University is to write a series on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which will attract every Bible student. Bishop Potter of New York will be one of several prominent writers who are to contribute a series of "Present-day Papers" on living topics, and there will be art papers, timely articles, etc., etc., and the choicest pictures that the greatest artists and engravers can produce.

Every bookseller, post-master, and subscription agent takes subscriptions to *The Century* (\$4.00 a year), or remittance may be made directly to the publishers, THE CENTURY CO., of New York. Begin new subscriptions with November (the first issue of the volume), and get Mark Twain's story, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in that number.



ST. NICHOLAS.

THE CENTURY CO.'S MAGAZINE FOR
YOUNG FOLKS. ENLARGED AND
PRINTED IN NEW TYPE.

Since 1873, when, under the editorial management of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the publication of *St. Nicholas for Young Folks* was begun, it has led all magazines for girls and boys. Nothing like it was known before, and to-day, as the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* recently said, "it is the model and ideal juvenile magazine of the world."

Through its pages the greatest writers of our time are speaking to the youth of America and England, and the best artists and engravers are training the eyes of the boys and girls to appreciate the highest in art. Nobody knows how many readers *St. Nicholas* has. In the third largest public library in America—that in Indianapolis—more than 3,000 people read each month's number.

Since the first issue Mrs. Dodge has remained as editor. Early in its history other young people's magazines, "Our Young Folks," "The Little Corporal," "Riverside," etc., were consolidated with it, and its history has been one of growth from the first. Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Burnett, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, and almost every well known writer of our time, have contributed to its pages. There is only one way in which its conductors can make it better, and that is by making more of it; and so they announce that, with the beginning of the seventeenth volume (November, 1889), *St. Nicholas* will be enlarged by the addition of eight, and sometimes sixteen, extra pages in each number. This enlargement is absolutely required to make room for the rich store of new material which has been secured for the benefit of *St. Nicholas* readers. The use of new and clearer type will be begun with the November number.

During the coming year there are to be four important serial stories by four well known American authors. Athletics and outdoor sports will be a special feature (contributed by Walter Camp of Yale and others), and there will be stories of character and adventure, sketches of information and travel, out-door papers, articles of special literary interest, suggestive talks on natural history, other scientific subjects, and the march of events. Both the December and January numbers are to be holiday issues.

The price will be the same as heretofore, \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number, and all dealers and the publishers (The Century Co., New York) take subscriptions. New subscribers should begin with November.

**NOW READY! GRAND CHRISTMAS
DOUBLE NUMBER**

OF

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Price, 50 cents. By subscription, \$3.00 per year.

The Christmas number contains a magnificent chromo supplement of Meissonier's

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The plates and engravings contained in this number embrace evening and ball costumes, winter over-garments, visiting and reception gowns, winter bonnets and hats, suits for boys and girls, capes, coats, cloaks, wraps, jackets, muffs, and costumes for all occasions, embroidery patterns, etc.

New stories by Mrs. Alexander, John Strange Winter, Mr. W. E. Morris, Erekman-Chatrian, a new continued story by the author of "His Wedded Wife," and a splendidly illustrated Christmas story, entitled "Jim-of-the-Whim."

The *BAZAR* editorial department is full of bright articles by various contributors. Mrs. Stowell has an interesting article on novelties for Christmas. Mrs. Bryan has an article on Elizabeth Barrett Browning. All the regular departments are replete with choice and seasonable reading matter.

Mrs. Alice Walker writes,—"I am a dress-maker, and I have bought THE NEW YORK FASHION BAZAR every month for the past four years. I could not do without it. The fashions are the very latest."

Now is the time to subscribe! Price \$3.00 a year. Any person sending \$3 for a year's subscription will receive the beautiful Christmas chromo supplement of Meissonier's great painting, "Friedland: 1807."

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The Berry Spring Sleigh.

The Berry Spring Sleigh, covered by letters patent issued in the Dominion, March 13th, and in the United States, Sept. 25th, 1888, is the greatest invention of modern times.

For ease and comfort it stands without a rival.

A company has been formed in Concord, and incorporated under the laws of New Hampshire, for the manufacture of the Berry spring sleigh, with the following officers: President, E. S. Nutter, Concord, N. H.; Treasurer, M. J. Pratt, Concord, N. H.; Clerk, N. E. Martin, Esq., Concord, N. H.; Directors, E. S. Nutter, M. J. Pratt, Concord; F. A. Cutting, Winchester, Mass.; Hon. J. W. Patterson, Hanover; Austin E. Berry, Warden, P. Q.

The new company has been styled the BERRY SPRING SLEIGH CO., and has acquired by purchase the patent issued in this country, Sept. 25, 1888, covering every part of the new device. Ample shop room has been secured in the workshop of the old State Prison, the work of construction has been commenced, and a sufficient number has been completed to supply the demand which has already sprung up for the new sleigh all over New England and the Middle States.

The Berry Spring Sleigh is the very acme of ease and comfort. With the body built of the best material, artistically formed and elegantly finished, mounted on the best of tempered steel springs, which allows it to give with every inequality of the road, with runners so made that they glide over the snow instead of cutting through to the gravel beneath, it cannot help being all that is claimed for it,—the greatest invention of modern times; an invention that is destined to revolutionize the sleigh-building industry of the country so soon as its merits become universally known.

In addition to manufacturing themselves, the home company will sell rights to man-

ufacture the sleighs in different parts of the country, and all information will be given by addressing the Berry Spring Sleigh Company, at Concord, where the offices and factory are located. One is on exhibition at the store of Humphrey & Dodge, or they can be seen at the factory.

1890.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

A new Shakespeare—the Shakespeare of EDWIN A. ABBEY—will be presented in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1890, with comments by ANDREW LANG. HARPER'S MAGAZINE has also made special arrangements with ALPHONSE DAUDET, the greatest of living French novelists, for the exclusive publication, in serial form, of a humorous story, to be entitled "The Colonists of Tarascon: the Last Adventures of the Famous Tartarin." The story will be translated by HENRY JAMES, and illustrated by ROSSI and MYRBACH.

W. D. HOWELLS will contribute a novellette in three parts, and LAFCADIO HEARN a novellette in two parts, entitled "Youma," handsomely illustrated.

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VOL. III. (NEW SERIES.)
VOL. XIII.

MARCH, }
APRIL, } 1890.

Nos. 3, 4.

HORACE WAY GILMAN.

BY REV. J. Z. ARMSTRONG, PH. D., LL. D.

“ You will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.”

These are the words of Epictetus, a Roman philosopher of the first century of our era, and it is not difficult for any right-minded man to appreciate the sentiment as expressed.

We know full well that neither the wealth of an individual, nor his worth, rests in what he has, but in what he is, and in fact it has come to be one of the most universally accepted opinions in matters of state or national economics, that the wealth of a people is in the “ vigor, valor, genius, and integrity of the individuals constituting such state or nation.”

Nor has there ever been a time in the history of the world when the demand for cultured, broad, earnest, philanthropic, Christian men was so great as to-day.

We seem to be in the rapids of the

stream of progress, and men of coolest brain and steadiest nerve are required to hold the craft in position, and steer clear of the rocks and shoals.

A great man, competent to take the status of public activities, and to mark the trend of popular thought, with a vision clear enough to discover man's needs, and a hand strong enough in a measure, to supply them, with a heart in sympathy with his fellow-beings, wishing for and willing to help along the best interests of humanity, and not at all lacking in faith in the great God and His Providence,— such a great man, I say, is the greatest fact in the history of his generation. Such an one will find a way out of the ruts and grooves of present local surroundings and ordinary life, and gain a broad, comprehensive, and accurate knowledge of the times in which he lives, and, by virtue of the lofty source from which springs his life, and its irresistible onward and outward flow, will be a perpetual blessing to the world in which he lives.

Such a life is as a majestic river : its source high among the pure white snow of the mountain ranges, boiling up from the very heart of their eternal fastnesses, now bounding over some rocky precipice, now murmuring through quiet dells, now meandering across a daisy bespangled meadow, then bounding through some dark gorge, or resting in a cool and secluded pool, whence it rejoices on its journey, until broadening out into a majestic river, upon whose bosom rest the ships of commerce and the interests of vast populations, its brim rises to kiss, beautify, and fructify the rich valley that skirts its banks. It is the life of such a man that we are permitted now briefly to sketch—Horace Way Gilman.

Mr. Gilman comes of a family that is said to be remarkable rather for the even worth of its members than for the brilliancy or genius of a few ; but we find no lack of names highly honorable in the annals of the country.

Among the judges, lawyers, divines, professors, commissioners, senators, representatives, doctors of medicine, architects, and artists of this country, the name of Gilman is quite common ; and the gubernatorial chair of New Hampshire has been filled by men of that name, and of the family to which H. W. Gilman belongs, in larger numbers and for more years than by men of any other name or family.

The pedigree of the family has been prepared at great expense and with the utmost care, and from it we gather the following :

Edward Gilman lived in Caston, Norfolk, England, and was married to Miss Rose Rysse, June 22, 1550. Robert was the son of Edward, and

was born, lived, and died in Hingham, Eng. Edward (the 2d), was the son of Robert, and was born in Hingham, Eng., about 1588, came to this country, and was received and recorded as an inhabitant of the town of Exeter in the year 1652.

Moses was the son of Edward (2d), and emigrated to this western world with his father, and was received and recorded at the same time and place.

Moses (2d) was the son of Moses (1st), and was a freeholder in Exeter, where he led an industrious, quiet life, and died at a good age. Moses (3d) was the son of Moses (2d), and lived in Newmarket, where he died in 1769. Samuel was the son of Moses (3d), and was born in Exeter in 1750, and died in 1821. Stephen was the son of Samuel, was a farmer in East Unity, and a cavalry officer in the Revolutionary war, and died in 1830.

Emerson was the son of Stephen, born in 1794, in East Unity, a farmer and a clothier by trade, and the honored father of Horace Way Gilman, a sketch of whose life we are called upon to prepare.

Mr. Gilman was born in East Unity, on the 6th day of December, 1833. In 1837 his parents moved to Lowell, Mass., and from thence to Milford in 1843, and from Milford to Nashua in 1844. During these first eleven years of his life Mr. Gilman received in the home of his parents, and in the public schools of the places above named, a fair start toward an education.

As a boy he was reserved, industrious, and remarkable for his habit of close observation, which was but the prophecy of his future success.

Shortly after coming to Nashua, young Gilman went to work for himself in the cotton-mill at the wages of 25 cts. per day, beginning at four o'clock in the morning and laboring until seven in the evening, being allowed only a short time for breakfast and dinner. For five years from the time he began work in the mill he was deprived of school privileges, excepting two terms a year, which he improved to a degree far in excess of the average youth of his day.

In 1849 he went to Springfield, Mass., to work in a new cotton-mill, and by this time he had gained such skill as an operative that he received \$1.25 wages per day. The following year he returned to Nashua and entered the private school of Prof. Crosby, where he continued for two consecutive years, and to this day his conversation bears testimony at once to the worth and ability of the teacher and his own diligent application, close observation, and accurate memory, by frequent reference to the sayings uttered and maxims taught by his old masters.

He attended the high school in Nashua during the fall term of 1852, having taught during the winter of 1851-'52 in Nashua, and the winter of 1852-'53 in Hudson.

There can be no doubt that the most important step a man or woman can take as bearing upon the happiness of life in this world, and in fact not among the least important with reference to the life in the world that is to come, is the selection of a wife or a husband. It was during the winter term of school taught in Hudson that Mr. Gilman became acquainted with Miss Adaline W. Marsh, and in

December, 1854, they were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. Mrs. Gilman is a lady of the finest culture, possessed of a warm, sympathetic nature, a kind, unselfish heart, capable of the highest and strongest affections; and mentally she is remarkable for the accuracy and power of that intuition characteristic of womanhood in highly cultured and refined circles. For thirty-six years Mr. and Mrs. Gilman have lived together in the enjoyment of rare connubial felicity; and their home is an ideal in all its appointments and order.

They have been blessed with four children. The eldest, William Virgil, was born Nov. 25, 1856, and is now an active business man largely interested in the manufacture of paper in Bath, S. C.

The second child, a son, Horace Emerson, was born May 24, 1860, and was suddenly taken from them on the 19th day of August, 1870.

Edward Marsh is their third child, and was born Sept. 26, 1862. He is a young man of sterling business qualities, unswerving integrity, and a general favorite in the social circle where he moves. He is the eastern manager of the Davidson Investment Co., and has the honor of being a member of Gov. Goodell's staff.

Their fourth and last child was a daughter, Ada Florence, born Feb. 14, 1865, but she only remained to brighten their home about one year and a half.

During the years 1853, '54, and '55, Mr. Gilman worked in the card factory of Gage, Murray & Co. in the summer, and taught in the public schools of Nashua in the winters.

In July, 1856, he moved to Albany,

N. Y., and formed a copartnership with Mr. John Dobler in the card business, and there remained for five years.

It will be remembered that during these years there occurred one of the most trying financial panics this country has known. Money brought 6% per month on the streets of Albany for a considerable length of time; and it goes without saying that it required the finest grade of business talent to tide a new business enterprise, somewhat limited in capital, over such a season of trouble: nevertheless the concern prospered, and in the year 1859 erected a magnificent factory building, extending from Hamilton street to Hudson street in the city of Albany.

In the spring of 1861, Mr. Gilman sold his interest in Albany and came again to Nashua. In January, 1862, he bought one fourth interest in the concern of Gage, Murray & Co., and assumed the responsible position of financier. In 1866 the whole concern was bought by Gilman Bros., of which H. W. Gilman was one, and in 1869 was organized under a charter as the Nashua Card & Glazed Paper Co.: and H. W. Gilman was elected treasurer, which position he held without interruption until 1888. During these twenty-six years of business administration the Nashua Card & Glazed Paper Co. experienced a growth and success seldom equalled in this or any other land. During the whole term it paid dividends averaging $16\frac{2}{3}\%$ annually; and the capital stock quadrupled in value. During this period of prosperity the American world was shaken by several financial panics—one, that of 1873, being very try-

ing to all the moneyed interests of the country; and it seems to us worthy of note that during all these times the concern under consideration had no paper protested, nor its bank account overdrawn, nor its credit in any way impeached. While the magnificent success of the Nashua Card & Glazed Paper Co. is the crowning business achievement of Mr. Gilman's life, it is by no means the only one. In 1872 he bought one half interest in the Contoocook Valley Paper Co., and was its treasurer until he sold his interest in it in 1879; and during that time the capital stock tripled in value.

During the years 1883 and 1884 he was a stockholder, director, and president of the Underhill Edge Tool Co. of Nashua. He was also one of the inaugurators of the Electric Light business in Nashua, and for some years was a heavy stockholder and director in the Second National Bank of Nashua. Mr. Gilman retired from active business life in 1889, selling out the stock he held.

We have thus briefly sketched the career of a man from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to social prominence, and that success achieved by virtue of energy, industry, and patience, guided by a clear head and a far-seeing eye. I am asked, "How much is he worth?" The answer you expect is, He is worth—dollars. I shall give you no such reply. He is worth infinitely more than can be represented by dollars and cents. He has been and now is worth bread to the hungry, clothing for the naked, help to those who are in distress, sympathy for the sorrowing. And he is worth, oh,

so much as a friend to those who get near to and become acquainted with his great, warm, manly heart. His right hand is constantly doing what his left hand knows not of; and so his material wealth is steadily being transferred into immaterial treasure, the worth of which shall be known hereafter.

We asked him one day, "Brother Gilman, when and where were you converted?" And with no small emotion he replied,—“In Springfield, Mass., in the year 1849, in a Methodist prayer-meeting, under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Ames.”

And we were again reminded of the invaluable service this branch of the universal church has rendered to this great and rapidly growing country by laying the foundation and building the superstructure of stalwart Christian character and sending it out to purify business methods, to adorn American society, and by its consecrated wealth to spread divine truth through the whole earth, and so establish a universal Christian civilization. Mr. Gilman first united with the Congregational church. Upon going to Albany he transferred his membership to the Methodist Episcopal church. When he returned to Nashua he united with the Chestnut St. M. E. church. Afterward he joined the Lowell St. M. E. church by a certificate from the Chestnut St. church. And when in 1867 and 1868 the Lowell St. society built the Main St. church, Mr. Gilman was one of her official members, and no small degree of the success of the enterprise so wisely planned and so ably executed is due to the business ability and broad Christian benevo-

lence of this one man. As a Methodist he is known abroad fully as well as at home. He was a member of the centennial convention held in Boston in 1866 upon the one-hundredth anniversary of the preaching of the first Methodist sermon in this country by Philip Embury. He was also a member of the general conference of 1872, held in Brooklyn, and a member of the centennial convention of 1884, upon the one-hundredth anniversary of the holding of what is known as the Christmas conference. And at the last session of the New Hampshire Annual Conference he was elected as a delegate to the Lee Centennial celebration to be held in Boston in the near future.

He has for years been vice-president of the New England Educational Society, and has been vice-president of the New England Methodist Historical Society since its organization.

And from his liberal contributions to the various benevolent enterprises of the church, and from his extensive acquaintance among the leaders in the church, both of the clergy and laity, he has come to be very generally known in New England Methodism, and universally respected for his sterling worth as a Christian gentleman.

As a character he is fitly represented by the words of Charlotte Brontë:

“Man of conscience, man of reason,
Stern perchance, but ever just,
Foe to falsehood, wrong, and treason,
Honor's shield and virtue's trust!
Worker, thinker, firm defender
Of Heaven's truth—Man's liberty;
Soul of iron—proof of slander,
Rock where founders Tyranny.
Fame he seeks not—but full surely
She will seek him in his home.
This I know, and wait securely
For the atoning hour to come.”

BESSIE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER III.

O the long and dreary Winter!
 O the cold and cruel Winter!
 Ever thicker thicker, thicker,
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
 Fell the covering snow and drifted
 Through the forest, through the village.

—*Hiawatha.*

"Do you think we shall ever carry out our plan of a trip to the Rockies?" asked Wentworth of his friend Pomeroy, as they sat together in the library of the latter the evening before Wentworth was to sail from Boston to comply with his father's urgent request to return home.

"It is a little doubtful, now," said his friend. "You will soon be the happy husband of Carrie Beaumont. You will hate to leave her, and you cannot take her with us."

"If you should marry Miss Bessie"—

"Well, why not? I am awfully in love with her."

"Oh, nothing, only she is an awful swell at home and has got no end of money. Cecil Howard is all gone on her, and would gladly make her a countess."

"Is she really very rich."

"Enormously so, in her own right, —worth a cool million, at least."

"Is this Lord Cecil very sweet on her?"

"Tremendously so."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"He's immense—a thoroughly good fellow."

"Wentworth, I believe I have been a fool!"

"Why so, Pomeroy?"

"Why, I have fallen dead in love with that girl."

"You could not help that, old fellow!"

"And I have been vain enough to think I was making a good impression. I have been on the point of offering my heart, and hand, and fortune. My fortune! It is too bad, Wentworth! You should have told me."

"What?"

"That she is engaged."

"But she is not engaged."

"That she is so confoundedly rich and—She has a title too, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, she is the Lady Elizabeth Beaumont."

"And I have made love to her as if she were 'a simple American maiden'!"

"Why not? She is simply a British maiden, very sweet, very lovable."

"You do not seem to understand, my boy. Why, I have courted her. I have loved her."

"You may have gained her heart!"

"Stuff! She probably thinks I have been after her money."

"You do her injustice, Arthur. She is a true woman. She may not be taken with you; but she will not deceive you. I was warned not to 'give away' her rank and wealth. She thought that during this journey she would like to be judged on her own merits."

"So I have judged her, Walter, and have found her the dearest, sweetest, most charming girl in the world. Had I known that she was a

great heiress I would have left her for Lord Cecil."

"And after all your attentions you have not given her a chance to accept or refuse you? Do you think you have done right, Arthur?"

"She knew for a month before leaving Montreal that I loved her. She must have known it. Yet she never by word or sign has shown that she cared the least bit in the world for me. I would as soon have offered my hand to a marble statue."

"Would you have had her

'heart hung on her sleeve
For daws to peck at?'

English girls wait until they are asked before they show their love—if they have any."

"I suppose so, old fellow; but one might give one a hint. I even lectured her about going to Manitoba—acted as a proprietor, without any right. She would not have me now, anyway. I wish she were as poor as—as a church mouse, or Job's turkey."

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,' my boy. My idea is that you ought, in honor, to offer yourself to her."

"I guess you are right, Walter, but it will be only a form."

The next morning after the above conversation, Arthur Pomeroy accompanied his friend to Boston and waved a last farewell to him as the Cunarder steamed down the harbor.

Arthur Pomeroy was not an idler. His visit in Montreal was brought about by reason of business. A president of a great corporation suddenly decided that a foreign climate would best agree with him. Young Pomeroy had been sent to interview him in the course of a pending law-suit in

which large interests were involved. He was a lawyer, and his many friends already predicted for him a brilliant future.

Arthur Pomeroy was a typical young New Englander. His pioneer ancestor, the younger son of a noble but impoverished family, had migrated to the sterile coast of the old Bay Colony while the unfortunate king, Charles I, was disputing with his parliament, and in a new world had founded a family which in the several generations for over two centuries had been identified with the history of the colony, state, and nation. A remote ancestor had fought with Harold on the field at Hastings; hundreds of years later another had fallen a victim to the wily Indian foe. One had followed Pausus to his lair among the foot-hills of the White Mountains; another had followed Rogers and Stark in their raid for vengeance against the St. Francis tribe. His great-grandfather held a commission under Washington; his grandfather was with Perry on Lake Erie; his father fell at Gettysburg while leading a regiment in a counter-charge against the legions of General Lee. His widowed mother, upon whom the early training of the boy devolved, came of that Scotch-Irish stock which made Londonderry so famous. She was a charming woman, gentle yet firm, possessed of strong common sense and remarkable tact.

From his boyhood Arthur had been devotedly attached to his mother. She it was who soothed him in his boyhood's troubles, and instilled into his mind his high sense of honor and his care for truth. He had been educated in the graded schools of his

native town; had graduated with distinction at the famous old college of his native state, where many of his forefathers had preceded him; had taken a post-graduate course of two years in Heidelberg seminary, where he had met young Wentworth; had wandered for a year over his own country, visiting noted localities, studying human nature, preparing to enter upon his life's work,—the study and practice of the law. In college he had been Professor Dole's favorite pupil; the stroke-oar in the college crew; and second baseman on the college-nine. His favorite plaything was the 100 lb. dumb-bell. On the plains of Texas and the prairies of the far west he had become a fearless horseman, and an expert shot with shot-gun, pistol, and rifle. The skin of a grizzly and a mountain lion as rugs on the floor of his library attested to his good marksmanship as well as to his courage. After sowing the few wild oats natural for a man of great energy and tireless activity, he had entered the law office in which his father had been senior partner, and took up the study of law with zeal and perseverance. He had been admitted to practise law in the highest courts of the land some months before Miss Beaumont and her nieces landed in Quebec. He was a graceful dancer, a good billiard player, and had recently been commissioned colonel and aid-de-camp on the governor's staff. In the state militia he had advanced previously to the rank of major.

His mother, Mrs. Pomeroy, had been left in comfortable financial circumstances by her patriotic husband, and did not fret and worry about the

necessities of life. Her home near the village was a social centre; and she was one of the acknowledged leaders of society.

At this time Arthur Pomeroy was in the prime of vigorous young manhood. In person he was a little above the medium height, his figure erect, and every muscle in perfect training. His dark hair waved over a smooth, high forehead; dark eyebrows and long eyelashes shaded honest black eyes; a drooping mustache covered a handsome mouth and a perfect set of teeth. In attire he was modest; yet his dress was faultless, and the model of his less fortunate companions. His one weakness was immaculate linen.

The Pomeroy homestead, which has been in the Pomeroy family since colonial days, was a little out of a New England village. It included a few acres of land charmingly situated. The house, of two stories, with a spacious L in the rear, crowned the summit of a knoll, and commanded, from beneath several lofty over-reaching elms, an extended view up and down a fertile and beautiful valley. Like a ribbon, a river wound in graceful curves through a broad interval until lost in the distance. Far away could be seen the tops of mountains of more than local celebrity. In the rear of the house, across a slight depression, a hill, almost a mountain, rose abruptly, its granite ribs crowned to the summit with a dense growth of chestnut trees.

The estate was originally extensive; but field, orchard, pasture, and woodland had been sold off from time to time, and the proceeds invested, where no trouble was involved in the care of

the funds, until at this time but a few acres of land remained. Without, the house was painted to represent sandstone: within, the taste of mother and son had been freely exercised to produce an artistic effect. On the right of a central hall, as one entered the front door, was the room claimed, occupied, and decorated by Arthur Pomeroy—the library. Here, surrounded by his books, he was most at home; and the emanations from his active and well-schooled brain were already, through newspapers and magazines, bringing its occupant into favorable notice.

The contents of this room, as indicating the character of its owner, are worthy of notice. It was not only a working library, but one in which a scholar could restfully pass many a leisure hour. Its strength lay in its many books of reference, atlas, dictionary, encyclopædia, history, and text-book. Statesmen, jurists, poets, novelists, and philosophers were all represented. Spanish, French, German, Italian literature, genealogy, and local history had each by themselves a quiet niche. Ancient and modern arms, swords, muskets, and bayonets gracefully arranged on one wall were opposite a choice painting of a bit of American scenery; an etching hung over a study in marble; a bronze; a vase from Japan; a skin, and a rug from Persia, all produced a pleasing effect.

The evening after Arthur Pomeroy's return from Boston to see his friend Wentworth off for Europe, he sat alone in his library late into the night, pondering. As a result of his cogitations he at length took his pen and wrote the following letter:

ELYSIUM.

Saturday Evening.

Dear Miss Beaumont:

This afternoon I saw our mutual friend, Walter Wentworth, on board the steamer in Boston Harbor, *en route* to his English home. Last night he spent at Elysium, and in our conversation, just before retiring, he told me much that before I did not even suspect. He told me that you were really Lady Elizabeth Beaumont, the daughter of a nobleman, the descendant of titled ancestry, and that you are the possessor of great wealth. To me you will always be Miss Bessie Beaumont, the girl who won my heart. I loved you at first sight, Bessie. You are my ideal. In vain I tried to win one look or word of affection from you, yet I loved you more and more. I was shocked when I learned of your wealth and rank. There seemed to arise between me and the one whom I have been proudly hoping would as my wife share my humble home, an impassable barrier. I love you very dearly, Bessie. If you will become my wife, my life shall be devoted to making you happy. All that I am, all that I hope to be, I will freely devote to you. If my offer is not favorable received, I pray, dear Bessie, that you will not allow it to interfere with your plans for the future.

I am,

With devoted love,

Yours ever,

ARTHUR POMEROY.

The letter was sealed, directed, and stamped, and lay on the library table ready for the Monday's mail-bag.

Early, before sending out the mail, Mrs. Pomeroy entered the library,

and said,—“I think, Arthur, it would be well to mail your friend, Bessie Beaumont, one of our pretty invitations to next Wednesday’s afternoon tea. It will be a pleasant reminder.”

So, side by side the two envelopes, directed in the same manly hand-writing, went speeding on their way to Bessie Beaumont.

On the following Wednesday morning Miss Beaumont was in the breakfast-room of the Victoria Hotel, in Kingston, in the Province of Ontario, awaiting the arrival of her nieces at the table before ordering breakfast. A morning newspaper was open before her, and her attention was attracted by an article in reference to some old friend in Wiltshire. Just as she was making up her mind to preserve the paper for another perusal in the future, an office-boy brought and laid by the side of her plate her mail. Hastily she opened the package and carelessly sorted over the letters. Folding up her paper she inadvertently enclosed within it the letter from Arthur Pomeroy to Bessie Beaumont, and carefully bestowed them where she would be sure to find them when needed.

Presently her two nieces came in and gracefully took their seats.

“Oh, Aunt Amy, you have got the English mail!” cried Carrie. “Is there anything for me?”

“There are several foreign, or rather home, letters for each of you, my dears. Here, Bessie, is one for you from the ‘States.’ I think I know the hand-writing.”

With a pretty blush, Bessie took her letter and a glad look came into her face as she noted the postmark and the manly superscription. With

coy haste, and apparent indifference, she opened the envelope and held in her hand the engraved invitation to attend an “afternoon tea” at the residence of Mrs. Pomeroy, that very afternoon.

In spite of every effort a tear welled up and blurred each eye, so acute was the young girl’s disappointment. Of course they were quickly and bravely suppressed; but had an on-looker witnessed them and understood the circumstances, they would have conveyed the very delicate and tender little intelligence that Bessie Beaumont was sadly disappointed and probably very much in love. However, they were unnoticed. “Is this all, Aunt Amy?” she asked. “I think so, love, except your Wiltshire letters.”

A few days after, in their private parlor, the following conversation took place. Said Miss Beaumont,—

“My dear Bessie, you are certainly not so foolish as to think of accepting Mrs. Blake’s invitation to Winnipeg? Indeed, I cannot allow you; it would be madness after what we heard to-day. Only think, if you were to get there, and a disturbance broke out, you might be scalped, murdered, and eaten by these wild savages. It is in vain saying more. I shall not permit you. Why can you not be contented here? Or let us go South. Besides, you have accepted invitations to two “sugaring-off” parties, and have endless other engagements. Do not make me regret having acceded to your wishes in coming here. One would believe, in spite of your protestations to the contrary, that you do care for this handsome Captain Alwyn,

and that your anxiety to go out to such a wild, bleak place at this season of the year is on his account. You know Dr. Loss said on no account must I take Carrie into such a climate. Besides, I do not think it at all maidenly for a young girl to be traveling with him such a distance, and staying with these friends of his who are quite strangers to us."

"Now I call that too interfering! Why may I not, pray? What worse is it for me to go to Mrs. Blake's, than to these 'sugaring-off' parties you hold up before me with such unction. I tell you, once for all, I have accepted and mean to go. What old woman has been frightening you now about a rising of the Crees and other tribes? Poor, subdued, ill-used creatures! I wish they would rise and teach these despicable rulers of the land a lesson! Has not my pretty '*Pusjan Natchee sūe ā gun*' (belle of the Touchwood hills) told me how the government or government agents are cheating them out of their just rights. I should glory in seeing the fray! Pretty darling! with her sweet musical name and liquid soft voice! I am more determined than ever, and it is useless saying anything more. I do not intend going any more to these stupid sugar parties. Carrie and you may do as you please about these delectable feasts, and assist in gorging yourselves with this boiled syrup and then suck a little raw salt fish to whet your appetites to begin gorging again. Pah! it is too disgusting! Then assist in scandalizing your neighbors between acts; and watch how Mr. Alf flirts with Miss Bee! Nice match-making places! You need not think I shall countenance such low, vulgar

doings. Carrie can honor them with her presence if she so wills, but I—never, never! I have been already once too often. I shall go to the North West, as I said; so aunt, not another word! What is that about Mr. Pomeroy? And pray what right had he to interfere in our affairs? or rather in mine? Let him know his place, if he does not already! I shall give him a lesson he will not forget in a hurry. Pray when did he dare to meddle and give his opinion? It is like an American's assurance; but he shall find I allow no one to take such liberties with me.—Dear Aunt Amy, do not look so shocked. I know I have been very rude. Had I not been bent upon going before, this impertinent interference on his part would have quite decided me. Carrie, it is useless your trying to find excuses for him. I am resolved; so let us say no more; but ring for the maid to take my letter to the post, with my acceptance for the 28th."

Though no more was said about the journey, Bessie could not but feel a little remorse for all the ill-temper she had displayed, while there lingered a secret uneasiness whether her aunt was not correct in her distrust about the country being so really quiet as she wished to believe it. It was well known there had been many meetings among the Indian tribes. Bands of them were seen at intervals, passing along the then almost trackless plains. However, she reassured herself there could arise no possible danger to herself personally; and should there be a little row, it would not probably be more than that of a "strike" in England. It would be a splendid opportunity of seeing the *Red*

Man in all his war-paint. If any one give in to their supposed superior was to blame for her obstinacy, it was knowledge; but he would find one Mr. Pomeroy; what right had he to woman who would judge for herself the make an observation on her doings? fitness of undertaking this journey. He was like all men; every one must [To be continued.]

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE FLAG.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Over the school-house floats the flag,
 Symbol to every scholar's eye,
 In each added star and widened fold,
 Of the glorious heritage *they* hold,
 And for which their fathers dared to die!

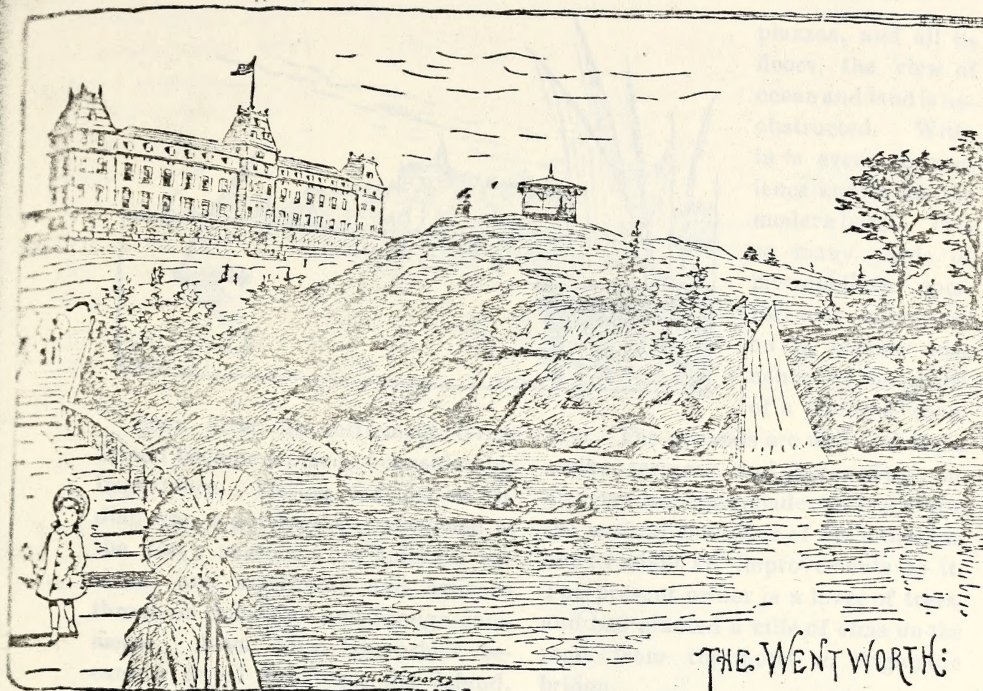
Thanks for the patriot heart inspired,
 For the willing hands that led the way
 To make the beautiful custom ours,
 And may a wreath of sweetest flowers
 For all time over his ashes lay!

Wherever learning may have its seat,
 With pillared front and lofty dome,
 'Neath humbler roof by the village spire,
 And where is lit the winter fire
 In the hillside school-house far from home,

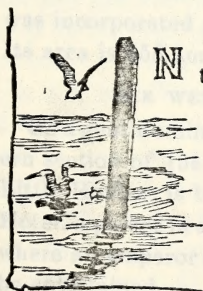
Above them raise our banner dear!
 Its strong pole made by youthful hands,
 While each child's little offering
 Makes it more of a sacred thing
 From the frozen north to our golden sands!

As long as youthful hearts aspire,
 As long as that emblem stirs in air,
 Over each school-house may it wave,
 That the boys, like their sires, may be grandly brave,
 And the girls courageous as well as fair!

Symbol of order, of love, of law,
 Symbol of power, wherever seen;
 Adding new stars with the passing years,
 Wakening memories dewed with tears,
 While our skies are blue and our shores are green!



NEW CASTLE AND THE PISCATAQUA.



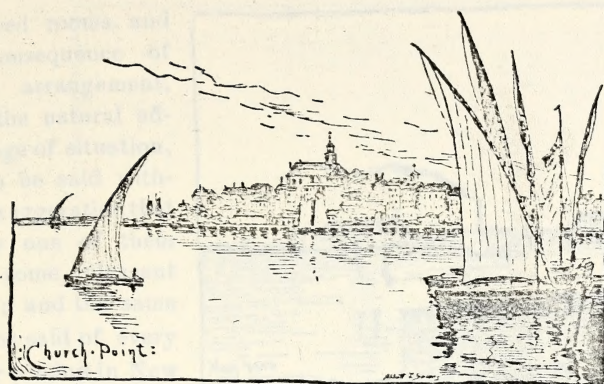
N the spring or early summer of 1623, David Thompson, with a small company, made a settlement at Little Harbor. New Castle, or

Great Island, must have been occupied shortly thereafter; for in 1635 many houses had been built thereon, and the settlers had "erected a fort and mounted it with ten Guns for the Defence of said Island and River" Piscataqua.

New Castle is, therefore, one of the very oldest settlements in the United States. Its situation at the mouth of a broad and deep river, with

a good harbor on either side of it, recommended it to the early settlers who sought a livelihood from the neighboring ocean, and still commends it to the people from the interior, who periodically seek on its shores the pleasure and benefit of brine-laden ocean breezes.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain John Mason planned to create on these shores a feudal estate, the princely revenues of which would for countless years revert to their lordly descendants. They died before their dreams were realized. On the banks of that stream, where their agents and factors found so much difficulty to subsist, princely fortunes have been accumulated for nearly two centuries.



Soon after its settlement Great Island became a place of considerable importance. During foreign or Indian war, a garrison was stationed at the fort; vessels were built on the shore, and merchants and artisans thrived on domestic and foreign commerce. After New Hampshire became a Royal Province, the Island, under Lieutenant-Governor Cranfield, became the seat of government. It was incorporated as a town in 1693. Its area is 458 acres.

THE WENTWORTH.

On a gentle eminence near the southern section of the island, overlooking Little Harbor, is built the Wentworth Hotel, a palace in all its appointments, where an emperor and his court might be entertained.

It is an imposing structure, of ornate architecture, luxuriously furnished, with a troop of well drilled servants. It is opened for the accommodation of the public through the hot months of the summer; and its hospitality is appreciated by a host of people from every section of the country.

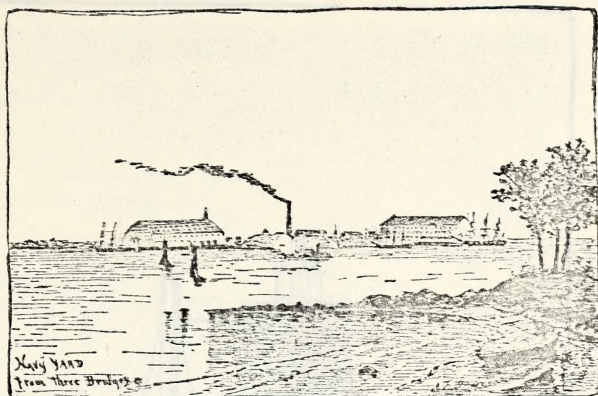
"Wentworth Hotel" is in such a commanding situation, that from its

piazzas, and all its floors, the view of ocean and land is unobstructed. Within is every convenience known to the modern hotel. It is so many yards of metropolitan comfort and luxury set on a seaside eminence, in the midst of a pleasant coun-

try. The grounds are well laid out in walks, terraces, and flower plots; no attempt has been made to transform the natural character of the situation, but to adapt all improvements to it. The present owner is a lover of trees, and has planted a mile of elms on the road from the hotel to Sagamore bridge.

"I have mentioned that the first hotel, about one third part of the present, was built in 1874, by a gentleman who fell in love with the situation but did not sit down to count the cost. In the year 1879 it fell into the hands of an owner who did not need to, and who has spared no expense to make it a perfect establishment within and without. The good luck of New Castle is that it always attaches people, and both the owner, Hon. Frank Jones, and the present landlord of the Wentworth, combine enthusiasm for the place with due attention to business. The house contained originally eighty-two rooms, and cost about \$50,000. The first addition was made in 1880; the second in 1881, by which the whole arrangement and architecture of the building were changed and improved. It now contains over two

hundred rooms, and in consequence of their arrangement, and the natural advantage of situation, it can be said without exaggeration that every one of them has some pleasant view; and the same can be said of every other window in New Castle. The hotel

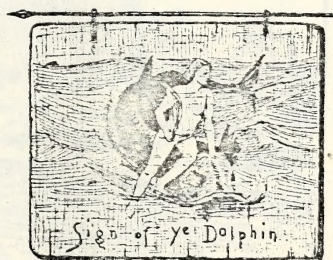


faces southeast, so that the sun goes quite around it in summer, and this was the most ancient manner of setting a house on this island. If you find an old cellar hole here you can tell infallibly where the front door was. The sun went around it in mid-summer, leaving it in shade from noon to sunset, and in winter shining upon it all day.

"The privilege of naming the Wentworth was granted to the writer (John Albee) by the original projector, and was chosen on account of its proximity to the old Wentworth mansion, and its popular, widely known associations; and also because the name itself is well sounding and slightly aristocratic; as much, however, from its sound, as any immediate or general connection. At any rate it is a little superior to those names of hotels and of everything else, almost, in our country, chosen arbitrarily and multiplied indefinitely. Yet it has one weakness,—it was borrowed. But what, since Adam's time, is not? We no longer invent names; we adopt and transfer, and it is fortunate if they prove to be appropriate."

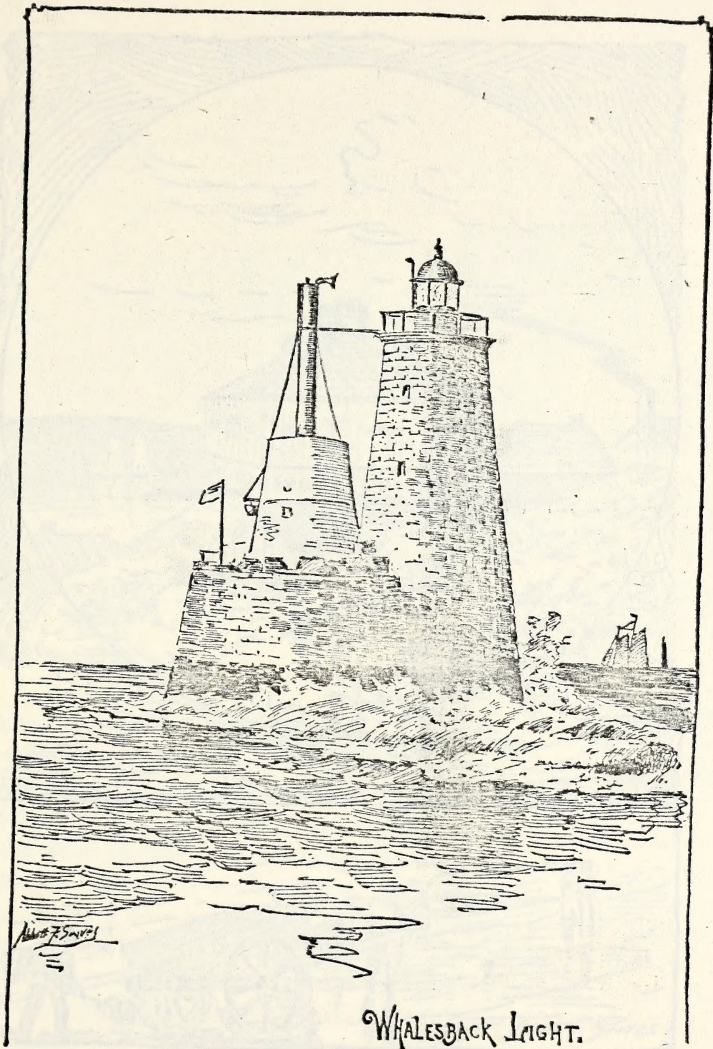
Samuel Wentworth, eldest son of Elder William Wentworth, the found-

er of the family, and the immediate ancestor of Governors John and Benning Wentworth, was an inhabitant of New Castle from 1669 to 1678, and during this time kept a tavern, "hav-



ing libertie to entertain strangers and to sell and brew beare,—at the sign of ye dolphin."

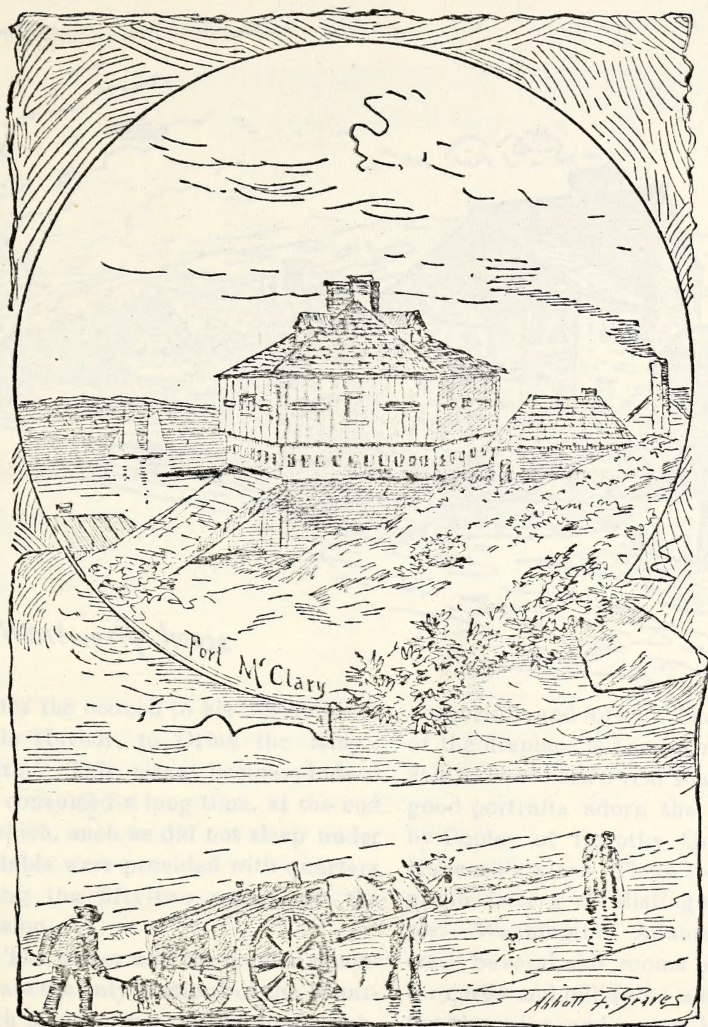
All about New Castle are the most romantic and attractive places. In the first place there is Portsmouth, with its quaint streets and picturesque houses, where the old and the new are near neighbors. Across the harbor is the Kittery navy yard, where the largest ships-of-war can be built, and float without hindrance from the wharf to the ocean. Further down the river there is Kittery Point, defended by Fort McClary; close by is what is left of the old Pepperrell house, so



famous in colonial times, and still massive in its old age. At the mouth of the river and harbor is Whale's Back Light; while a few miles out to sea are the Isles of Shoals. Across Little Harbor is Odiorne's Point, the site of Mason Hall, where Thompson and his little party settled in 1623.

The show place of the neighborhood is the old Governor Wentworth mansion, which is open to the public for

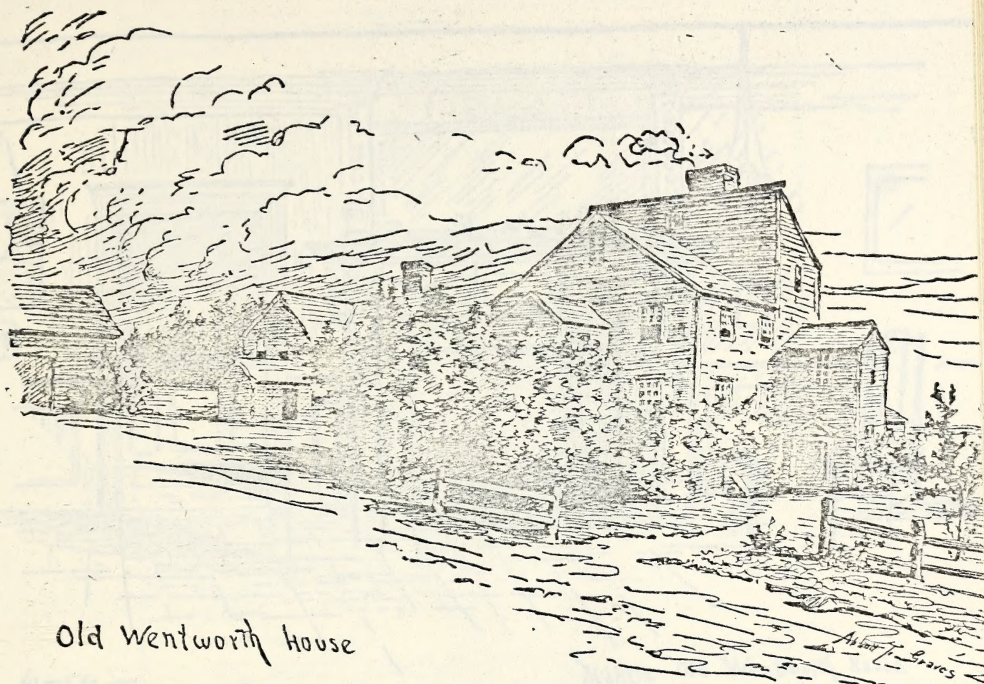
a small fee. This fee becomes necessary for repair and protection of the council chamber, the best specimen of a colonial interior in this region. The property should be owned and cared for by New Hampshire, for it is the most interesting monument of the colonial period in the state. It was built in 1750 by Governor Benning Wentworth. He was governor of New Hampshire for twenty-five years,



during a time of great material advancement in the eastern provinces.

"His hospitality was great, but it was excessively formal and stately. Everyone was ambitious of an invitation to his dinners, and when he got there, yawned and wished it over. He held his councils in the great room of state, built for the express purpose, as the visitor will observe, on a lower level than the remainder of the mansion,

for convenience of access from the waterside, and, also, probably to separate it more completely from the *res domesticæ*. Below the council chamber was stabling-room for forty horses. Although the official meeting-place of the Provincial Councillors was in Portsmouth, on assembling, they would usually find a summons from Gov. Wentworth in this form: 'The Governor desires his respects, and



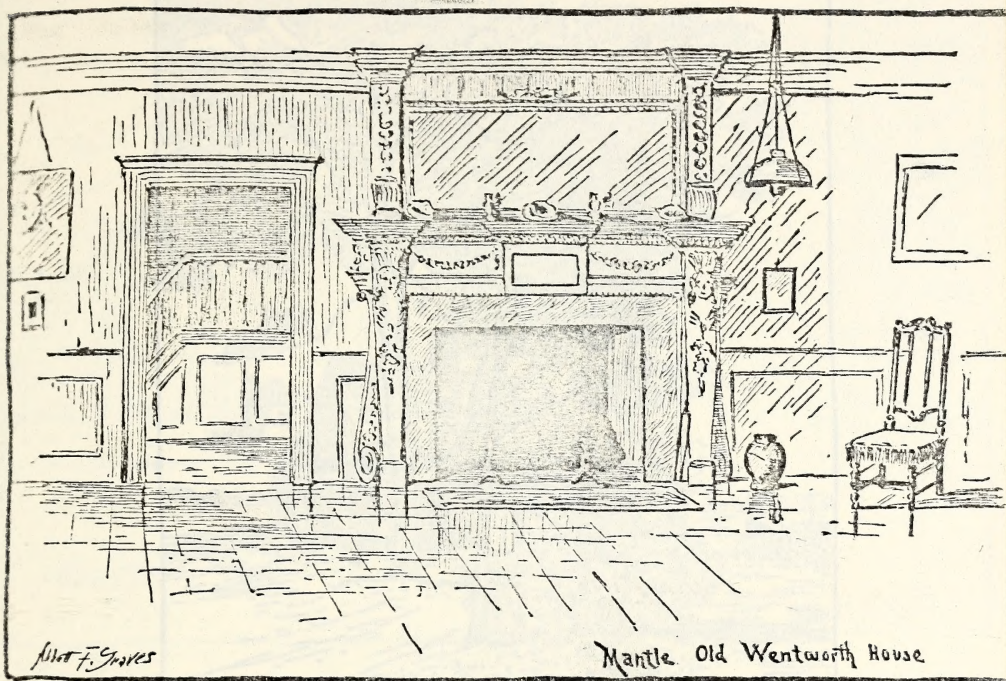
Old Wentworth House

invites the council to his residence at Little Harbor, to Drink the King's health.' This meant business indeed and consumed a long time, at the end of which, such as did not sleep under the table were provided with quarters among the fifty-two rooms of the mansion.

"The parlor and the council chamber are the only portions of the Wentworth mansion now shown to the public. The parlor is a fine old room, rather low-studded, but on that account more comfortable-looking,—a room in which, with a cheerful, open fire, you might take your ease with your Martha Hilton, and defy the gossips. From the parlor you descend a short flight of stairs, through a quaint hall, in which are racks for muskets, and the great outer door of the council room. The council room is of good

proportion and lofty. The woodwork of the fireplace is hand-carved, and is said to have been a year's labor. Some good portraits adorn the walls—one by Copley of Dorothy Quincy, John Hancock's wife. There are also autograph letters of distinguished people,—Washington, Adams, and others. Several side rooms belong to it, for cards and billiards; and a beaufet for the wine and punch-bowl, never empty when the councillors were expected,—the Governor's prevailing argument in affairs of State.

"The situation of the Wentworth mansion is very retired, being a mile from any highway and reached by a road of its own. Little Harbor washes its walls, however, and this, in old times, was the more common way of going to it, as well as to all the other dwellings around the adjacent shores.



Mantle Old Wentworth House

"Benning Wentworth was succeeded in office by his nephew, John Wentworth, the second governor of that name. He expected to inherit his uncle's estates, but they all went to Martha Hilton (Lady Wentworth), who continued to reside at the Little Harbor seat, and married, next, Col. Michael Wentworth. Her daughter by this husband married Sir John Wentworth.

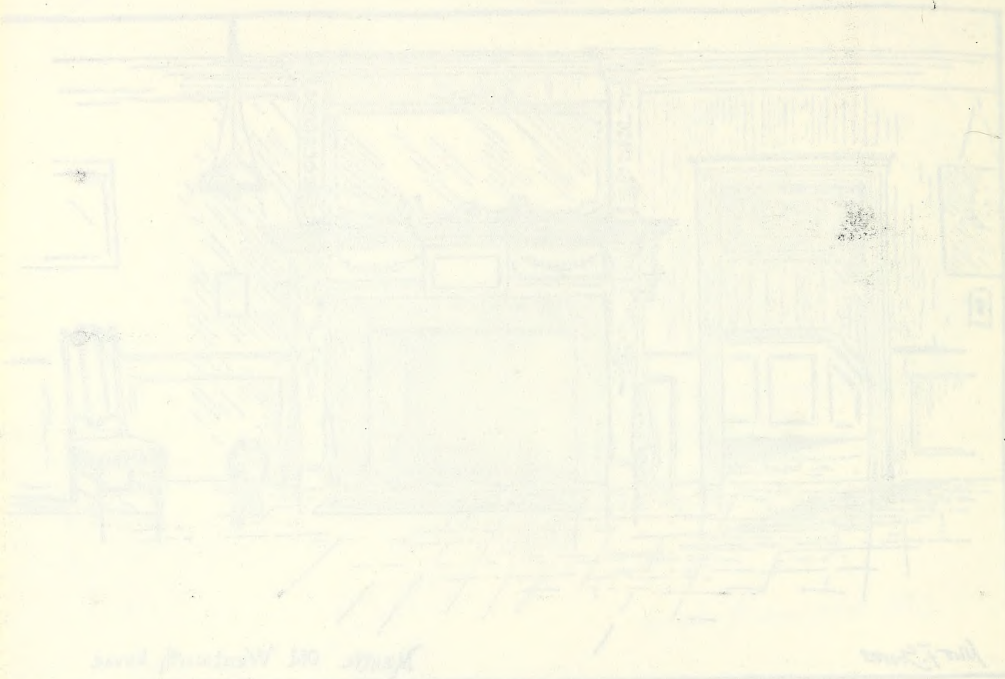
"It was in 1789 that Washington made the tour of the Eastern States, and arrived in Portsmouth on the 31st of October. The next day being Sunday, he went to church twice, two different sects dividing the honors. On Monday, Nov. 2d, Washington went a fishing, with a band of music; in his diary he complains of his luck, and no wonder! As he passed Fort Constitution on this excursion,

he was saluted with thirteen guns. When the fishing was over, he was rowed up Little Harbor to the Wentworth mansion.

"We cannot leave the Wentworths without remarking the early and extensive connections of the family in this colony, and with all the prominent people of New Castle. The Sheafes, Jaffreys, Waltons, Atkinsons, Jacksons, and Frosts of this town were connected by marriage with the Wentworths. And as has been heretofore alluded to, Samuel Wentworth was an inhabitant of New Castle, and kept a tavern 'at the sign of ye dolphin.'"¹

A boat excursion up Sagamore creek takes one to one of the ancient portions of New Castle. Families of renown originated here: their houses once studded the shores. They went

¹Albee's History.

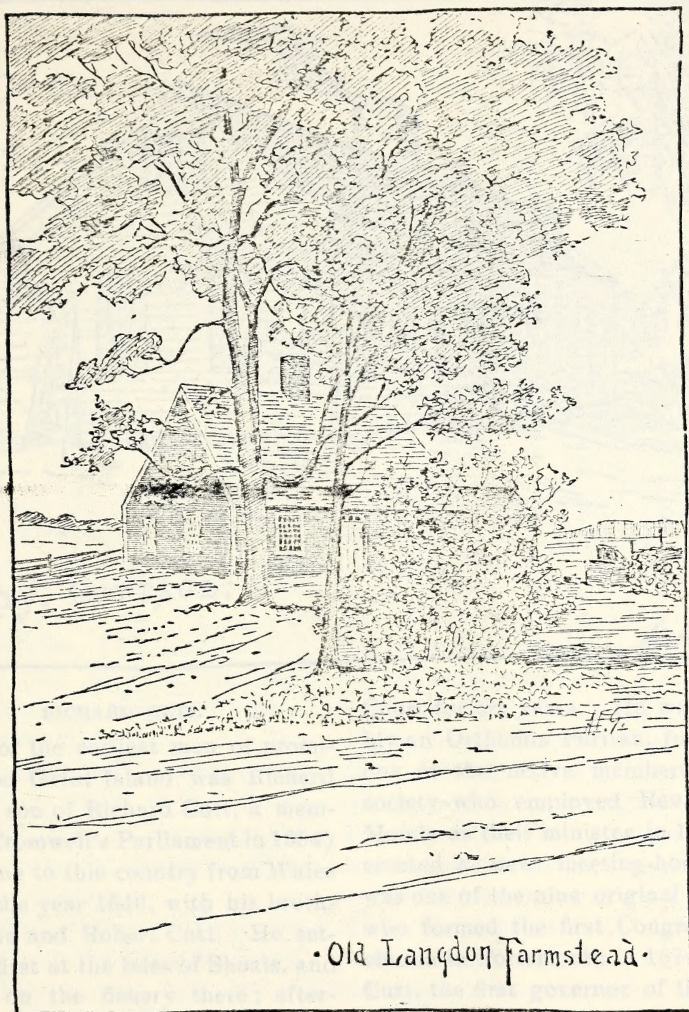


He was united with his sister, Mary, in office by his nephew, John West. When the father was dead, he was moved up Little Hill to the West. He expected to inherit his own estate, but they all went to John West (John Westworth), who continued to reside at the Little Hill. He married, next, Col. John Westworth, his daughter by next wife of New Castle. The second wife, William Westworth, Jackson and Westworth of this town were connected by marriage with the Westworths. And as has been heretofore stated, he had been heretofore attended to, because Westworth was an inhabitant of New Castle and kept a tavern at the sign of the "Hole-in-the-Wall."

A poor example of a man, who took one to one of the ancient of his nation of New Castle. He was known and famous here; his house was one of the best. They were

connected by marriage with the Westworths. And as has been heretofore stated, he had been heretofore attended to, because Westworth was an inhabitant of New Castle and kept a tavern at the sign of the "Hole-in-the-Wall."

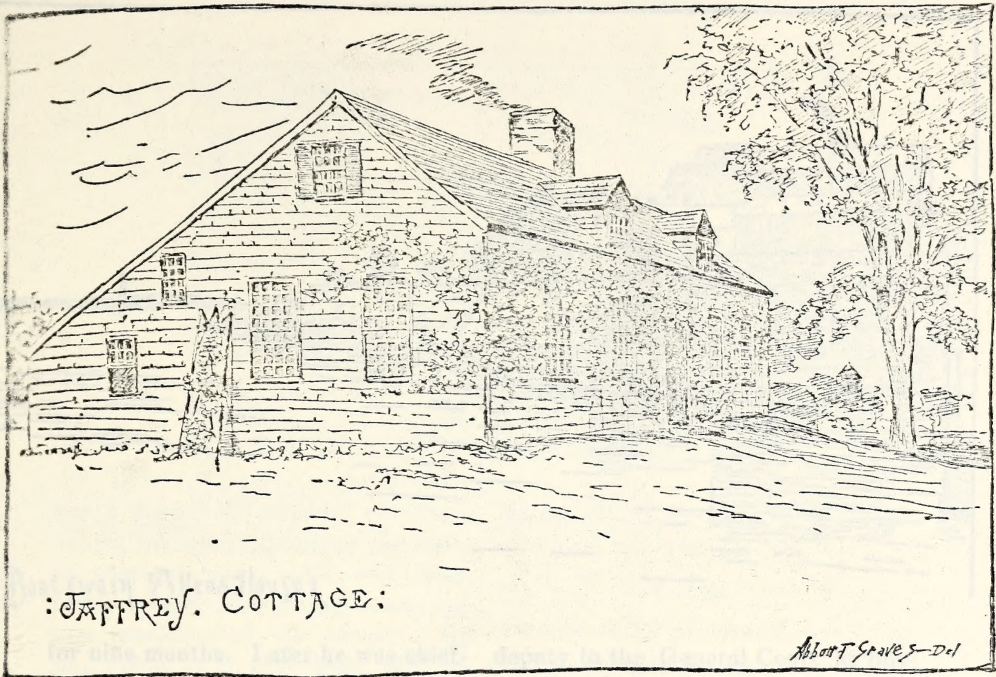
A poor example of a man, who took one to one of the ancient of his nation of New Castle. He was known and famous here; his house was one of the best. They were



to church in New Castle, going across Little Harbor by ferry, or fording. One of these farms contains seven hundred acres, first occupied by Tobias Langdon, and now by his seventh descendant. From Tobias sprang John Langdon, governor of New Hampshire, and first president of the U. S. Senate. Here also was the cradle of the Lears and the Sherburnes. The houses are all old and small, and many are gone.

In 1798, Louis Philippe was a guest for some days at the Martine cottage, and flowers from its garden were sent to him when he became king of France.

On the island itself there is much that is quaint and interesting. There is the Jaffrey cottage, the Bell house, and a portion of the old Province House. The cape road leads along the bank of the river, and is bordered by houses, some of which are in their third century.

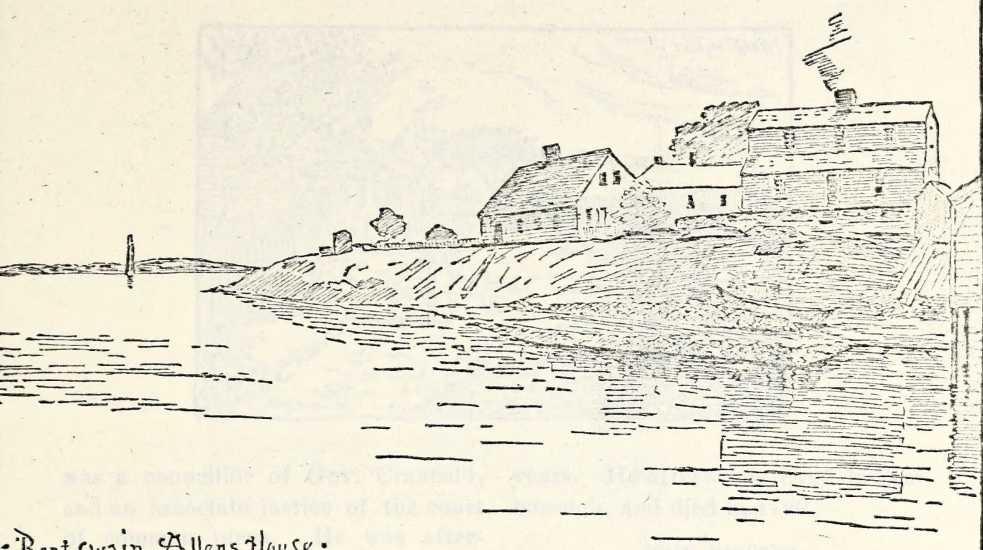


RICHARD CUTT.

One of the earliest men of prominence on Great Island was Richard Cutt (a son of Richard Cutt, a member of Cromwell's Parliament in 1654) who came to this country from Wales before the year 1646, with his brothers, John and Robert Cutt. He settled at first at the Isles of Shoals, and carried on the fishery there; afterward removed to Great Island, where he was captain of the military company. He died at the "Great House" at Strawberry Bank in 1676. He was successful in the acquisition of property, being the wealthiest man in New Hampshire. He was one of the commissioners of small causes (trial justice) for several years, and was an associate (judge) of the county court from 1653 to 1675. He was also a deputy to the Massachusetts General

Court for six years. He was probably an Orthodox Puritan, for he was one of the active members of the society who employed Rev. Joshua Moody as their minister in 1671, and erected a new meeting-house. He was one of the nine original members who formed the first Congregational church in Portsmouth in 1674. John Cutt, the first governor of the Royal Province, was his brother. Richard Martyn, a councillor, was his son-in-law. Richard Martyn's third wife was the widow of the tavern-keeper, Samuel Wentworth.

Another son-in law of Richard Cutt's was William Vaughan, a councillor, and one of the judges who found the unhappy Gove guilty of high treason. He himself was afterwards arrested by Governor Cranfield, and lodged in prison in New Castle



Boat Swain Allens House:

for nine months. Later he was chief-justice of the province for eight years. His son, George Vaughan, was lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire, married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Elliot, of New Castle, and was the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan, the projector of the Lewisburg expedition.

Another of Richard Cutt's sons-in-law was Councillor Thomas Daniel, once of Kittery, who built the old Wentworth house on Daniel street in Portsmouth.

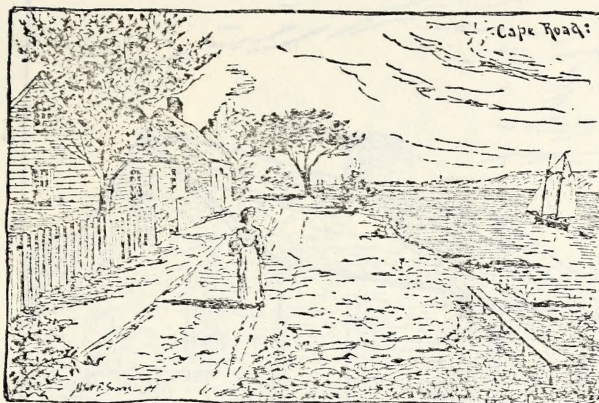
ELIAS STILLMAN

was a great man in New Castle, or Great Island, in the seventeenth century. He came with his father to Salem about 1629, in his early boyhood, and was about forty years of age when he settled on the Piscataqua in 1658. The next year he was elected a justice for the trial of small causes. He was selectman, town-clerk, and

deputy to the General Court at Boston for many terms, and was one of Governor John Cutt's council. He was an associate judge of the county court for many years. He was a soldier as well as a magistrate, and for several years had command of the fort at the mouth of the harbor. He was the first secretary of the province. After the overthrow of Andros he was chief-justice of the court of common pleas. He was one of the nine original members of the first Congregational church of Portsmouth. He died in 1695.

NATHANIEL FRYER,

originally of Boston, settled on Great Island before 1660. He was a mariner. Most of the time from 1665 to 1683 he was a selectman of Portsmouth, which then included Great Island. For ten years he was treasurer of Norfolk county, of which Portsmouth was a part. In 1683 he



was a councillor of Gov. Cranfield, and an associate justice of the court of common pleas. He was afterwards chief-justice of the court, and also president of the council. He was judge of probate from 1697 till his death in 1705. One of his daughters married Robert Elliot.

ROBERT ELLIOT

was a merchant of Great Island, and lived there as early as 1660. In 1662 he succeeded John Cutt as constable of Strawberry Bank. It was in 1681-'82 that Walter Barefoote seized the bark, the Gift of God, which belonged to Mr. Elliot, which resulted in a conflict of authority between the local provincial government and the king's officers. Mr. Elliot was appointed a councillor in 1683, and served many

years. He afterwards lived in Scarborough, and died in 1720.

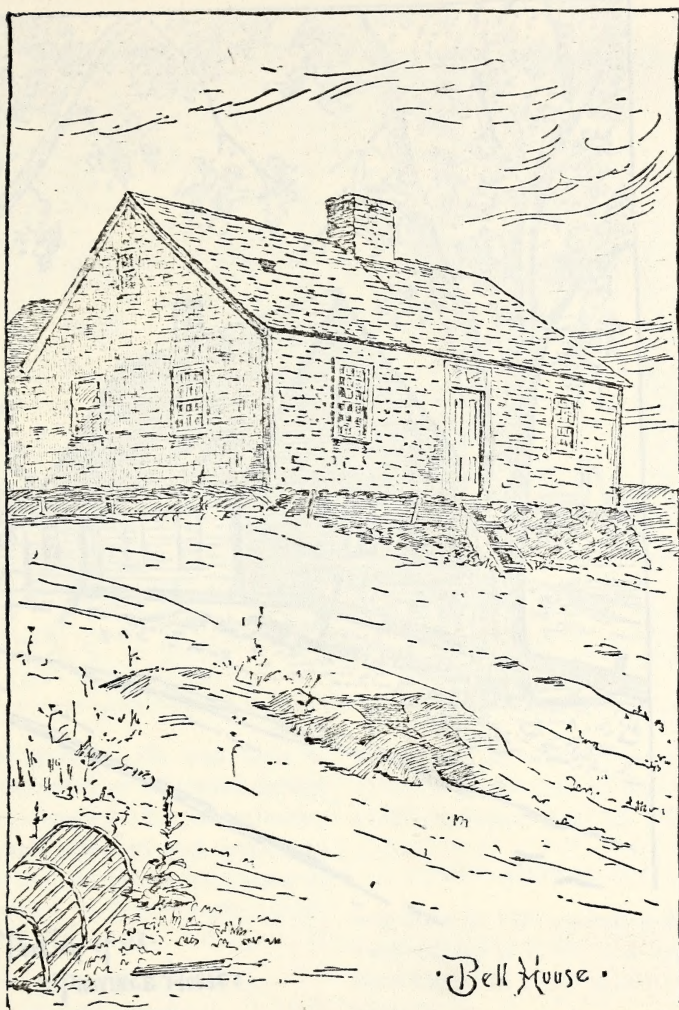
JOHN HINCKES,

another of the provincial councillors, was a resident of New Castle. He settled there in 1672, and was a merchant. He was a magistrate and chief-justice of the superior court for several years. He disappeared from New Castle records in 1704.

Walter Barefoote and George Mason, "the claimant" of the Mason estates, both claimed a residence at New Castle.

In later years, of the councillors resident in New Castle were Sampson Sheafe, 1698, George Jaffrey, 1702, Theodore Atkinson, 1716, Shadrach Walton, George Jaffrey, Jr., 1716, John Frost, 1724, Jotham Odiorne,





1724, Theodore Atkinson, 1732, Sampson Sheafe, 1740, George Jaffrey, 1766.

The office of state secretary was held by Theodore Atkinson, father and son, from 1741 until the Revolution.

GEORGE JAFFREY

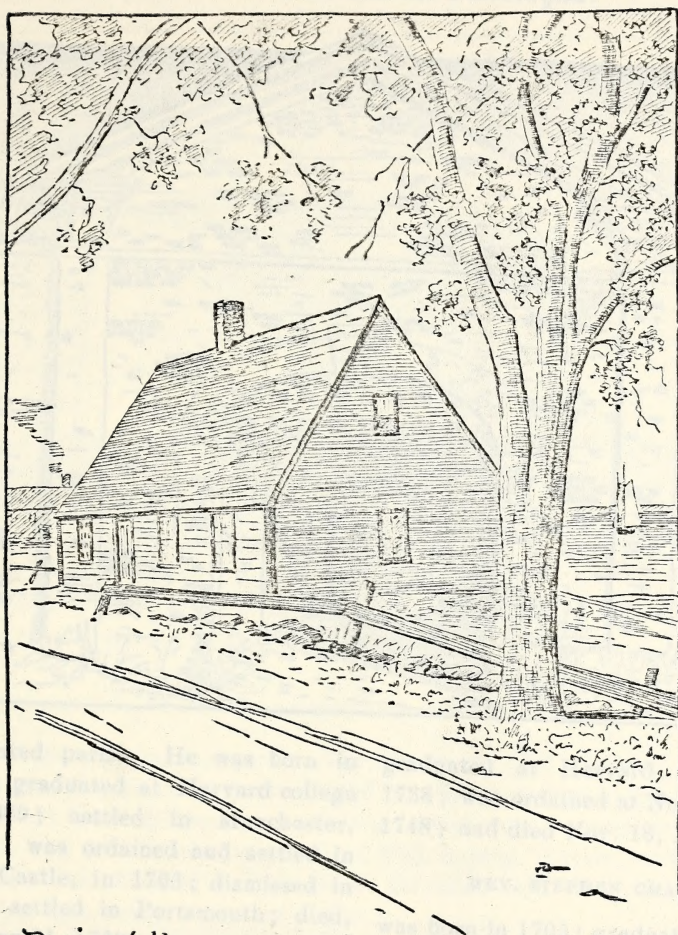
was state treasurer from 1742 to 1775; a justice from 1717 to 1726; chief-justice from 1726 to 1732, and from 1742 to 1749.

John Frost was a justice of the supreme court from 1724 to 1734; Jotham Odiorne, from 1742 to 1747.

Theodore Atkinson was chief-justice from 1754 to 1775.

THEODORE ATKINSON, C. J.,

was born in New Castle, December 20, 1697; graduated at Harvard college in 1718; and died September 22, 1789.



Portion of old.

PROVINCE HOUSE:

NATHAN PRIEST,

for many years a member of the state legislature; died in New Castle in 1822.

In 1820 the town had a population of 932. The next year the bridge connected it with Portsmouth. In 1850 it had 891 inhabitants; in 1880, 610.

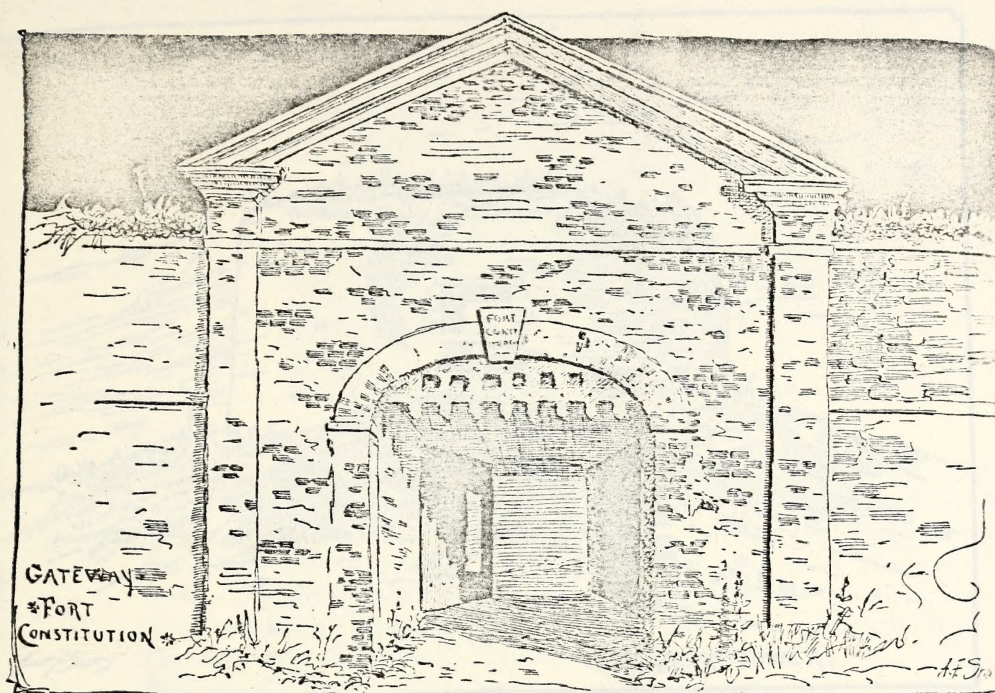
CHURCH MATTERS.

In 1706 a meeting-house was taken down, and another erected and fur-

nished with somewhat more than ordinary elegance for that period. It was furnished with a bell of a fine tone, sent over from England, decorated with a beautiful altar-piece, and supplied with a silver communion service. The precise date of the organization of the church is unknown, as the early records were destroyed by fire.

REV. JOHN EMERSON

was the first ordained minister of the



separated parish. He was born in 1670; graduated at Harvard college in 1689; settled in Manchester, Mass.; was ordained and settled in New Castle, in 1703; dismissed in 1712; settled in Portsmouth; died, January 21, 1732.

REV. WILLIAM SHURTLEFF,

second pastor, born in 1689; graduated at Harvard college in 1707; settled in New Castle in 1712; died May 9, 1747.

REV. JOHN BLUNT,

the third pastor, born in 1706; graduated at Harvard college in 1727; was ordained at New Castle in 1732; died August 17, 1747. His wife was the daughter of Hon. John Frost.

REV. DAVID ROBINSON,

the fourth pastor, born in 1716;

graduated at Harvard college in 1738; was ordained at New Castle in 1748; and died Nov. 18, 1749.

REV. STEPHEN CHASE,

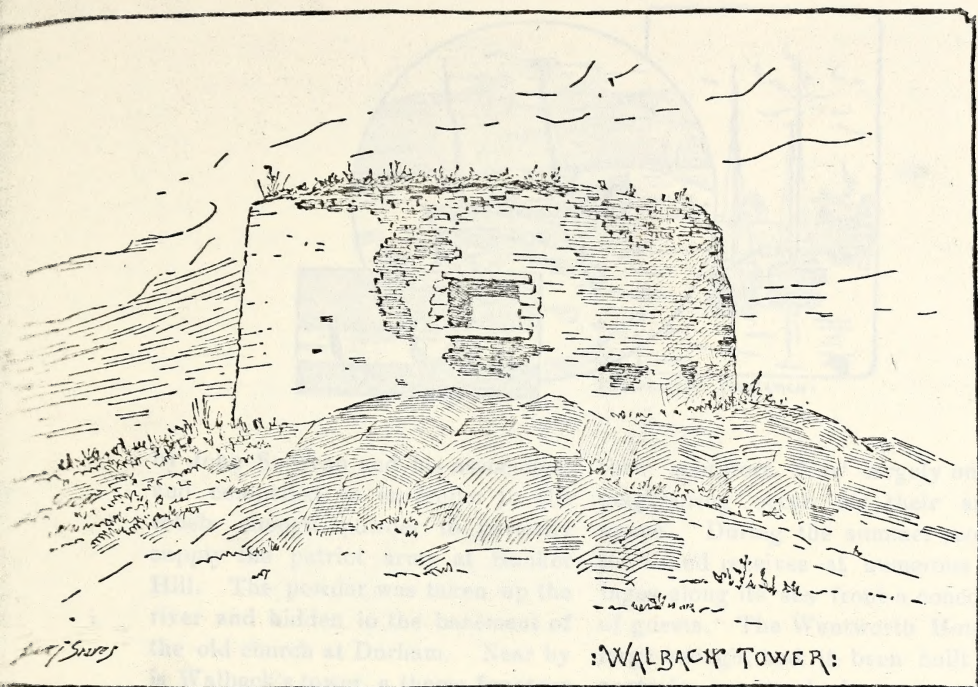
was born in 1705; graduated at Harvard college in 1728; was installed in New Castle in 1756; and died in January, 1778.

During the Revolution the church was destitute of a pastor.

REV. OLIVER NOBLE

was born in 1736; graduated at Yale college in 1757; was installed in New Castle, August 18, 1784; and died Dec. 15, 1792.

After the death of Mr. Noble, the interest in church matters declined until there was but one church member, Mrs. Mehitable White; she died aged 76, in 1826, and with her the



last vestige of the old church organization disappeared. The next year, however, the old meeting-house was taken down and a new one commenced, which was finished nearly ten years later, by a newly organized church. Among the more recent preachers were Rev. Messrs. Norris, Plumer, James Hobart, 1839; J. P. Tyler, 1841; J. W. Ward, 1844-'46; Lucius Alden, 1846-'56. At the latter date there were 34 church members.

REV. JOSEPH WALTON,

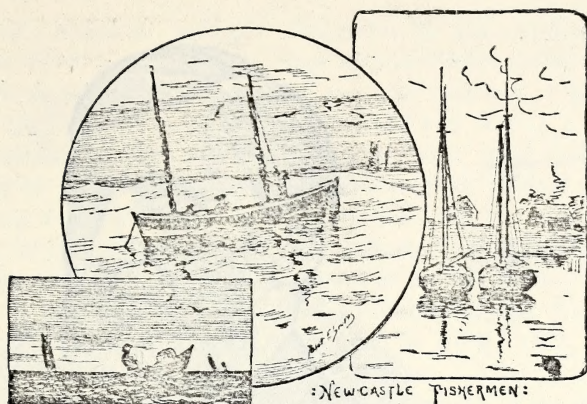
was born in New Castle, May 27, 1642; was a minister in Portsmouth from 1789 to his death Jan. 10, 1822.

REV. BENJAMIN RANDALL

"Founder of the Free Will Baptist Society of America," was born in

New Castle in 1749; became interested in religion through hearing Rev. George Whitefield; organized the Free Will Baptist church; settled in New Durham, and died Oct. 22, 1808.

Fort Constitution, a ruin before it was completed, its construction having been stopped by the government within recent years when great guns changed offensive and defensive warfare, is an interesting place to visit. Its massive walls, built of huge cut granite blocks, were considered impregnable when they were laid, but the modern soldier would prefer to seek shelter behind a sand bank. Within the walls somewhere rest the mortal remains of Governor Samuel Allen. The fort occupies the site of the famous fort William and Mary, whose small garrison were surprised



by John Sullivan and his associates, and compelled to surrender to the rebels enough powder to partially supply the patriot army at Bunker Hill. The powder was taken up the river and hidden in the basement of the old church at Durham. Near by is Walback's tower, a theme for story and song.

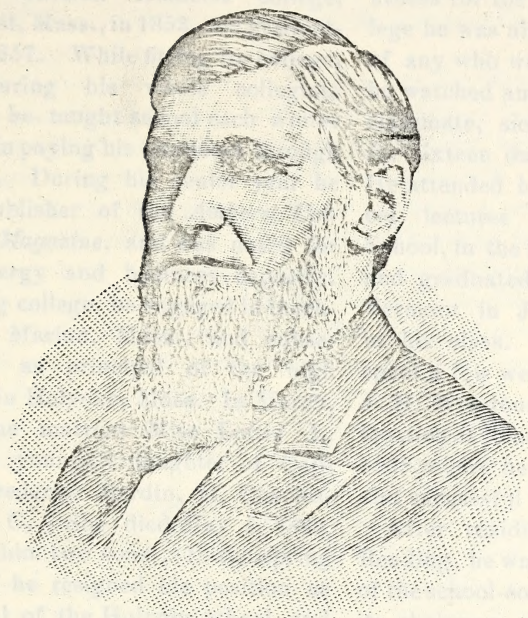
The inhabitants of New Castle, like

their ancestors, draw largely on the neighboring ocean for their sustenance. During the summer months the island receives at numerous cottages along its sea front a concourse of guests. The Wentworth Hotel is large enough, had it been built two centuries ago, to harbor not only the inhabitants of New Castle, but of the whole province of New Hampshire.

A MORNING SHOWER.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

The rueful skies at last have leave to bless
 A parching world with gracious bounteousness,
 And rain-clouds drifting o'er the mountain's crown
 Unstinting pour their benefactions down ;
 The thirsty earth drinks in the welcome flood,
 And odors sweet arise from field and wood ;
 On hill and mead a livelier hue is seen,
 The dusty roadside dons a brighter green,
 And every blade upon the sterile heath
 Its weight of jewelled drops is bowed beneath.
 And now the clouds, their work of mercy done,
 Roll slowly back before the rising sun
 That warms with quick'ning ray the grateful sod,
 While radiant Nature smiles her thanks to God.

*Nathan R. Morse.*

For many years there has been a migration of the energetic young men of the country towns of New Hampshire, not only to the cities of their native state, but to every part of the Union. We hear in after years of only such as distinguish themselves. They are the ones their native towns delight to recall as shedding lustre on the place of their birth. Such a one is Dr. Nathan R. Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts.

Nathan R. Morse, A. M., M. D., of Salem, Mass., was born in Stoddard, N. H., February 21, 1831. He was the eldest son of Nathan and Jane (Robb) Morse, who had a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters, all of whom are living and

in good health. Not one has ever used tobacco or alcoholic stimulants in any form. His brother, Dr. M. V. B. Morse, of Marblehead, studied in his office, and is now enjoying a large practice.

The rudiments of his education were received in the common school of his native town, and he was fitted for college at Tubbs' Union Academy, Washington, and as a private pupil of M. C. W. Stebbins, A. M., then principal of the high school at Nashua, in company with J. Harvey Woodbury, of Weare, now president of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical Society, and one of the most successful physicians in the city of Boston.

He entered Amherst college, Amherst, Mass., in 1853, and graduated in 1857. While fitting for college, and during his whole collegiate course, he taught school each winter to aid in paying his expenses through college. During his senior year he was publisher of the *Amherst Collegiate Magazine*, and was noted for his energy and business capacity. Leaving college, he engaged in teaching at Marion, Mass., and subsequently as principal of the high school in Holyoke, Mass. In March, 1859, he married Miss Lottie L. Bordin, youngest daughter of Captain Frederick Bordin, of Charleston, S. C. She died May 4, 1863, leaving him two sons. In the spring of 1860 he resigned his position as principal of the Holyoke school, and went South as private tutor in the families of Rev. Levi Parks, and his son W. A. Parks, of Ouachita City, La.

His original intention had been to enter the profession of the law; and so, while engaged as teacher, he read Blackstone and Kent's "Commentaries." The winter of 1860-'61, which he spent in Louisiana teaching, was the memorable winter of secession. Most of the Southern people having withdrawn their allegiance from the Union by pretended acts of secession, and civil war having actually commenced, he returned north in June, 1861, with all his plans for the future destroyed. It was then that he finally decided to enter the medical profession, which he had made a study more or less for a number of years. The officers of the college, his classmates, and many others can bear witness to his special

fitness for the sick-chamber. In college he was always called to the care of any who were sick. At one time he watched and nursed a friend and classmate, sick with typhoid fever, for sixteen days without undressing. He attended his first course of medical lectures at Harvard Medical School, in the fall and winter of 1861, and graduated at the University of Vermont in June, 1862, being first in his class. After graduating, he spent a few weeks in the office of Dr. J. H. Woodbury, of Boston, prior to locating at Reading, Mass., in August, 1862, where he soon secured a large and successful practice.

After residing a few months at Reading, he was appointed a member of the school-committee and was made its chairman, and he was reelected and made chairman of the school-committee each succeeding year, until he went to Salem.

On the 8th of December, 1864, he married his second wife, Rebecca H. Brown, of Gorham, Me. In 1865 he was induced by Dr. Hiram Gore to remove from Reading to Salem and engage in practice with him, and at the end of the first year he bought Dr. Gore's practice, that gentleman removing to East Boston. The large practice of Dr. Gore has already increased three-fold, and Dr. Morse has the largest practice in the city. He has devoted himself to his profession with great energy and enthusiasm, leaving little time for recreation or study outside his chosen calling. A kind word, and a large heart full of sympathy, are always ready for all who come to him in distress, and no one who asks for aid or assistance goes away empty-handed. He

genial in his intercourse, but firm and independent in his conviction of duty. Offices of trust and honor in the gift of the city have been urged upon him, but he has refused all save that of one of the school-committee, of which he is now a member. The doctor is a member of the American Institute of Homœopathy, of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical and the Essex County Homœopathic societies. He is also the efficient secretary of the last-named society, and was elected to deliver the annual address before the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical Society at its annual meeting in 1874.

In politics Dr. Morse is a Democrat. His face and figure are familiar to all who attend the annual conventions of that party. He has frequently been urged to allow his name to appear as a candidate for office, but he has been restrained by his professional duties. He could hardly resist, however, the temptation to run for congress. It may be, in the future, that he will head his party's ticket for the high office of governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

He has for many years been chairman of the Democratic city committee.

In early life Dr. Morse was a liberal in his religious views, but more mature deliberation has drawn him into the orthodox fold.

As an executor, a man of affairs, Dr. Morse takes high rank. To him was mainly due the inception, organization, and successful launching of the order of the Pilgrim Fathers, of which he was for some years the supreme governor.

Off Salem, a few miles from shore, there is an island of many acres, which, with the exception of a government reservation for a light-house at the easterly end, has come into the possession of Dr. Morse, and thereon is built a cottage city, which bids fair to be the most attractive seaside resort on the New England coast.

Dr. Morse lives in one of the large old historic mansions of Salem, and he has become one of the leading citizens of that fine old city. He delights to show a stranger about the old town, and every one he meets seems to know him.

POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

As the sun moves nearer the zenith, daily the denizens of town and city cast about them to select some spot where their vacations may be passed. New Hampshire offers a great variety of pleasure and health resorts from which to choose.

Sunapee lake, on the Concord & Claremont railroad, is fast becoming a popular resort. The fishing there is unequalled in New England. There are nice hotels at Sunapee Harbor, and plenty of building sites on every hand. A letter to John E. Robertson, Concord, N. H., will bring the inquirer all necessary information.

At the station in Concord we lately boarded a north-bound train on the

CONCORD AND MONTREAL RAILROAD.

Few people realize the importance of this great trunk line, or consider its magnitude. The main line starts from the city of Nashua, and follows the Merrimack valley northward nearly to Franklin, where it deflects to the right and enters the lake regions, skirting the shore of Winnipiseogee for many miles; thence it extends by the swift Pemigewasset into the mountain districts, passes Moosilauke and the Franconia Range on the right, follows the Connecticut through Haverhill, and thence goes to the Ammonoosac valley, by the White Mountains, to its junction with the Grand Trunk Railway and the Upper Coös Railroad at Stratford, only a few miles south of the Dominion line. At Manchester the main line is joined by a branch from North Weare, and by its more important feeder, the Ports-

mouth branch; at Hooksett it is joined by the Pittsfield branch, which now extends to Barnstead; at Tilton, by the Belmont branch; at Lake Village, by the Lake Shore branch, which extends to Alton Bay; at Plymouth, by the Pemigewasset branch, which extends to North Woodstock nearly to the Franconia hotel; at Littleton, by the Wing Road, by which one can go to Bethlehem and the base of Mount Washington; and at Whitefield, by the Jefferson branch.

To the people of central and northern New Hampshire this road offers a route to the resorts along the coast of New England from Cape Cod to eastern Maine. To the people of the coast and of the great inland cities it is the route to the beautiful rural retreats scattered over a thousand hills, to the charming scenery about Lake Winnipiseogee, and to the majestic mountains, which are celebrated throughout the civilized world. Along the route are attractions for every class. The palatial hotels among the mountains or the foot-hills annually draw their guests from the commercial centres. Modest hotels overlooking a bit of lake or mountain scenery attract the over-worked father and delight the mother, and afford a health-giving vacation for the youngsters. The doors of many a fine old homestead, surrounded by broad acres, are hospitably open. The sportsman with gun or rod will find the finest sport on lake or trout-brook, or in the shadows of the "forest primeval."

New Hampshire welcomes the tour-

ist, extends to him the hand of fellowship, transports him to his destination in palace cars, with the best of train service, over steel rails and iron bridges and a carefully guarded road-bed; meets him at the station with a tally-ho coach, a mountain wagon, or a buck-board, and offers him the largest variety of accommodation. Long years ago the sea-side resorts were famous; later, the beauties of lake and mountain regions dawned on the American people; and now, annually, the resources of a great railroad are being heavily taxed to care for the throng of pleasure-seekers, whose numbers are certainly increasing, yet not faster than provision is made for their reception and well-being.

A trainman informs us that the road operates 425 miles; that, starting from the sea at Portsmouth, the road reaches an elevation of over one thousand feet; that Moosilauke is nearly a mile high and that Mount Washington is nearly a mile and a quarter above the sea-level; that Bethlehem is far enough up in the air for people to escape the hay-fever.

While he is talking the train comes to a stand-still at The Weirs station, and we alight to look over the pleasant resort. We find Mr. George W. Weeks at his old stand, at the Lakeside hotel. The hotel is in a balsamic pine grove, which extends to the shore of the lake, and which renders still shadier the broad piazzas. This is a very popular hotel. Its doors are open in June, and are not closed until November. It is well to notify Mr. Weeks beforehand of one's intention to prolong his stay, to be sure of accommodation. However, he has several cottages near by which are very

elastic. The office and parlor and dining-room of the hotel are artistically decorated, and the traveller is sure of a "square meal." The sleeping-rooms are large and well furnished. Mr. Weeks has had much experience, and well knows how to "run a hotel." He is also proprietor of the Winnecoette, a large, new hotel, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, and on such high land that it over-looks the lake for miles beyond Governor's Island.

The popularity of The Weirs is steadily growing. The Methodist camp-ground, with its multitude of cottages and its open-air auditorium was the first attraction. Now its beauties are appreciated by several societies. The N. H. Veterans of the Rebellion have at The Weirs their reunion grounds, and the survivors of the different organizations are with each other in their regimental headquarters.

The chief attraction of the Weirs is the lake: sail-boats, row-boats, steam yachts, and steamboats are at one's service. The waters of the lake teem with fish. There are many pleasant walks along the shore, and winding up the neighboring hills.

The number of families who spend their summer at the Weirs is constantly increasing, and the season here has been lengthened well into October when the changing foliage produces some of the most picturesque effects.

The Concord and Montreal Railroad opened with much ceremony the Lake Shore Branch, in 1890, affording a delightful ride of an hour from Lake Village to Alton Bay along the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee.

The train again moves northward,

and soon after starting the traveller is in the midst of mountain scenery. Hills beyond hills in every direction! On and on we go, ever north, until we reach the thriving village of Lisbon.

On a late journey we were met there by Hon. A. A. Woolson, ex-speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives, and with him rode over the new road through the "Gulf," up to the Breezy Hill House.

THE GULF ROAD

deserves more than a passing notice. It makes one of the most interesting drives in the whole mountain region. It was conceived by Mr. Woolson, who obtained for its construction a legislative appropriation, as well as one from the town of Lisbon, and who not only surveyed the route but energetically hastened its completion. It follows for several miles a deep ravine, overhung on the either side by lofty cliffs, and is shaded by grand old trees. Care was taken in its construction not to mar the natural beauties, but to enhance them. The road leads directly to the commanding elevation on which is built the commodious

BREEZY HILL HOUSE.

The proprietors, Messrs. Wells and Woolson, have spared no pains to make this one of the most attractive houses among the mountains. From the broad veranda, which nearly surrounds the building, can be obtained a fine view of the whole Franconia Range, Sunset Hill, and a wide, deep valley between. To the west is the valley of the Ammonoosuc, and beyond, the hills of Lyman, and farther on, the whole of the Gardner Mountain Range, extending from Littleton into

Bath. Through a cleft in the range can be caught a glimpse of the distant Green Mountains. The grounds about the Breezy Hill House are artistically laid out. Near by are a pine tree grove and several maple orchards. The offices, hall, parlor, and dining-room of the hotel are ample, and the rooms are tastily furnished. The cuisine is unexceptionable. The neighborhood offers pleasing walks and drives in every direction, but no monotony.

On the train going north from Lisbon we met a brother editor—one of the honorable railroad commissioners of New Hampshire. From politics our conversation drifted into college matters. In the course of our talk he said:

"Dartmouth college has conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon James T. Furber, general manager of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and when he gets official notification of the fact he will have an undoubted right to book his name J. T. Furber, M. A. Just imagine him doing it! Just imagine anybody else who knows him doing it! Just imagine his business associates addressing him as Master of Arts Furber, or Mr. Furber, M. A.! Just imagine a newspaper man referring to him as that adopted but worthy son of Dartmouth College, James T. Furber, M. A.! Master of Arts! Why if there is anything James T. Furber is n't master of, its Arts, and if there is any other title that would fit him less, it must be D. D. He is certainly master of his business. As a railroad manager his match in many respects does not walk New England soil. He is always master of himself; he is generally master

But through a chink in the wall
can he catch a glimpse of the hills
and Great Mountains. The grounds
about the Society Hill House are
lovely and fine. Near by are a fine
tree grove and several small
The office, hall, parlor, and dining
room of the hotel are ample and the
rooms are tastefully furnished. The con-
sine is unexceptionable. The neigh-
borhood offers pleasing walks and
drives in every direction, and

On the left young north from the
can be seen a brother edition—
the honorable railroad commissioners
of New Hampshire. From within
the observation lifted his hands
rather. In the course of the talk
he said:

" Dartmouth college has conferred
the degree of Master of Arts upon
James T. Forbes, general manager of
the Boston & Maine Railroad, and
when he gets official notification of
the fact he will have an undoubted
right to look his name in the
M. A. list among his new
last imagine anybody else who knows
him doing it! Just imagine his new
new associates addressing him as
Master of Arts Forbes, or Mr. Forbes."

Mr. A. I. just imagined a newspaper
man referring to him as that educated
but worthy son of Dartmouth College,
James T. Forbes, M. A. Master of
Arts! Why if there is anything
James T. Forbes is not master of, he
Arts and if there is any other title
that would fit him less, it must be Dr.
Dr. He is certainly master of his
business. As a railroad manager his
match in many respects does not yield
New England and he is always mas-
ter of himself; he is generally master

and soon after starting the traveler
is in the midst of important society.
Hill beyond hills in every direction.
On and on we go, ever north, until we
reach the distant village of Lisbon.
On a late journey we were met there
by Hon. A. Woodson, ex-speaker
of the N. H. House of Representa-
tives, and within half an hour the new
road through the "Gulf" up to the
Beverly Hill House.

THE NEW ROAD

deserves more than a passing notice.
It makes one of the most interesting
drives in the whole mountain region.
It was suggested by Mr. Woodson,
who obtained for its construction a
legislative appropriation, as well as
one from the town of Lisbon, and who
not only surveyed the route but also
generally hastened its completion. It
follows for several miles a deep ex-
cise, overlooking on the either side by
lofty hills, and is shaded by groves
old trees. Care was taken in its con-
struction not to mar the natural beau-
ties, but to enhance them. The road
leads directly to the commanding sit-
uation on which is built the commu-
nities.

SOCIETY HILL HOUSE.

The proprietors, Messrs. Wells and
Woodson, have spared no pains to
make this one of the most attractive
houses among the mountains. From
the broad veranda, which nearly sur-
rounds the building, can be obtained a
fine view of the whole Franconia Range,
Great Hill, and a wide, deep val-
ley between. To the west is the val-
ley of the Ammonoosuc, and beyond
the hills of Lyman, and farther on,
the whole of the Franconia Mountains
Range, extending from Littleton

of all about him, and the situation that he isn't master of is a very bad one. He is, moreover, a master of very vigorous language; but Master of Arts, of such arts as a college degree is supposed to certify to proficiency in, he certainly isn't and probably has no desire to be. 'Master of Arts?' What is it? 'The second degree of a university,' the title which men are entitled to after they have successfully completed a four years college course and supplemented it with three years more of study. What does it mean? Familiarity with books, literary accomplishments, learning what is taught in colleges, acquirement of a liberal education. Of these James T. Furber has none, and he needs none. His education was obtained in the common schools, with possibly an addition of a term or two in a small academy, and he knows no more of a college curriculum than president Bartlett knows of running railroad trains and keeping road-beds in repair. He began life as a laborer, and he has worked his way up without any of the helps that come from a liberal education, with very little assistance from books, with none whatever from professors and tutors. But all the same, he is, by the grace of Dartmouth college, which he probably never saw, an M. A.,—an honorary M. A., to be sure, but an M. A. Now, we submit, the Boston & Maine directors can do no less than to appoint some Dartmouth professor an honorary master mechanic, or a superintendent of motive power, or at least make President Bartlett an honorary section-boss."

The speaker acknowledged, however, that although he was a son of

Dartmouth, and entitled in course to such a degree, it had never been conferred upon him.

The judicious traveller does not pass Lancaster without stopping for at least one meal at the Lancaster House. It is a nice place; and one's only regret is that he must move on.

We are bound for the Upper Coös region, however, so must not delay. At Groveton we change to the Grand Trunk Railway, and at North Stratford, to the

UPPER COÖS RAILROAD.

At Colebrook there are two good hotels. The Parsons House, steam-heated, with all modern conveniences, James G. Parsons, proprietor; and the Monadnock House, also a first-class hotel, of which Thomas G. Rowan is proprietor. A free coach runs to both hotels from the depot.

The Upper Coös Railroad not only connects Colebrook with the rest of the world, but also Stewartstown, or the village of

WEST STEWARTSTOWN,

which is the northernmost point in New Hampshire reached by railroad. It is a thriving village, and contains many wide-awake people. During a short sojourn there we met several of them.

Lyman W. Alger is an old and respected merchant of the village. He was born in the Dominion, but sprang from Massachusetts ancestry. For thirty years he has occupied the same store.

Ephr. S. Parker is a manufacturer of sashes, doors, etc., and has lived in the village for a third of a century. His father, Otis Parker, and his

grandfather, John Parker, were residents of Lisbon.

L. O. Shurtleff, a brother of W. H. Shurtleff, is the druggist of the town.

Isaac F. Jacobs, a native of Germany, has carried on the clothing business for a dozen years.

Mrs. E. M. Flint has a nice millinery store.

Charles M. Quimby has a hardware store.

The Stewartstown hotel is a fair country tavern.

The whole village has picked up wonderfully since the advent of the railroad. New houses are springing up on every hand, and business seems to be brisk. Here the fisherman leaves the train for the Connecticut Lakes.

From West Stewartstown to Hampton is quite a jump, but editors are privileged persons, and sometimes have to jump farther. We made the last successfully, and brought up safely on Great Boar's Head.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL

is now open to the public. The same genial landlord, Stebbins H. Dumas, and the same smiling clerk, Samuel D. Baker, meets us with cordiality. And there is the same bluff from off

whose crest eight generations of white men, and countless generations of red men, have watched the sun rise from the same old ocean. On the table are the fresh lobsters, fried clams, broiled scrod, and baked cod, as in days of yore. As the sun sinks in the west, a cool breeze sweeps inland from the sea and refreshes the hot and weary pilgrims. If there is any breeze anywhere it will be found on the summit of Mount Washington and on Boar's Head. On the piazzas we meet faces we have seen year after year from New Hampshire, for it has ever been a favorite hotel with New Hampshire people from Massachusetts, from New York, Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, and elsewhere. As the shades of night deepen from the ocean side of the hotel, one catches the gleam of the beacon lights on Thatcher's Islands, on the Isles of Shoals, on Boon Island, on the Nubble, on Whale's Back, and all along the shores of Ipswich Bay.

What a night's rest one gets, favored by the salt-laden and refreshing breeze! Life is a joy on old Boar's Head, and will be for generations yet unborn, at least through the hot months.

MY LORD BANGS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW WYSE."

CHAPTER X.

GETTING BURNED.

The idea of Margery's being in love with him pleased My Lord Bangs immensely. "I wonder what put that idea into his mind?" he said to himself as he turned away, and strolled, in an idle sort of way, back towards his neighbor's premises,—which was strange, seeing that he had just parted from Margery. "Possibly he is right, although I must confess the little witch has given me no cause, as yet, to think so. However, girls have now and then shown a decided preference for my society, and, by Jove! if I were a stranger—Pshaw! that would be a complication. It would n't do. It would n't do at all." Then, after a pause,—

"I wish Edith had a little of Margery's style. But Edith's a deuced fine girl, all the same, and I am quite satisfied," with a half sigh.

"'From grave to gay—from lively to severe,'" quoted a well known voice from behind the shrubbery. "I have been watching you for the last ten minutes, and judging from the rapid changes your mobile countenance has undergone, I should say you have been thinking. Are n't you afraid of headache? Pray don't be rash!" and Margery's mocking face appeared in close proximity to his.

"I have been thinking ——"

"Possible?" interrupted his companion. "Of what, or of whom, pray?"

"I have been thinking of you," he

answered, deliberately and seriously, looking straight into her eyes.

Margery shrugged her pretty shoulders, blushed a little, and turned away, saying in an undertone,—

"Deep subject!"

"Yes," he answered, still seriously, "so deep that I cannot fathom it."

Margery opened her eyes wide.

"What makes you try, then?"

"Because——well, I suppose it is because I can't help it," he answered, pulling carelessly at the leaves which partially hid her form.

"Don't spoil the foliage on my account," she answered; "see how ragged you have made it look!"

"I wonder if you have any heart at all," he said finally. "I pity the poor mortal who is unfortunate enough to fall seriously in love with you."

"Why, an' please your lordship?"

"Because I know of no one who would be so capable of making a man suffer as you."

"Thanks—oh! unlimited," she answered airily. "You will, of course, warn your friends in season, and then, if they still persist ——" and a gay laugh finished the sentence.

"Good-night, Margery," he said very seriously, and then went slowly home.

"He did n't smile once," said Margery to herself. "What can have come over the spirit of his dream? One would think that he really cared, that is, for my opinion, judging from

the way he sometimes looks and talks. I hope he does ; I should like to have him. Oh, wouldn't I punish him? But then, there's Edith ; I would n't like to—to annoy her. But see how he treats her!" growing fierce. "He feels so sure of her, he's—why! he's almost indifferent ; and—well, I must acknowledge that Edith is quite the same. They might be really married, for all the love-making one can discover. How strange they are! If I ever have a lover, and he does n't pay me the most particular and devoted attention, I'll—I'll dismiss him, that's all. But Edith is n't of a jealous nature. She is n't the least bit suspicious. Perhaps if I were anybody else she would n't like to—to have us so much together. But as I am only 'little Margery,' I don't count. She seems to forget that mamma was only eighteen when she was married. She has told me so a dozen times. I wish Edith would n't treat me so much like a child. I dare say I could make trouble if I tried. But I sha' n't try: I'd hate myself if I did: and if Charlie Bangs ever tries to make love to me, I'll—I'll *box his ears*; I won't even shake hands with him again. I hate shaking hands. It's a detestable fashion ; I thought he would never let my hand go the last time. How strange Edith is! She insisted upon our taking a long drive this morning while she went missionarying. Yes, she fairly insists upon my driving, walking, and playing tennis with him, whether I want to or not. I would n't leave my lover to the mercy of another girl, even my sister, for all the heathen in Christendom—" Then aloud: "Yes, I'm coming, Edith. She's the dearest

girl in the whole world, and I wish—I wish I were more like her."

In the meantime My Lord Bangs was saying to himself:

"The dear, tantalizing little witch! I envy the fellow who first stirs the tender passion in her heart. It will be all, or nothing, with her. By Jove, I would like to feel the clasp of those little white arms about my neck. How different she is to Edith! But I like repose of manner, and Edith has that to perfection. She is my ideal of a lady, born and bred. But little Margery is very fascinating ; I like her girlish enthusiasm. It is so—so appealing. I came very near snatching her to my heart and smothering her dear little mouth with kisses this morning. Ah! I would like to be loved as Margery will love, and Geoffrey seems to think—What in the name of common sense could he be thinking of to put such an idea into my mind? He's usually quite level-headed, but he has certainly made a mistake in this matter. I sha' n't be able to rest until I find out that he is wrong, or—Good Heavens! if little Margery should fall in love with me—poor little thing—why! I should be so sorry for her I am afraid I should—do something rash, I am, indeed."

Margery was flattered, notwithstanding her protestations, and it must be confessed, a little exultant also, in a vague sort of way, although she would have indignantly denied the fact had she been accused of it, and quite honestly, too. She was a little curious, moreover, and found herself wondering how he would look and talk the next time she saw him. Edith rallied her on her absent-mindedness two or three times during din-

ner, and she finally succeeded in dismissing the subject from her mind, and became her own gay little self again. She resolved, however, that she would not see the object of her disturbing thoughts, should he make his appearance that evening; so, after playing a few gay waltzes, chattering nonsense meanwhile, she announced to her sister that she was going to her room to attend to her long neglected correspondence.

"She is really going to write letters," said Edith, in mock surprise. "She never did it before without being alternately coaxed and scolded for days. I really have hopes of her."

"Oh, you need n't indulge in any false hopes," said Margery, laughing. "It is only a sudden spasm that will soon pass off, and leave me, if possible, worse than before. I do n't like work, and it is work to write to Maude Eaton, I am sure. She has written three letters to my one. Such wretched scrawls they are, too. Poor Maude is such a simpleton! I wonder if she has become reconciled to her step-mother yet. Such a lovely woman as she is! Geoffrey says so, and she looks it. You remember her, Edith? She was at the reception at Madame Chaudet's last June. She invited me to visit Maude, then, and Maude writes begging me to come. I would like to go if she were not so tiresome. Well, good-night, dear. You need n't call me if H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, should call."

Margery's room was not richly furnished, but it was, like herself, full of picturesque effects. There was a charm about it, even in its most disordered state, which appealed to one's

sense of beauty, as well as to one's appreciation of the eternal fitness of things. It was "just like Margery," her friends said, and they liked it accordingly. Not that she intended that it should be so; she was always intending to bring order out of chaos, and make it look "just like Edith's," but she never found time to do it.

Margery did not go to her writing-desk directly she reached her room, but sat down before her dressing-table, and, leaning her chin upon her hands, looked dreamily into the mirror. Her fair face was tinged with the color of the rose; the tiny freckles, which were so objectionable in her younger days, had almost entirely disappeared; the few which remained only tended to enhance the delicate fairness of her complexion. She smiled at the flattering semblance of herself, and began uncoiling her long, beautiful hair. She was greatly puzzled at the turn of affairs. "Cannot understand me, eh? Well, that is n't strange, seeing that I am somewhat of an enigma, even to myself. I am sure of one thing, however; *my* lover shall love me, and be neither afraid nor ashamed to show it."

Approbation was the very wine of her life, but flattery, to be acceptable to her, as I have said, must be of the most delicate and subtle kind. Even Maude Eaton had, during the last year of school, become dimly aware of the fact.

She had a fit of industry the next morning, and she resolved to spend most of the forenoon in her room sewing, although she acknowledged to herself that she was fairly expiring with curiosity to know what

her prospective brother-in-law's next move would be. She sewed desperately for a short time; then her work dropped from her fingers, and she gazed longingly out of the window.

"What a lovely morning!" she exclaimed. "I don't know why I should shut myself up just because—just because——" Well, what was she shutting herself up for? She hardly knew. She would go down and get Kate Langdon, and they would walk to Oakville. It was only three miles, and Margery's favorite walk. There was a delicious bit of woods, where they sat and discussed the coming winter fashions, the latest novels, and the exceeding stupidity of women's clubs. Edith belonged to three. How she ever found time to attend to her various duties the two girls were at a loss to understand. But then, Edith always enjoyed work. She was scarcely ever idle.

"I'll tell you something, Kate, if you will promise not to speak of it," said Margery, after a pause in their conversation.

"Of course I won't tell," said Kate, reproachfully.

"Well, then," answered Margery, "something is going on between Edith and Mrs. Bangs; and as I am not admitted to their council, I strongly suspect that they are planning to give me a surprise. Indeed, I heard a few words as I passed them yesterday, and one of them was '*dance*.'"

"Oh, they are going to give a ball in your honor!" exclaimed Kate. "I just know it! Won't it be charming!"

"Nothing quite so grand as a ball, I am afraid," answered Margery;

"but certainly a party of some kind; and as we have no room large enough to make dancing a pleasure, dear Mrs. Bangs will open her house. You know they added a wing on the left of the house, and built a hall for that very purpose. I wish papa would transmute our old shanty—if Edith should hear me!—I mean modernize our mansion! How ugly it is! But I would not dare to suggest it, even. Edith would think me sacrilegious! Well! it is a dear old house, and on the whole——Kate, *what shall you wear?*"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't a blessed thing. I shall have to get something new. Oh, Margery, do let me just whisper it to mamma!"

"Not for the world, Kate! Remember your promise! Because, you see, I don't really *know*. Just as soon as I am sure about it, you shall tell her. Oh, there will be time enough. But you must look your prettiest. You might hint that as there are sure to be parties you ought to have something ready."

"To be sure; how stupid of me not to think of that!" said Kate.

"And, Kate, just as soon as we quite know, you must write to your brother Richard, and if he has any particular friend at Harvard who is especially nice, he might——"

"Paul Lutteridge!" broke in Kate, eagerly. "I am glad you spoke of it. He's Dick's chum, and all right, every way. He will be awfully glad to come, and so will Dick."

"But not a word until I give you leave, remember!" said Margery. "Now let us go home, for I am desperately hungry. It must be near luncheon-time."

Not many days after this came the revelation of the secret. Everything had been planned to the smallest detail. Margery was to come out with *éclat*; and for the next fortnight nothing else was thought of.

The spirit with which My Lord Bangs entered into the affair was very gratifying to Edith. He had determined that nothing should be spared to make it a perfect success, as indeed it proved to be, nothing approaching it having been attempted before.

It was astonishing how often he found it necessary to consult with Margery beforehand. The smallest arrangement must be submitted to her taste and judgment. How could she help being flattered and pleased! There was not a jar of any kind until the very night of the party. Then indeed his handsome face clouded many times. He did not seem quite himself unless he was dancing with Margery. She was ravishingly pretty, and accepted the homage done her in a deliciously unconscious sort of way, which was very charming. But Charles was not satisfied.

"You-er ought to speak to Margery, Edith," said he, when he found himself near her. "It is n't necessary for her to dance with Tom, Dick, and Harry just because they happen to be here."

"It is strange to hear you speak of our guests as 'Tom, Dick, and Harry,' Charlie," said Edith, flushing; "and nobody happens to be here. They are friends whom we have always known, and Margery can scarcely——"

"Pardon me," he broke in, "but what do you know of that insuffer-

able young prig Lutteridge, who has been hovering over her half the evening?"

"The Langdons vouch for him, and I really cannot understand—— What is there objectionable about him? He seems a nice young man."

"There are a good many fellows who 'seem nice' who are perfect scoundrels," he answered, "and Margery is very impressionable. I think she ought to be more careful, that is all."

"I think you are unnecessarily anxious," she replied, as she turned to speak to a passing guest, while he directed his gaze once more towards the object of his solicitude. Her face was sparkling with animation, but there was no cause for jealousy now, for she was surrounded by a bevy of young girls. He admired her more at this moment than he had ever done before.

"'Queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls,'" he quoted softly as he approached the charmed circle.

He was Margery's very shadow for weeks after this. He did not dream of danger for himself. He was only curious to find out if Margery really cared, as Geoffrey had suggested, he told himself; and then, again, he enjoyed her society; she diverted him while other girls bored him. But before he was aware of it he had drifted into a flirtation which resulted in his utter defeat and subjugation. In fact, she drew him to her with a fascination which it was impossible to resist. She held him in absolute thrall, while he felt that she was as far from falling into his arms as though a yawning gulf separated them. He grew reckless, and showed his feelings too plainly, whereat she

became alarmed, and kept aloof from his society. Not once did he find himself alone with her for many days. It was then that he discovered the state of his heart towards her. Was it possible that she had made the same discovery concerning himself, he wondered, and avoided him accordingly? He made many attempts to join her in her daily walks, but was balked in every one. She gave him the slip without seeming to do so. She surrounded herself with companions. She went to new and strange places. She disappeared from view in the most unexpected ways if she saw him coming: and yet he could not complain. He had made up his mind that he should see her soon. She might refuse to drive with him, once, twice, thrice, but she could n't have a headache forever. She could n't have a perpetual engagement. There must come a time when she could not, in reason, decline. But as the days went by he began to be impatient, and to think of ways and means. Finally fortune favored him.

It was on one of those crisp, clear, dazzling October days, which brought out fresh, unexpected beauties everywhere—a day when it was impossible to walk without experiencing a buoyancy of spirits which quickened the step and brightened the eyes. The woods, rich with the colors of the season, glowed in the sunlight, deep, intense, splendid. What could be pleasanter than a drive on this delightful morning?

Suiting the action to the word, he ordered out the thoroughbreds. Margery had not driven behind them in weeks. He would take Edith and Margery, well knowing, sly mortal,

that the former would ask to be left at the Guild rooms for missionary work, as was her habit on that particular morning. Margery had forgotten it for the moment, and readily acquiesced, allowing herself to be helped into the carriage before her sister, who said,—

“I must be left at the Guild at the end of half an hour.”

“Oh, let your old Guild arrangement go for once!” said Charlie, with seeming earnestness, at the same time devoutly hoping that she would not.

“I wish I might,” answered Edith with a little sigh of regret, “but I am particularly needed there this morning.”

“You are always ‘particularly needed,’” said Margery, indignantly. “The idea of your allowing yourself to be mewed up in those stuffy little rooms on such a day as this. But it’s just like you, *just!* You don’t allow yourself any pleasures at all. It’s a shame!”

“Oh, come now, it is n’t worth while getting cross about it, little girl,” answered Edith, smiling brightly into her sister’s face. “It is n’t as though I could n’t go another time just as well. I shall enjoy thinking that you are out, and that will be some compensation.”

“I wish everybody were as unselfish as you,” said Margery with sudden compunction. “I have half a mind to go with you.”

“Oh, no!” answered her sister, quickly. “I would rather you should be out this fine weather. Besides, I doubt if there will be anything you could do, as we have planning and cutting to attend to this morning.”

But Margery was anything but

pleased at the turn of affairs. She was half vexed with Edith for insisting upon leaving them, wholly vexed with herself for wanting to go on, and unreasonably angry with Charles for asking her to go at all, thus putting her in this unpleasant dilemma. She glanced at her companion, and encountered an admiring pair of blue eyes. This was to be expected, but the look of entire satisfaction which settled on his face as they turned from the Guild-house she could not bear. Her mind was made up in an instant. She would not drive with him this morning. She would mortally offend him, first. Suddenly she asked,—

“What day is it?”

“To-day is Tuesday, the tenth of October, and a very beautiful day,” he answered, smiling complacently upon her.

“Oh, I must go to Kate Langdon’s directly,” she said with great earnestness. “Please take me there. I am late. Kate will be waiting for me. We were to walk this morning.”

He let her see the disappointment in his face; then asked quietly,—

“Would you rather walk with Kate than drive with me?”

“That is n’t a fair question!” she burst forth, a little indignantly. “Would you have me break an engagement?” (She really could not help it, she told herself. After all, it was a very white lie.)

“Not if it is an engagement that you ought to keep,” he answered.

“Besides,” she added, “Kate would be very much disappointed if she did n’t see me this morning.”

“You do not seem to care for my disappointment,” he said in an aggrieved tone.

“You have no right to be disappointed,” she answered, “for I did n’t make you any promise.”

“No, you did n’t make me any promise,” he acknowledged, “but I am very much disappointed, and *I think you know it*. However, I hope you will feel more kindly disposed towards me another time.”

He drove her without another word to her friend’s door, helped her out, and then, with a polite salutation, drove away.

Down the street at a furious pace he dashed, noticing no one by the way, nor caring whither he went. To be so sure of her and then to lose her was doubly vexatious. He was obliged to confess to himself that she did not care.

“Geoffrey’s a fool,” he muttered at last. There was a sense of humiliation in his failure that was new to him, and his spirits sank as they had never done before. He gave no thought to where he was driving, and it was only when he found himself passing through his own gateway that he came to himself. He had no intention of going in; he was too nervous for that. But happening to remember some letters he had forgotten to post, he sent for them, and then drove out again. On arriving at the post-office—he had just given the letters to one of the numerous small boys who gathered around his carriage whenever it stopped (he was too free with his pennies ever to be at a loss in such a case)—whom should he see but Margery, walking slowly along, and alone. She stopped as she got opposite to him, and, looking up into his face with an irresistible smile, said,—

"Will you take me home, please?"

He was so astonished that he looked at her without a word.

"Oh, if you don't want to——" she began with a delicious pout.

He sprang down and helped her in, with a happy light in his eyes.

"I am glad you repented," he said, as he seated himself by her side.

"Oh, I have n't repented," she answered. "There is nothing to repent of. Do n't think it, and it is very easily explained. Kate has a headache——"

"I'm so glad!" he broke in.

"What an unfeeling wretch you are!" she answered, as severely as she could under the circumstances.

"I felt that way about you a short time ago," he replied, "only I did n't call you a wretch."

"Is n't this a delicious morning?" she said, ignoring completely his last remark.

"It is quite the most delicious morning I ever knew," he answered, looking admiringly into her eyes.

"You are passing the gate," she said warningly, at this moment.

"Of course I am passing the gate," he replied. "Do you think I am going to give you up so easily?" Then, after a moment's pause, "Margery, what is it? What have I done to make you so unkind to me?"

"I—I am not unkind to you," she stammered in a half frightened tone. The truth is, she had noticed the pained look upon his face as he left her at her friend's door, and took herself severely to task for it. Once more she acknowledged to herself that she was a "horrid little beast," and she made up her mind to be kinder, and here was the result.

"I am getting to be an abominable little flirt," she said to herself at this moment. "I hate myself. I'll go away. I'll go and visit Maude Eaton for a month, and when I come back I'll see if I can't behave myself——"

"What is it, Margery, dear?" in his dangerous, persuasive tones. The horses were walking up the long hill. His handsome, eager face was close to hers. She felt his hand tremble upon her own. Suddenly he snatched it to his lips, and covered it with passionate kisses. She gave him one swift, indignant look. Her soft, rosy lips paled, and grew hard.

"How dare you?" she uttered in low tones, while tears of anger and mortification sprang to her eyes.

"Why! what a dreadful look for such a small matter!" he answered lightly. "One would think that I had committed an unpardonable sin in kissing the hand of a charming young lady. Why, my dear child, it is the common form of salutation in some places."

"That is not so—you know it is not—to kiss any one in that way," she burst forth. "I wonder you dare to look Edith in the face—— Take me home at once!"

"I will take you home, Margery," he answered quietly, "but first we must understand each other a little better. What has Edith to do about the matter? Why should I not be able to look her or any one else in the face?"

She turned on him a face full of cold, curious wonder, and answered not a word, and he went on:

"You know that I love you, but you are curiously deceived——"

"Stop!" she commanded. "It is

wicked for you to talk, and a shame for me to listen. Take me home!"

"You're not treating me fairly, Margery," he answered. "You *must* let me explain. Then I will take you home."

"I will *not* hear you explain!" she answered vehemently. "I will not hear another word, and if you do not instantly turn about, I will jump from the carriage."

"Won't you give me five minutes, Margery?" he asked imploringly.

"I won't give you the tenth part of a second," she answered, rising to her feet.

He caught her arm, saying,—

"Margery, sit down. I will take you home, but you are very cruel."

She jumped from the carriage as it reached her door, disdaining his assistance, and rushed to her room, locked the door, and threw herself upon her bed with a wild burst of passionate tears.

Edith found her, a few hours later, after repeated knockings, with flushed cheeks and a pained look about the eyes.

"What is it, dear?" she asked anxiously. "Are you ill?"

"Oh, no," answered Margery, pressing her locked hands above her eyes. "It is only a stupid headache, and I'm so tired of this place, of everything. Don't you think I might accept Mrs. Eaton's invitation to visit them? I want to go right away—to-morrow. Do say I may, please! I want a little change so much."

"You are not well, Margery, I am sure," said Edith still more anxiously. "Your face is very flushed, and your hands are hot. You must have taken cold. Oh, Margery! if you would only be more careful!"

"Don't be foolish, Edith!" exclaimed Margery, jumping up, and walking excitedly up and down. "I am not ill. I have not taken cold. I have only a headache, and—and I'm angry. Don't ask me why, for I sha'n't tell you. It's nothing of consequence, nothing at all for you to worry about; and—and I shall be all over it when I come back. Say I may go, Edith! There's a dear girl!"

"I am perfectly willing that you should go," answered Edith; "only you need not be in a hurry about it. I don't like to think that you are tired of home so soon. I have tried to make it pleasant for you, and I hoped you were happy."

"Please do n't talk like that, Edith; you make me feel like a wretched ingrate. I am happy, and I love my home and you"—embracing her impetuously—"more than anything else in the world."

"She has been quarrelling with Charles," said Edith to herself, sorrowfully. "I had hoped that that would never happen again."

"Well, dear," she said aloud, "you can go when you choose; but you must promise to be your own cheerful little self when you come back."

"Oh, I will," answered Margery delightedly. "I will be so good—just as good as it is possible for a horrid little beast like me to be. Now send Katy to help me pack, and do n't let a single soul, not even Geoffrey, know that I am going."

She no longer looked ill, but eager, bright, and cheerful, until she said good-by at the station the next morning.

[To be continued.]

ADDRESS BY HON. CHARLES H. BARTLETT,

At the presentation of a flag to the pupils of the Lincoln Grammar School of Manchester by the United American Mechanics.

The suggestion that our national emblem, the star spangled banner, should float above all our institutions of learning,—that it should meet the daily gaze of the youth of the land as the object of their highest respect and veneration, and the inspiration to their loftiest patriotism and love of country,—was a most timely and most happy suggestion. And it is, at the same time, one that comes most naturally and logically from the experiences of our national life. The men who, but a quarter of a century ago, plunged this country into a most bloody war of rebellion—a war only known as history and tradition to these young friends, though seemingly but yesterday to those of mature and more advanced life,—were not illiterate, unlettered, or ignorant. They defied national authority, and insulted the flag of their country, through no want of intelligence or culture, but because over the school-houses of their youth no starry banners floated,—by which expression, I mean, in a broader and wider sense, that they were not taught in their youth to look upon our national banner with reverence, respect and patriotic devotion, as a banner symbolizing the unity, the nationality, and the solidity of these United States, as one country, one people, inseparable and indivisible forever. But they were taught in their youth—in their school-boy days—to look upon the flag of their country as symbolizing no irrevocable national unity, but rather a copartnership of states, to be perpetuated only during the pleasure of the contracting sovereignties and determinable at the will of any one of them. It was the teaching of this pernicious doctrine to the youth of the South that made rebellion possible, and a long and bloody war inevitable. Warned by this experience, and sharing in a sentiment universal, I am happy to say, in this community, the order of the United American Mechanics, an association of most honorable history, and distinguished for the high character and patriotism of its membership, for whom I have at this time the honor to speak, are here to-night to present to the Lincoln street grammar school this beautiful flag. A flag-staff from which it will float above this substantial edifice, consecrated to the education of the youth of this city, will be supplemented in due time, and thus complete the gift. These donors would not have you look upon this flag as the flag of your city or of your state, but as the flag of your country. It is not the product of these granite hills alone, but it is “at home” alike on the shores of the two oceans, and by the tepid waters of the gulf, while to the northward its stars shine out, longingly, restlessly, and impatiently over vast areas, fast ripening for peaceful conquest. As by the wand of some master magician, they would by this flag indelibly impress upon these young hearts the great lesson of loyalty and undying devotion to

country. They would have you feel, as you gaze upon its waving folds and its starry field of blue, that it stands for your country,—whose honor is your honor, whose glory is your glory, whose rights you will ever maintain, and whose authority you will ever vindicate with the zeal, courage, and devotion with which you would defend your own lives and honor.

We are still walking in the shadow of a great war. Its victims are still mourned. Its waste is yet felt, and its great debt unpaid. That war was waged to uphold the authority of this flag, to maintain its honor and integrity, and to preserve its glory undimmed and unimpaired. That war was fought by the present generation of mature manhood. It was the war of the fathers of these pupils of to-day. Survivors of it still walk among you, honored examples of that high sense of duty, unfaltering patriotism, and indomitable courage with which we would have this flag inspire your hearts and find an abiding lodgement in the plastic soul of youth. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that youth should, first of all, associate this flag most prominently with that great struggle in which a million of noble men perished, and who sanctified it anew by sacrifices unparalleled in magnitude in the history of the world. It is thus that these men would have your minds impressed, and they would abate nothing from the sublime lesson it teaches. But

they would not have you feel that you can honor this flag only in war, and that your lives are in vain if war affords no opportunity for military service.

It is not the mission of patriotism to fight battles only, but its highest mission is to make war impossible. When the heart is imbued with loyalty and patriotic devotion to country, the hand will never be uplifted in rebellion, and if the world can see this banner upheld by the millions who are to people this favored land with that spirit of loyalty which is sought to be implanted in these young hearts to-night, no foe will ever assail it from without.

This banner is the banner of peace as well as the banner of war. You can honor it by good scholarship, by good citizenship, by the highest type of manhood, as well as by the most brilliant soldierly achievements. Look not upon it, then, as inspiring a martial spirit only; associate it not always with the drum beat and bugle blast. Probabilities all lie in the direction that over you it will always float in peace. God grant that it may be so, and that it may be your happy lot to contribute your full share to its future glory by making this country the grandest and the greatest, this people the wisest, the happiest, and the best, and this government the freest and the purest, to be found upon the face of the wide earth.

TO LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

BY WALTER S. PEASLEE.

(Winnepesaukee, or Winnepiseogee, is an Indian name, upon the meaning of which authorities are divided. Some say it means "The beautiful water of the great high place," others that it means "The smile of the Great Spirit." This last and most beautiful fancy is the one commonly associated with it.)

Ægean seas are wondrous fair,
 And Como's waters clear;
 Killarney's lakes, far famed in song,
 To Irish hearts are dear.
 But girted round by northern hills
 The fairest waters play
 That e'er a summer sunset tinged
 With gold at close of day.

I sit beside thee on the shore,
 The wind's low monotone,
 Among the pine boughs overhead,
 Is mingled with thine own.
 The magic of its gentle art
 Makes youthful fancies spring,
 And now, once more, as when a child,
 I hear the fairies sing.

The unseen locust's shrill refrain,
 The air's dull, hazy hue,
 The fleecy clouds that lightly float
 In thy cerulean blue.
 The graceful water-fowl that sail
 Upon thy sparkling breast,
 All make a rhythmic pastoral
 That lulls my soul to rest.

My tired senses, worn with care,
 Yield to thy gentle charm,
 And o'er them falls, like summer dews,
 A peace divinely calm.
 I lie and dream till evening shades
 Upon thy waves I see,—
 Then turn from thy beatitude,
 And leave my peace with thee.

What wonder that the red man saw,
 Where he would softly glide,
 The sweet, benignant smile of God
 Reflected in thy tide!
 In that same charm whose power awoke
 The savage thought so grand,
 I find a kindred one to-day,
 And own the Master Hand.

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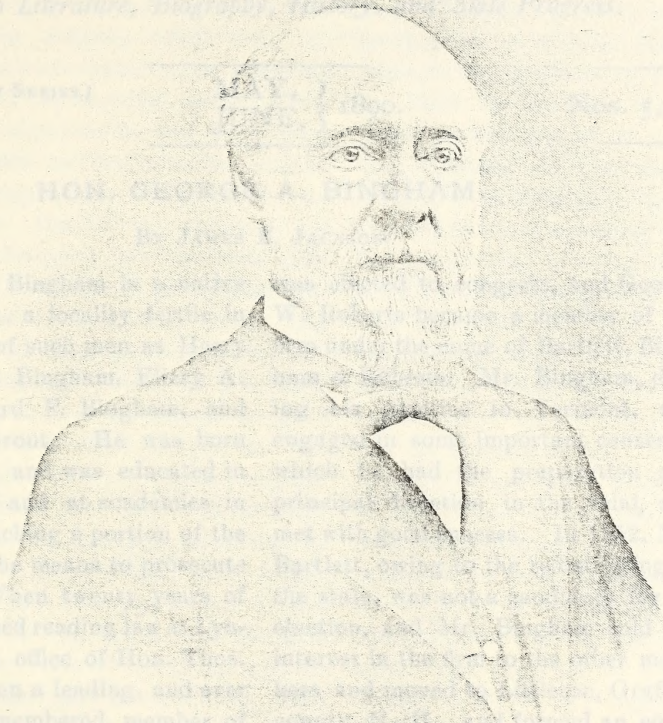
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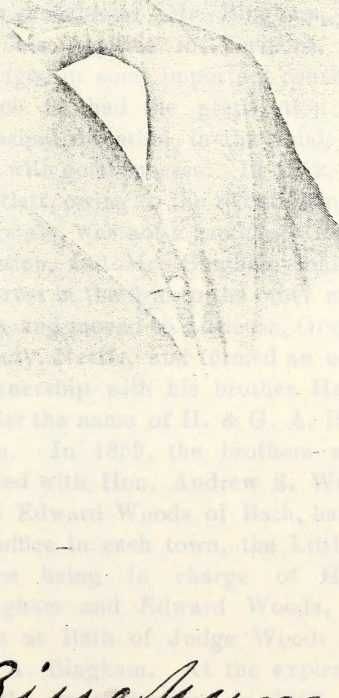
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George A. Bartlett, of Lyndon, Vt., a brother of the late
of Lyndon, Vt., a brother of the late
the production of which was
Richard, Harry, William, Edward,
William W. Groun. He was born
April 24, 1826, in the village of
the native town and of residence in
the vicinity, teaching a portion of the
time to obtain the means to prosecute
his studies. When twenty years of
age he commenced reading law at Ly-
ndon, Vt., in the office of Mr. Thos.
Bartlett, Jr., then a leading and great
since a well remembered member of
the bar in this state, where he re-
mained until December, 1848, when
he was admitted to the bar at Den-
ver, in California county. During
his course as a student, he applied
himself with the diligence which has
since been characteristic. Soon after
his admission he made a trip through
the West, spending several months in
Iowa, but returned to Lyndon, and
Lyndon, and for some years
with Mr. Bartlett, under the name of
Bartlett & Brigham. This firm ex-
isted two years, when Mr. Bartlett



Bircham

Geo. A. Bingham

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VOL. XIII.

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JUNE, } 1890.

Nos. 5, 6.

HON. GEORGE A. BINGHAM.

BY JAMES R. JACKSON.

George Azro Bingham is a native of Concord, Vt., a locality fertile in the production of such men as Harry Hibbard, Harry Bingham, Ellery A. Hibbard, Edward F. Bingham, and William W. Grout. He was born April 25, 1826, and was educated in his native town and at academies in the vicinity, teaching a portion of the time to obtain the means to prosecute his studies. When twenty years of age he commenced reading law at Lyndon, Vt., in the office of Hon. Thos. Bartlett, Jr., then a leading, and ever since a well remembered, member of the bar in that state, where he remained until December, 1848, when he was admitted to the bar at Danville, in Caledonia county. During his course as a student, he applied himself with the diligence which has since been characteristic. Soon after his admission he made a trip through the West, spending some months in Iowa, but returned in June, 1849, to Lyndon, and formed a partnership with Mr. Bartlett, under the name of Bartlett & Bingham. This firm existed two years, when Mr. Bartlett

was elected to congress, and George W. Roberts became a member of the firm under the name of Bartlett, Bingham & Roberts. Mr. Bingham, during his practice in Vermont, was engaged in some important causes of which he had the preparation and principal direction in the trial, and met with good success. In 1852, Mr. Bartlett, owing to the redistricting of the state, was not a candidate for re-election, and Mr. Bingham sold his interest in the firm to the other members and moved to Littleton, Grafton county, N. H., and formed an equal partnership with his brother Harry, under the name of H. & G. A. Bingham. In 1859, the brothers associated with Hon. Andrew S. Woods and Edward Woods of Bath, having an office in each town, the Littleton office being in charge of Harry Bingham and Edward Woods, and that at Bath of Judge Woods and G. A. Bingham. At the expiration of the copartnership, in 1862, Mr. Bingham returned to Littleton and resumed business with his brother under the old firm name, which con-

tinued until 1870. The different firms did a good business, and were engaged in important causes, though not a large business. After the dissolution in 1870, the brothers continued to reside in Littleton, and to some extent became rivals in business. In August, 1876, Geo. A. Bingham was appointed an associate justice of the supreme court. From 1870 to this time he had been alone in business and had been successful, his engagements being chiefly as associate counsel in the trial of causes, bringing but few suits himself. At the time of his appointment his retainers numbered about four hundred in cases pending in the different courts in which he practised, which gave him an income as good as any individual lawyer in the state. October 1, 1880, he resigned his place on the court and resumed practice. In January following he formed a partnership with Edgar Aldrich, and two years later Daniel C. Remich was taken into the firm under the name of Bingham, Aldrich & Remich, which continued until December, 1884, when the senior member was reappointed to the bench. After he resumed his practice in 1880, very many of his former clients came to him; and soon he was doing as successful a business as when first appointed, which was among the most lucrative in the state, his business being in the New Hampshire, Vermont, and United States courts.

As early as 1858, Mr. Bingham was retained in the important case of *Russell v. Dyer*, involving the title to the Fabyan House and property, to argue it to the jury, F. O. J. Smith,

of Portland, Me., being employed to argue it on the other side; and from that time forward he was retained, and took an active part in the preparation and trial of many of the important real estate cases in northern New Hampshire, and some in Vermont, such as *Wells v. Jackson Iron Manufacturing Company*, commenced in 1860 to recover 12,000 acres including the top of Mt. Washington; *Cahoon v. Coe*, for the recovery of Wentworth's Location, a tract of fourteen thousand acres; and the cases of the so called *New Hampshire Land Company v. H. L. Tilton and others*, for the recovery of large tracts in Bethlehem, in all about 26,000 acres; also several important will cases, of which that of Dr. Samuel Bemis was as noted as any. He was also counsel for six years in the business of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, during which several important causes were tried, such as *Richardson v. G. T. R.*, in the United States Circuit Court for the district of Vermont, and reported in 1 Otto 454; *Taylor v. G. T. R.*, reported in 48 N. H. 304.

Mr. Bingham is a good, thorough lawyer, quick to apply his knowledge to the case in hand; his mind is clear and penetrating; no flaw in the preparation or case of his opponent escapes his keen scrutiny, and no fact essential to his client is neglected or left obscure. As an advocate he had great influence with the jury, as he was strong in statement, powerful in appeal, and eloquent in address. His knowledge of human nature and his commanding presence combine to make him an effective advocate. For the high office which he now holds,

he possesses the essential qualifications of an admirable presiding justice. He holds the scales of justice with even poise. His extensive knowledge of the law and practice enable him to detect the main points in issue, and hold the contending counsel quietly but firmly to them. He possesses great patience, and here, as at the bar, his industry is continuous and unflagging, and thus in his judicial life he has earned and worthily wears the title of model judge.

He has been twice married, and has five children. Judge Bingham has taken great interest in public affairs. Democratic in politics, in the councils of his party he has been an active and sagacious leader, and it has often recognized his merits. He has been twice elected senator in the state legislature,—in 1864 and 1865,—

twice representative from Littleton to the General Court,—in 1875 and 1876,—a delegate to the Democratic national convention held at Charleston and Baltimore in 1860, and was the candidate of his party for congress in 1880.

His interest in educational matters is evinced by his membership and presidency of the Board of Education for Union School District in Littleton from 1874 to 1886, and by his holding the office of trustee of the State Normal School eight years from 1870. He is a director in the Littleton National Bank and president of the savings-bank. Amid the pressing demands of a large professional business, he has discharged the duties of all these minor positions with fidelity and success.

AN OLD-TIME MINISTER.

BY MRS. MARY C. CUTLER.

Among some relics of by-gone days I have found a piece of perforated card upon which is wrought, in threads of silver hair, the name "Rev. L. Ainsworth," a name well known in southern New Hampshire a undredh years ago, and not wholly forgotten yet.

This little memento brings to mind a cold winter's journey in early childhood, while as yet the iron spokes of the railroad reached hardly more than fifty miles beyond "the hub of the universe." My parents had been summoned to the sick-bed of my grandmother in Vermont; and on

their return they visited the town of Jaffrey, N. H., where my father had spent his school-days, and where he still had many friends. Foremost among these was this old minister,—the first pastor of the first church in the town,—who was then nearly a hundred years old. Having often heard his great age spoken of, I looked forward to seeing some one quite different from other old people I had known. There seemed to my childish imagination something uncanny in the idea of being a hundred years old, and I fancied one at that age must be like the strange beings

that inhabit the world of elves and goblins.

After a bitterly cold ride through drifted snows, which made the road in some places almost impassable, we drove up to a house where my father said we would stop and warm ourselves. I was too much benumbed with the cold to take notice of the hearty greetings that were exchanged on our entrance; but a benign old gentleman took me upon his knee and held me close to the blazing logs in an old-fashioned chimney corner. It never occurred to me that this was the "Priest Ainsworth" of whom I had so often heard, for he seemed not very unlike my grandpa, whom we had just been visiting. Had I sooner realized that it was he, I think I should have remembered some of the things he said, but I was absorbed first in considering what a dreadful thing it must be to live in the country in winter; and then the queer room we were in occupied my attention. It was long and narrow, with uneven and bare but well-scoured floor, dark, wainscoted walls, and low, smoky ceiling. I only came to my senses when our host lifted me to the floor, as we were about to go, saying pleasantly,—

"Now remember that Priest Ainsworth held you on his knee when he was most a hundred years old."

He seemed much amused at my ill-concealed astonishment, and we soon bade him good-bye. He lived to the age of one hundred and two, and this little memento, wrought from his long silver hair after he had passed his centennial, was sent us by his friends.

"Priest Ainsworth" was noted in

all the county round during his younger days for his enjoyment of practical jokes, which, however they might be regarded in these days, did not seem to weaken the esteem in which he was held by the people of his time. Among the great number that were told of him, the two which I remember most distinctly were perpetrated upon the neighboring minister of Dublin, who was sadly deficient in practical knowledge, though very learned in theology. One day this neighbor came riding over to Mr. Ainsworth's in great dismay, and announced that the Lord had cursed his beans, for they were all growing wrong side up. Mr. Ainsworth at once mounted his horse and rode back with his brother minister to survey the unfortunate beans. He gravely advised him to pull them up and try again, and then left him to accomplish the task.

At another time this same minister came to call on Mr. Ainsworth, and left his horse so insecurely fastened that while the two were busily discussing some knotty point in theology, the animal became restless and broke away. An aunt of my father's, then a school girl, secured the horse and noosed the bridle in the ring of the hitching-post. When the minister was ready to depart, instead of unfastening the bridle, he stood gazing at it in blank amazement, until Mr. Ainsworth came out to see what was the matter.

"See," said the minister, with consternation in his looks and tones, "my horse must have gone through that ring!"

"Sure enough!" responded Mr. Ainsworth, doubtless with mental reservation, and he stood calmly by,

while the perplexed minister arrived at the conclusion that there was no other way out of his difficulty than to cut the bridle, which he proceeded at once to do.

Fond as he was of amusing himself thus at the expense of others, Mr. Ainsworth would tolerate no petty or ill-natured criticisms of his brethren in the ministry. When a young divine once remarked how his neighbor minister carried his head bent over, Mr. Ainsworth turned upon him with the question,—

“Did you ever see a field of rye?”

Being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Ainsworth continued,—

“Which were the full heads, those which bent over, or those which stood erect like yours?”

The name of this old-time minister survives in that of the Librarian of Congress, Ainsworth R. Spofford, whose grandfather, Dea. Eleazer Spofford, owned the farm where the village of East Jaffrey now stands. Here the father of the librarian, Rev. Luke Ainsworth Spofford, was born in 1785. He was afterwards well known as pastor of the church in Gilmanton, N. H., and labored

also in Lancaster, Brentwood, and Atkinson. His father,—Dea. Eleazer,—was warmly attached to his pastor, and sometimes entrusted his children to Mr. Ainsworth's care while they were pursuing their studies. One of his sons thus met a sad fate. On an ill-starred night Mr. Ainsworth's house was burned, and the fire was discovered so late that all efforts to rescue the unfortunate student were unavailing.

One generation has entirely passed away since those olden times. Their children unto the third and fourth generation are scattered over all the earth. But few remain within the shadow of the dear old mountain under whose eye their fathers were reared, yet there are few, even of those who have wandered the farthest, who do not sometimes look lovingly back from memory's heights and see

“Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.”

And for all “the strength of the hills” that has entered into their restless lives, and helped to make them what they are, they give silent thanks.

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those who have witnessed the funeral
who do not sometimes look longingly
back from foreign lands and say

"Kindness bring him to rest at home
His very home is the graveyard."

And for all "the strength of the
hills" that has entered into their
restless lives, and helped to make
them what they are, they give their
thanks.

While the youngest minister arrived
at the conclusion that there was no
other way out of his difficult position
but the bridge, which he proceeded
to cross in due time.

Found as he was of running himself
thus at the expense of others, Mr.
Ainsworth would tolerate no party in
his pastoral relations of his brethren
in the ministry. When a young
minister came to him for his neigh-
bor minister carried his head bent
over, Mr. Ainsworth turned upon
him with the question—

"Did you ever see a field of corn?
Being answered in the affirmative,
Mr. Ainsworth continued—

"Which were the full headed ones
which bent over, or those which stood
erect like yours?"

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LAWYERS OF GOFFSTOWN.

By HON. DAVID A. TAGGART.

JOHN GOVE

Was born at Groton, Mass., February 17, 1771, his parents being Dr. Jonathan and Mary Hubbard Gove. His father located in town and gained a widespread reputation as a physician and polished gentleman. The subject of this sketch was a half-brother to the Hon. Charles Frederick Gove, who also practised law here. John graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of 1793, read law with Wm. Gordon, of Amherst; was admitted to the bar September, 1796, and practised law in Goffstown till about the year 1800, when he removed to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he died in 1802, aged only 31 years.

THOMAS JAMESON

Was the son of Hugh and Jane Barr Jameson; was born at Dunbarton in 1771; graduated at Dartmouth college, class of 1797; was admitted to the bar in 1803, and practised in Goffstown, where he died June 10, 1813. He studied law with Baruch Chase, of Hopkinton.

JONATHAN AIKEN

Was the son of Capt. James and Elizabeth Pinkerton Aiken; born at Londonderry, June 19, 1784; graduated at Dartmouth college, class of 1807; read law with Josiah Forsaith who was also settled here at that time and a classmate of Aiken; admitted to the bar, settled in practice in Goffstown, and remained here till 1839, when he removed to Peoria, Illinois, where he died the same year, on August 28, aged 55 years.

JOSIAH FORSAITH

Was the son of Deacon William and Jane Wilson Forsaith, and was born at Deering, December 14, 1780; graduated at Dartmouth college, class of 1807, the same as that of Aiken; read law with Hon. George Baxter Upham and Caleb Ellis, of Claremont; was admitted to the bar and practised law in Goffstown from 1810 to 1823, when he removed his office to Newport, and died there March 30, 1846, aged 65 years. He was a very successful lawyer from a financial point of view, accumulating a fortune from his practice.

JOHN HANCOCK SLACK

Was the son of John and Betsey Ide Slack, born at New London in June, 1789, graduated at Dartmouth college, class of 1811, read law with Hon. Moses Paul Payson, of Bath, and Hon. John Harris and Baruch Chase, of Hopkinton; was admitted to the bar in February, 1817, and practised his profession at Andover, Pembroke, and Goffstown; he also engaged in teaching school; removed to Loudon county, Virginia, where he died Aug. 2, 1857.

DAVID STEELE

Was the son of Gen. John and Polly Wilson Steele; born at Peterborough, December 2, 1795; graduated at Dartmouth college, class of 1815; read law with James Wilson of Keene; was admitted to the bar in October, 1819, and went into practice first in the town of Deerfield; thence he removed to Goffstown, where he followed his profession till his death,

which occurred Oct. 1, 1875; he represented our town in the legislature of 1827, and was a state senator in 1828 and 1829; he was a safe counsellor, careful and assiduous in the collation of evidence and in the general preparation of a case. The following was said of him in the press, at the time of his death: "It is said for 53 years he never failed in attendance at the Hillsborough County court, though for several years past failing health and the increasing infirmities of age prevented his former constancy in attendance. As a lawyer he was safe, prudent, and trustworthy, rather than brilliant. A man of sound, practical common sense, he possessed in a remarkable degree the confidence and esteem of his brethren of the bar, as well as of the public generally."

CHARLES FREDERICK GOVE, M. A.,

Was the son of Dr. John and Polly Dow Gove; born in Goffstown, May 13, 1793; graduated at Dartmouth college, class of 1817; read law at Harvard Law School, where he graduated as a LL. B. in the class of 1820; he entered upon the practice of his profession in this town, and during the time he resided here filled many places of honor and responsibility. He was clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives; represented this town in the legislature in

the years 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834; was state senator and president of the senate in 1835; solicitor of Hillsborough county from 1834 to 1837; attorney-general of our state from 1838 to 1842; he then became circuit judge of the court of common pleas, and held that honorable office from 1842 to 1848—18 years of continuous public office, discharging his duties with fidelity and ability, and honoring himself and his native town. He removed to Nashua, and was connected with the management of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad. He died in Nashua, Oct. 21, 1856, aged 63 years.

Isaac Gates, Hon. George W. Morrison, and John Steele practised law here for a very short time each. Isaac Gates graduated at Harvard college, class of 1802; moved to Concord in 1813, and subsequently to Charlestown, Mass. George W. Morrison began his professional career at Amoskeag, in 1836, which was then a part of Goffstown; in a few years he moved across the river to Manchester, and gained a reputation well known to all. John Steele, son of David Steele, commenced the practice of law in 1861, but soon abandoned his chosen profession and entered upon a military life; in 1863 he became a member of the New Hampshire cavalry, and died in 1869.

REV. CYRUS WASHINGTON WALLACE, D. D.

BY REV. JOHN E. WHEELER.

The subject of this sketch can command more than usual interest on account of his superior powers, remarkable beauty of character, unsurpassed success, and during nearly half a century rarely equalled influence over many minds and hearts. He was born in Bedford, March 8, 1805. From his father, Thomas Wallace, and his mother, Mercy Frye, respectively, he inherited doubtless Scotch and English blood; but the latest foreign ancestor of the former immigrated to New Hampshire in 1719, and that of the latter to Massachusetts as early as 1638. His great-grandparents, John and Annis (Earnest) Wallace, were the first couple married in Londonderry, of which the groom was one of the original grantees. Scotch-Irish, a term much applied to the class coming into the paternal line of his ancestry, rightly means no blending of the blood of two distinct nationalities. Scotchmen of the province of Ulster, that includes counties in northern Ireland, left that country to settle in this western world where real liberty in Christ could be better established. They had, as a people, lived there a hundred years, yet not thereby become changed into Irishmen, any more than the descendants of the latter in America are real Americans in blood as well as by birth.

The principles peculiar to Presbyterianism, instead of the polity of the Pilgrims, gave them their rules of church government; though their religious sentiments, modes of wor-

ship, and profound feelings of duty to the Unseen One were remarkably like those of the earlier settlers of New England. Nor could distinct classes of believers in the Bible be more really equal in strength of spirit, excellency of character, and devotion unto the rights of man and the requirements of God. Dr. Wallace once said of the Scotch-Irish, so called,—“In stern integrity, in uprightness of purpose, in conscientious regard to truth, they were surpassed by no men who ever lived.” Although not then noticing intentionally his own ancestors, such they truly were; and no one will wisely lessen the force of his words, while those sublime men take quite pleasant satisfaction in the eulogy and the eulogist, that were, respectively, a right representation and a fair representative of virtues still living in their descendants. To escape persecution of Irish Catholics and the payment of tithes to the English Establishment, those staunch Presbyterians, entertaining nothing nearer and dearer to their hearts than the true religion of Christ, quit that adopted country, rich in their characters that had been built up in its school of sufferings, upon principles pure as heaven, and of such qualities as Scotch courage, genuine earnestness, and determined minds and wills, which called for religious liberty, the rights of conscience, and direct conformity to the higher laws laid down in divine scriptures, rather than the human edicts of bishops, popes, and kings. Such class kept the best tra-

ditions, social habits, sacred customs, marked characteristics, and devout spirit of their fathers until this illustrious one was born and bred.

The formative influences felt from without in his childhood hardly seem suited and sufficient to be beneficial, like conditions surrounding other bright boys of those times. Thomas Wallace, with wisest economy, may have met the wants of his household during good health, though consumption, successful friend of death, took him away when Cyrus was six years old, leaving also five other children dependent upon poor resources. "It is easy to understand," said he, having very solemn memory of experienced facts, "that the howling of the wolf could be heard not far from the door." It was within the age of homespun garments. Sheep were raised on nearly every farm. Much sport was in store for the boys at the time of their washing, although the timid creatures came to the brook baptized always with fear. Flax was widely and easily cultivated, though a variety of weary work was required to convert it into coarse rather than fine linen. Not many professional knights of the shears, as they are now here, had appeared. Dressmakers, Madame Demorest's styles, and Harper's plates, or even their forerunners, were not then in near future; yet the feminine head of the household had sufficient of what Mrs. Stowe calls "faculty" to cut and make clothing of each kind comfortable and durable, or, in fact, fashionable, but not truly "splendid," according to more modern notions. A peripatetic cobbler, bearing a kit of tools on his back, came around at autumn to

make or repair enough foot-wear for the winter, while nature's shoes and stockings served the children of the family four or five months of the year. His surviving brother, Alfred Wallace, living in Washington, D. C., sends some facts full of interest in respect to methods of manufacture common and necessary in those times. The doctor writes in substance that among most vivid recollections of his childhood was seeing one ride up on horseback, to the house where he lived, with large bundles of yarn tied about the saddle, to be woven into cloth through the slow hand process; so he was wont to assist early and late at the loom, learning an intelligent use of very beautiful figures found in the word of God.

During his second seven years, usually the most happy period of life,—for it is spent in each child's sweet home,—he was serving on a farm four miles from the cherished circles of kindred, as a solitary youth among grown-up persons, in a pleasant place, it may be, but no natural boy's delight. The lad living in such conditions certainly would have more right training, than teaching, in the technical sense of the term. Manual labor became the means of making the powerful preacher of the future just what he said his father was,—“a tall man, of vigorous frame and a strong voice.” Very likely keenest experience of early affliction strengthened in his spirit that which he also ascribed to the departed parent,—“a gentle and kind disposition,” as such quality was strong in his own heart. The schools of Bedford, deprived in all its history of an appropriation only once, would be better than those

of most towns, though not the best; but the boy "bound out" to work could have the advantage of very few weeks in winter, with the trouble, both to himself and teacher, of being "a rainy day scholar" (?) in summer. Reading of valuable books, besides sacred scriptures, could not become common, as such works were not in the homes of unprofessional men, and public libraries were almost unknown. No Sunday-school was organized in the parish until 1818. At its first session, "on a very rainy day," the venerable, lame Lieut. John Orr, a hero of the battle of Bennington, talked to the children and exhorted them to "love God, His Holy Word, and their country." Our hero, in nobler battles on fields of bloodless war, was then entering his teens, and became of age just as that school of the sabbath took up its sacred connection with the church and began to be held at its house, having been attended thus far rather irregularly, in different districts, to accommodate all alike. Children, who were wont to be present at the services of the sanctuary, received scriptural instruction as spiritual lessons or religious education at home, although that coming clergyman never heard—hence he ever regretted it—the voice of prayer at family worship within either of the two households where the principal part of his youth was spent.

There were other educating influences flowing into his soul, some of which continued to be felt in his sermons, speeches, and conversations. Accounts of the cruelties of the wild men of the woods were real recollections of persons still living; and never written stories about bears, related by

believing ones, were more recent in their facts than that one which children read in the Bible. Besides, superstitions, Scotch, Irish, English, American, and not a few from other realms of the wide world, with weird, witchlike conceptions, supplemented through thoughts of ghosts, gave very much color to the talk of the aged, yet taking chief delight to excite and entertain the curiosity of youth.

"T is a history,
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale,
Which children open eyed and mouthed devour;
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe."

Living outside of the influences of finest fiction, as well as those of secular poetry, to awaken, cultivate, and adorn his imagination, he had it early aroused and fed and filled from the lips of many a one with the above views of things so strange, just as their relators were waiting to pass away with those "profane and old wives' fables," superstitions since faded from the minds of men. No doubt, though, they gave vigor, great activity, that glowing fire to his fanciful faculty, that afterwards was smoothed, sanctified, and sublimed by better appreciation of the old, old story and the supreme poetical language of the Book of books.

But one more class of causes affecting his earlier education need be noticed. That generation grew up amid modes of intellectual life, forms of entertainment and means of amusement that had their place and power in each community; though some still linger only in older minds, many are much modified, and none are remaining as they were; while all left from them, in present sources of pleasure to the mind and heart, have but little

influence, speaking comparatively, among the greater variety of modern activities. Spelling-matches, singing-schools, corn-huskings, apple-bees, balls, raisings, spring trainings and autumn musters, thanksgivings and fourths of July, weddings, and in fact, funerals, ordinations, and every reception of a new pastor, as they were then, are now no more. Memory reminds some still living of those things, and our reflection shows what would be their result. There was none of "the gravity with which the English disport themselves" in those Scotchmen, nor did it appear in their families for a hundred years. Joke they would, whether at work or at play, in preaching or praying and praising God. Do not these supposed scriptural lines look like quite jovial language?

"Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout;
Up from the sands ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about."

To read reports of their sparkling conversations, such queer combinations of wisdom and wit, of humor and pathos, of very ludicrous conceptions and drollery, is simply like listening to Dr. Wallace when in a merry mood—and who happened to meet him in any other? A man of ninety years recently said to the writer,—“I never saw him but that he had something funny to say.” Scotch spirit it was which caused George Macdonald to declare, in a lecture on Tom Hood, he did not believe we would be perfectly happy unless we could laugh heartily in the presence of God Himself. Songs, stories, superstitions, sports, schools comical on some sides, storms, mornings and

evenings in nature, customs, toils, thoughtfulness in scenes of sadness, highest hilarity in its times, much of life, little of literature, and daily lessons among men, made him what he was, while learning never removed any of their results, rather refining feelings and faculties that they filled, and divine grace guided and directed all lasting effects to the glory of God in the good of men.

Much change came over religious affairs in Bedford from the work commenced by Rev. Thomas Savage. Spiritual activities seem to have been neglected until that time. The influence of the Sunday-school could have been but little felt, for it was scarcely worthy of its sacred name. Meetings for prayer and conference, or social worship, were really unestablished. There had been no general revival of religion, or renewal at the same spiritual refreshing of many hearts, in the whole history of the town. Temperance sentiments never regulated any man's habits; but this statement, made within two months, “My father always took a drink of rum before he went to church,” could be adopted by other sons still living. If the pastor entered a house having no ardent spirits, the good woman was troubled like the mother of the Master at that wedding without wine; and some swift-footed one was secretly sent out at the back door, directed to cut quickly across lots to the nearest neighbor and borrow a little liquor in order that the exemplary man might receive such kindness as sacred custom made imperative, and not suffer from any neglect of church courtesy suited to the occasion. It is stated that a whole barrel of rum was

once served at a funeral in that town. New life for religion and reform followed the settlement of Mr. Savage. Justin Edwards delivered the first temperance sermon at the church on Thanksgiving Day, in 1829. Not long after, an abstinence society was formed, many signed the pledge, and habits became much changed. General religious interest increased, culminating in a rich revival at protracted meetings, and ninety-one were received into sacred communion in September, 1831. We cannot doubt that the coming preacher, clothed in the matchless strength of early manhood, and having an earnest nature, came into his spiritual life filled far more than many a one with the Holy Ghost, and always warm with thoughts and desires of future usefulness such as few feel and none ever excel.

Some motherly opposition, in part probably because of conditions and difficulties that would be as lions, not to say wolves, in the street, stayed his purpose of preparing for the ministry till he had doubtless satisfied the direction of an old divine to a young man, not to enter the sacred calling as long as he could keep out of it. There was something in his heart "as a burning fire shut up in his bones, and he was weary with forbearing, and he could not stay" out of the ministry. The spectacle of a person standing at the age of 29 years, yet uneducated, on the threshold of such continued useful life, finds few if any equals in New England's best biographies. In the autumn of 1834 he entered the college at Oberlin, Ohio, founded the same year. Using his skill as a cabinet-maker and painter, he performed

manual labor in the shop, and also set glass in one of the halls, of the institution, so paying in part the price of a little learning. An eclectic course of study was pursued, and doubtless selected with the wisdom of maturity. Two things, no doubt, beyond usual lessons in books, became mighty forces in forming his character as a clergyman, namely, life in an atmosphere filled always with the intense spirit of very radical reformers, as well as strongest abolition sentiments, and deepest of all earthly influences from the pure personality of that prince of America's successful revivalists, the Rev. Charles G. Finney, not far from forty-two years of age, just in the prime of his superior powers, and with the wisest experience of a decade as an evangelist. A mature man in years, yet youthlike in uneducated intellectual life, full of the unkindled elements of great genius, and, as it were, waiting the touch of a master in his chosen calling, a fire to inflame faculties of his mind and feelings of his heart, he was indebted to the animating enthusiasm of the preaching, and the abiding inspiration of the prayers, of Finney far more than to any other human medium or instrumentality that can be named. Necessarily or not, the age of such complete personalities in sacred seminaries, certain to impart powerful forming influence, seems to have passed away.

One year's work closed his studies at Oberlin. New Hampshire secured the honor of further educating her richly gifted son. The theological seminary at Gilmanton opened in success, about fifteen years. Yield- 1835, and continued, yet with various

ing to the wishes of family friends, Cyrus remained in his native state, studying under direction of Dr. Whiton of Antrim, and his pastor, Rev. Thomas Savage, until he entered the first class of the new seminary in March, 1836, completing the course with ten others at the appointed time. The institution seems to have become quite well furnished for its work when they commenced. More than the usual or recent attention was given to the practical cultivation of personal piety. The learned Dixie Crosby became lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology, and the Philosophy of Health, there was a sacred music society, and the general design of the whole work was specifically stated in the following: "To train up men for the Gospel ministry, who shall truly believe, and cordially love and endeavor to propagate and defend, in its genuineness, simplicity, and fullness, that system of religious belief and practice which is called Orthodox or Evangelical." Less can be said in commendation of its material than its mental-food, for even in those times, "with washing and mending" included, the small sum of one dollar and a half per week would furnish only a frugal fare, although it was stated that, "This price will vary from this with the price of provisions."

It is not difficult to judge just how one with his high purpose, previous inspirations, strength of maturity, thirst for fitting knowledge, and, doubtless, special sense of educational wants, would devote himself to the prescribed course of theological lessons; still less genius and more rigid discipline of mind might have secured richer results of those special

studies. With some supplementary reading at Gilmanton, after he had begun to preach and engage in Sunday-school work, which would make his pursuits practical, quite likely he had more nearly complete preparation for the ministry than was generally supposed. Probably it is difficult for any one knowing his naturalness, ease, and apt power in the pulpit, to think of him as once set in manners, measuring gestures, and poising as graceful, like the latent theologues, yet no doubt he did it until leaving off foolish preaching and devoting all his abilities to the foolishness of preaching of such kind as the apostle speaks.

Great preachers rise above conditions such as others respect. Christ implied that a prophet was without honor in his own country and town. That carpenter's Son never really looked like a king even to converted Jews. Yet here was a farmer's son, a worker in wood and a painter, ranking as an artisan instead of an artist, that wrought his life work within an hour's walk of where he was born, brought up, and diligently performed physical labor until he began to be about thirty years of age. Judging from his own words, we should say he had held his adopted town in some slight and dishonor, as it was, when noticed with others of inferior rank. Not its schools, church, culture, and natural products could compare well with those of most towns. The sterility of its soil and the poverty of its people were reproaches spoken of in mirth rather than malice or rejoiced satisfaction. Such a collector of laughable things as he was, once wove together the following for his own and others' delight. A father,

owning 400 acres of land in old Derryfield, desired his son to stay at home and have the whole. He, however, ran away, wishing to be free from such cause of work, weariness, worry, and want. There is a tradition, stating that a traveller once saw a grasshopper, on some of its pine plains, sadly weeping and wiping the tears from his swarthy face, and when asked about the cause of his grief, he replied, "The last mullen is wasting, and I see nothing but certain death by starvation." Some time in 1753 it was voted in town-meeting that "Benj. Stevens' barn and Wm. McClintock's barn be the places of public worship till the money voted last March be expended." Of the first church's house he wrote these words: "One part would decay before another part was completed, so it was always in a dilapidated condition. Those met to attend the ordinances of the gospel on a summer's Sabbath might have been reminded of these beautiful words of the Psalmist: 'Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts.'"

He began his steady work with the church of fourteen members at Amoskeag, in May, 1839. Not a spindle had run on the Manchester side of the river until that year; yet it was soon evident that a union of that little flock and the one at the old centre should be effected, and all meet at a place of worship within the midst of a manufacturing village just beginning to grow as few if any other places have ever grown in Eastern states. The two small churches came together as one Aug. 15, 1839, named as the

First Congregational Church in Manchester, and numbering twenty-seven. November 21, of the same year, he preached the dedicatory sermon in the new house on Hanover street, where he was ordained and installed Jan. 8, 1840, thereby becoming, according to his own statement, the first pastor, of any denomination, settled in the town. That relation continued thirty-three years, since his active work with the church closed soon after his resignation, Feb. 11, 1873, when he was about sixty-eight years old, although he preached quite constantly and with wonderful force some time after, reaching the rank of an octogenarian.

No account of his pastoral work can be given in this place. Probably it was scarcely ever approached in the state in its steady devotion, its spiritual activities, and abiding as well as immediate effects. For much the greater part of a generation, not a Lord's Supper passed away without additions to the church, containing, as he laid down his office, 507 members. But few are at all aware what amount of mental labor a long pastorate requires. Could Dr. Wallace's words, spoken in public, be printed, they would fill a hundred volumes. Ministers are the most thinking class of speakers or writers. Irving and Emerson, Everett and Phillips, Sumner and Webster, or richest authors and orators of England, left little as compared with what many a preacher produces. Some advantage general writers show in the quality of their work, which would, however, vanish in nearly like quantity that the common minister writes.

Special strength was shown by him in noblest efforts for reform. Few

were more radical in spirit, although no one was wiser in words, which kept people pressing on against slavery, wrong in nearer results, and intemperance, so much checked during grand battles in which he heartily engaged, and of which he never acted an inferior part. There were real Luther-like qualities in his spirit. In response to remarks concerning his heroic course, certain to smite all evil in the city of his home, he said he never asked what it would cost to stand by the truth, but "What is truth?" and when once found he should not desert it. The generation to which he belonged left some ministers "strayed or stolen" out of the pulpit, although they were rank reformers until death, and, as the following instance shows, somewhat wanted to be the same hereafter. To one of such a class he expressed deep regret that a person so sincere and conscientious should desert the Master to be lost, and received this language: "You admit my sincerity and conscientiousness, still send me to perdition. Now, let me tell you that if I do go there and can find another of like character, then there will be a revolution in hell." He went within that undiscovered country's bourn before future probation, in ancient words, was discovered.

To the Granite State belongs the honor of his birth, the benefits that have been borne by his labors, and the lasting influences of his life. Few if any of her home ones were so well known, and none ever held in higher esteem. The open secret of his success should be better told. There are no such self-made men. Nature clothed him in her richest qualities of

mind and heart. He had the advantage of an education in the midst of common life, furnishing knowledge of human wants, which no college course can impart. An eminent novelist tells us,—"Our Savior Himself had to be thirty years in the world before he had footing enough in it to justify Him in beginning to teach publicly. He had been laying the foundations all the time." There is more fact than fiction in this, so far as it applies to the man Christ Jesus; and Dr. Wallace was wisely educated in the same way, which gave him much common sense, not common knowledge of human nature and discernment of the duties of his holy office. It was not his habit to take the part of a Malaprop. Probably but few failed so little to say and do and direct the right thing in ever right circumstances, so it was shown to be beautiful in its time. That he was one with an easy eloquence, a real orator and natural actor, thousands often felt. "He was," said one, "a remarkable speaker. One charm was that he always, in some part of his sermon, managed to get up a fight with somebody or something, and, to sift it down, it always seemed to be with the devil. At those times Mr. Wallace would clinch his fists, raise them high in the air, and in a sharp, excited voice get off passages of tragic eloquence." Such quotation suggests small part of his sustained power as a preacher. It tells of the thunder rather than the lightning. It was something that followed a full flash of the light of truth that was sent forth from a text and darted down into every receptive heart, to be followed always with a gentle though plentiful shower of the

were more radical in spirit, although as one was wont to remark, which kept people guessing as against slavery, strong in general results, and in consequence so much shocked during grand battles in which he heartily engaged, and of which he never ceased an inferior part. There were real, substantial qualities in his spirit. In response to remarks concerning his heroic courage, certain to inspire all well in the city of his home, he said he never asked what it would cost to stand by the truth, but "What is truth?" and when once found he should not desert it. The generation in which he belonged felt some and others "stayed or stayed" out of the light, although there were some no longer held death, such as the following instance shows. somewhat wanted to be the same departed. To one of such a class he expressed deep regret that a person so sincere and conscientious should spend the latter part of his life, and received this answer: "You shall my sincerity and conscientiousness will send me to prison. Now let me tell you that if I do go there and can find another of like character, then there will be a revolution in hell." He went within that undisciplined country's doors before future probation, in another words, was discovered.

To the Granite State belongs the honor of his birth, the benefits that have been borne by his labors, and the lasting influence of his life. Few if any of her home once were so well known, and none ever held in higher esteem. The open secret of his unceasing should be better told. There are no such self-made men. Few have clothed him in her richest gratities of

mind and heart. He had the advantage of an education in the midst of common life, familiar knowledge of human wants, which no college course can impart. A student nevertheless he,—"Our Master himself had passed thirty years in the world before he had feeling enough in it to justify him in the thought to teach mankind. He had been living the foundation all the time." There is more truth than fiction in this, so far as it applies to the man Christ Jesus; and the Wallace was clearly educated in the same way, which gave him such a true sense, and common knowledge of human nature and character. It was the duties of his life often. It was not his habit to take the part of a Mahomet. Probably but few told so little to say and do and then the right thing in every right circumstance, so it was shown to be beautiful in time. There was no gift in any eloquence, a real power and natural actor, thousands when told. "He was," said one, "a man whose presence in our church was that we always to some part of his sermon, managed to get up a fight with somebody in a row, thing, and to sit it down, it always seemed to be with the devil. At those times Mr. Wallace would climb his feet, raise them high in the air, and in a sharp, excited voice put off passages of "irresistible power." Such position suggests a small part of his exalted power as a preacher. It tells of the founder rather than the lightning. It was something that followed a full flash of the light of truth that was more forth from a part and darted down into every receptive heart to be followed always with a gentle though powerful shower of the

glad doctrines and precious promises in the words of God. He was wonderful for his happy power of putting things through right terms, matchless symbols, beautiful figures, stories or anecdotes, and whatever a sense of adaptation so keen, and of application so quick, or what one has styled "a homiletic frame of mind," might take from his own field for observations. An instance shall be given. The last story related by him in our presence was this: "Some generations ago, when negroes served as slaves in New England states, the owner of a ship was much concerned on account of its non-arrival with a valuable cargo. Going to the best point of view, he had his servant climb to the top of a tree; then he asked, 'Do you see her, Sambo?' 'No, Massa, see nothing.' Again and again the inquiry rose, receiving the same answer. At last the time came, when Sambo, bent far forward, with two bright eye-balls still farther advanced, strained all optical energies and dared reply, 'I e'enamost see her.'" This was told to illustrate the position, strain of thought, and stretch of truth on the part of some self-supposed progressive ones, who "e'enamost see" something along the offing of the ocean of eternal truth. The following illustrates his aptness in assisting others as teachers of themselves. As we were once seated together on a railway train, the seller of news silently left this written question in his hand: "Does the word save?" Viewing it a moment, though without an indicated thought, he continued in conversation until the inquirer returned and stopped in silence, when the Doctor read, "Does the word save?" and only asked, "Does the axe

cut?" Quick came the response, "No, not without the one who uses it." Thus that question, on which clergymen might multiply words, was satisfactorily answered by its author.

The habit of extemporaneous speaking, in which he hardly had a superior, rendered every written sermon more full of force and fire. Frequently told by his earlier companion, "You are getting dull," he would dismiss manuscript, shoot without resting gun, and make clean-cut words, with aim unerring, go straight to the hearts of his hearers. As a match for ministers, and, indeed, all other talking men, not many a one was so certain to hit the mark. Much of his success as a speaker can be ascribed to this somewhat wonderful facility, to unexcelled adaptation in the substance of sermons, and to an easy, still ever energetic, charming address, such as "lodged the text, the subject, and the manner firmly in memory." Rich in religious experience and knowledge of life, in its temporal as well as spiritual affairs, rather than truly learned in literature and philosophy, he had happy power over every rank. Among good and great gospel preachers, residing always in New Hampshire, he has had no superior, and whatever ones shall come after him, he will long remain unsurpassed, since in an obituary's words "one of the best men God ever made."

Mr. Wallace was honored with the title of D. D. from Dartmouth college in 1868, and by being elected twice to the legislature. He was married, May 18, 1840, to Susan A. Webster, who died May 15, 1873; and Sept. 30, 1874, to Elizabeth A. Allison, who survived him at the time of his death, which occurred Oct. 21, 1889.

LAWYERS OMITTED IN HISTORY OF BELKNAP COUNTY BENCH AND BAR.

BY E. A. HIBBARD.

An article under the above caption was published in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for January and February, 1889. It was furnished in March, 1886, for the information of the editor, and was not intended for publication. It contained only the names of those "lawyers omitted" whom I could then recall, and was very incomplete. The editor having since offered to publish a corrected list, I have undertaken to prepare one. The following is as complete a list as I have been able to obtain. It includes not only those who were omitted in the History, but also those who have commenced practice in the county since its publication, which was in the fall of 1885. It has not been thought advisable to attempt to give the early history of any. A brief reference is made to the later career of all, so far as it has been ascertained. Doubtless several who are not mentioned as dead are not now living.

ALTON.

John M. Berry: commenced in 1850; left in 1852; was for many years a judge of the supreme court of Minnesota; died in office in 1887.

John A. Kilburn: commenced about 1856; continued about three years; is supposed to be dead.

Jefferson M. Moody: commenced in 1855 or 1856; continued between six and seven years; afterwards located in a Western state.

John W. Carrier: commenced in 1862; continued until the failure of

his health a short time before his death, which occurred in June, 1887; was assistant clerk of the senate in 1867 and 1868, and clerk in 1869 and 1870; and was solicitor of Belknap county several years.

BARNSTEAD.

Isaac O. Barnes: commenced about 1822; continued till about 1832; was a representative from Barnstead in 1829 and 1830; lived afterwards many years in Boston, and died there; was United States Marshal of Massachusetts, and naval officer and pension agent at Boston.

Moses Norris, Jr.: commenced about 1833; continued until he removed to Pittsfield about 1835; removed to Manchester about 1849, and remained there till he died, in January, 1855; was a representative from Pittsfield several terms, and was the speaker in 1839 and 1847; was a representative to congress from 1843 to 1847; was a U. S. senator from March 4, 1849, until his death.

Charles S. George: commenced in 1845; practised about two years; has since been a farmer, practising his profession occasionally; was a representative from Barnstead in 1860 and 1861, a delegate to the constitutional convention in 1876, and senator from the Pittsfield district in 1887.

Albert E. Hodgdon: commenced about 1846; continued about a year, until his death.

Charles R. Rogers: commenced in 1847; continued about three years.

Benjamin F. Winkley: commenced about 1848; continued but a short time.

Henry B. Leavitt: commenced about 1853; removed to Pittsfield in 1854; was a captain in the seventh regiment of New Hampshire volunteers; died in July, 1863, in Charleston, S. C., from wounds received in battle.

CENTRE HARBOR.

John H. Smith: commenced about 1824; continued till about 1828; afterwards practised in Rochester and in Dover; was a representative from Rochester in 1832, 1833, and 1834; was clerk of the courts for Strafford county from 1841 until he was killed in the great railroad accident at the Weirs, October 7, 1852.

GILFORD (LAKE VILLAGE).

Orestes H. Key: commenced about 1868; continued about eleven years; was a delegate from Gilford to the constitutional convention in 1876, and a representative in 1878 and 1879; now practising in Danville.

Benjamin C. Dean: commenced about 1869; continued between two and three years; is agent of the Manchester Print Works and has been for several years.

GILMANTON IRON WORKS.

Edwin P. Thompson: commenced in April, 1876; removed to Belmont in October, 1877; practised there till January, 1885; has ever since been clerk of the supreme court for Belknap county; was a delegate from Belmont to the constitutional convention in 1889.

Edwin H. Shannon: commenced in 1882; removed to Farmington in 1883; to Pittsfield in 1885; to Barn-

stead in 1888; returned to Gilmanton Iron Works in 1890.

LACONIA (MEREDITH BRIDGE UNTIL 1855).

Henry H. Orne: commenced about 1818; removed to Wolfeborough about 1819; returned about 1823; again removed to Wolfeborough about 1833; remained there many years, until his death, though not in general practice.

William C. Clarke: commenced about 1837; continued till he removed to Manchester about 1844; remained there till his death about 1872; was the first solicitor of Belknap county, his term commencing in 1841; was judge of probate for Hillsborough county several years, ending in 1856; was attorney-general during the last ten years of his life.

M. Bradbury Goodwin: commenced about 1850; continued about two years; resided afterwards many years in Franklin, and died there.

Hiram A. Spear: commenced in 1852; continued about one year; then removed to California; returned about 1855; continued until his death, in February, 1858, being then register of probate for Belknap county.

C. W. Clarke: commenced in January, 1853; continued till he returned to Chelsea, Vermont, in the fall of 1853.

Charles H. Butters: commenced in 1855; continued a few months in partnership with George W. Stevens (Stevens & Butters); previously practised in Pittsfield; afterwards in Concord, and died there about 1860.

William P. Bartlett: commenced about 1856; continued about two years in partnership with George W. Stevens (Stevens & Bartlett).

William L. Avery: commenced in 1858; continued about five years, most of the time in partnership with Daniel C. Woodman (Avery & Woodman); was register of probate for Belknap county about three years, commencing in 1858; now resides in Michigan.

Daniel C. Woodman: commenced in 1859; continued about four years in partnership with William L. Avery (Avery & Woodman); was a soldier of the Union in the civil war; died a few years after his return.

Lucian Gale: commenced about 1861; continued until he died about 1878; had previously practised a good many years in Boston.

Woodbury L. Melcher: commenced in March, 1862; relinquished practice in July, 1864; has since given his attention mainly to banking and insurance; was register of probate for Belknap county ten years, commencing in 1861; was a delegate from Laconia to the constitutional convention in 1889.

Daniel S. Dinsmoor: commenced in 1865 in partnership with William N. Blair (Blair & Dinsmoor); relinquished practice in 1866; was subsequently engaged in banking until his death, March 24, 1883; was register of probate for Belknap county about eight years, commencing in 1871; was a representative from Laconia in 1875; was a senator-elect from the Laconia district at the time of his death.

Silas B. Smith: commenced about the first of 1872 in partnership with Erastus P. Jewell (Jewell & Smith); continued till he removed to Oregon in 1875; now resides there.

W. George Alden: commenced in

the fall of 1873; continued till the spring of 1875, most of the time in partnership with O. A. J. Vaughan (Vaughan & Alden); subsequently removed to Illinois; died there in 1887.

Hayes Lougee: commenced about 1872; continued a year; afterwards practised several years in Moultonborough; now and for many years past practising in Boston.

Stephen S. Jewett: commenced in March, 1880; has continued till the present time; in partnership with Wm. A. Plummer since September, 1889 (Jewett & Plummer); was assistant clerk of the house of representatives in 1887 and 1889, and clerk in 1890 and 1891.

John W. Ashman: commenced in March, 1880; relinquished practice in January, 1885, and engaged in banking; was register of probate for Belknap county from July, 1885, to July, 1889, and again elected Nov., 1890.

Walter S. Peaslee: commenced in the fall of 1885; has continued till the present time; is solicitor-elect of Belknap county.

Charles B. Hibbard: commenced in August, 1886, after practising several years in Massachusetts; has continued till the present time in partnership with Ellery A. Hibbard (E. A. & C. B. Hibbard); was solicitor of Belknap county from July, 1887, to July, 1889.

George B. Cox: commenced in August, 1888; in March, 1889, entered into partnership with Napoleon J. Dyer (Cox & Dyer); has continued till the present time.

Napoleon J. Dyer: commenced in March, 1889, in partnership with George B. Cox (Cox & Dyer); has continued till the present time.

Clarence H. Pearson : commenced in the spring of 1889, after practising several years in Michigan; removed to Sequachee, Tenn., in the fall of 1890.

Frank M. Beckford : commenced in July, 1889, in partnership with the late Thomas J. Whipple (Whipple & Beckford); has continued till the present time; was a delegate from Laconia to the constitutional convention in 1889.

William A. Plummer : commenced in September, 1889, in partnership with Stephen S. Jewett (Jewett & Plummer); has continued till the present time.

MEREDITH VILLAGE.

Aaron Woodman : commenced about 1834; continued about two years.

David S. Vittum : commenced about 1850; continued about two years in partnership with George W. Stevens (Stevens & Vittum); removed to Wisconsin soon afterwards; died there not long ago.

John W. Ela : commenced in 1858; continued about two years; removed to Plymouth; remained there until he enlisted in 1862; was a captain in the fifteenth regiment of New Hampshire volunteers; removed to Chicago at the close of his army service; ever since in practice there.

George S. Hilton : commenced in October, 1866; has continued about a year; then removed to Paterson, N. J.; ever since in practice there.

James L. Wilson : commenced in April, 1886; has continued till the present time; practised also at Ash-

land, and resided there at the same time, as well as before.

NEW HAMPTON.

Ira St. Clair : commenced about 1824; continued till he removed to Deerfield about 1825; was in practice there until his death in 1875; was judge of probate for Rockingham county from 1848 to 1857.

George A. Emerson : commenced in 1880; continued until he was appointed clerk of the supreme court for Belknap county early in 1883; resigned in the fall of 1884; now in practice at Bristol.

TILTON (SANBORNTON BRIDGE UNTIL 1869).

Stephen Grant : commenced about 1838; continued till about 1843.

William T. Norris : commenced in 1860 in partnership with Charles C. Rogers (Norris & Rogers); continued about a year; afterwards, as well as before, practised in Danbury, and recently died there; was a representative from Danbury in 1856 and 1857.

Elijah D. Hastings : commenced about 1861; continued about a year.

J. Ware Butterfield : commenced in 1861; continued two or three years in partnership with Charles C. Rogers (Rogers & Butterfield); now resides in Kansas.

Walter D. Hardy : commenced in 1882; continued until he removed to Franklin Falls in 1885; was solicitor of Belknap county from July, 1883, to July, 1885.

William B. Fellows : commenced in 1884; has continued till the present time; has been solicitor of Belknap county since July, 1889.

MY LORD BANGS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW WYSE."

CHAPTER XI.

FRENCH LEAVE.

My Lord Bangs retired to his chamber, the night after his last interview with Margery, disheartened, but not utterly cast down. The more difficulties he encountered, the more determined he was to find some stepping-stone by which he might scale the walls, and lay siege to the citadel of her heart. There must be some way, he argued to himself. He had never in his life been balked of anything he had set his heart upon, and he would not be now. What could be the reason that Margery was so insensible to his charms? There must be a reason. He had always been looked upon as irresistible. Why, he could marry any one of a dozen girls he knew. He turned the matter over and over again without coming to any definite conclusion as to what he ought to do. He thought of writing to her, but he felt that in her present mood her indignation would be stronger than her curiosity, and she would return the letter unopened: he could not afford to risk that. He wanted no more rebuffs. They were not suited to his temperament. But of one thing he was sure: he wanted to marry Margery, and nobody else. He made a thousand excuses for her treatment of him. She was young, and hardly knew the meaning of love as yet, and then, she had a great deal of pride.

She would not, of course, yield at once. Perhaps he had frightened her, poor little thing! He wished he had not been so precipitate. But then, it was better she should know, and get accustomed to the idea. He wished he knew just how she felt. She certainly did not dislike him. She had even sought his society, upon occasion. It vexed him that she should have seemed so angry. What right had she to be angry? He had just paid her the highest compliment a man could pay a woman, and she ought to appreciate it. Oh! he remembered now. It was Edith. She had said as much.

"I understand it all now, perfectly," he said, with some excitement. "It is as clear as day. She thinks that I am bound to Edith. Well, I shall speedily disabuse her mind of that idea. I should like to know," he went on irritably, "what right any body has to settle that I am to marry Edith, or any other girl, before I am old enough to know my own mind! Edith is a fine girl, an extremely fine girl, but—hang it!—am I expected to marry every charming girl I happen to come across? I might as well turn Mormon at once. No! I am capable of disposing of my own future, and I propose to do it by marrying Margery. I've never made love to Edith. They take too much for granted!" Then a wave of shame swept over his face. "It's a deuced unpleasant fix," and My Lord Bangs thought himself

a much abused young gentleman indeed, and puffed furiously at his cigar for several minutes.

"They ought to know," he went on, with delicious inconsistency. "Geoff suspected the true state of things long ago. He spoke to me about it. He could see that Edith and I were not suited to each other. By Jove! I believe the old man would be mighty glad to see the coast clear in that direction. I have known for some time of his *penchant* for the stately Edith. Well, if he should conclude to marry my fair sister-in-law, I shall be able to congratulate them both with all my heart." And having settled this important matter in a manner eminently satisfactory to himself, he turned his thoughts once more to Margery.

"I have half a mind to go away for a short time," he said musingly. "I should n't be at all surprised if that should prove to be the very best thing possible, under the circumstances. She certainly would miss me, and—perhaps—regret me. I'll sleep over it;"—and suiting the action to the word, he was soon in the land of dreams.

He sauntered over to the other house the next morning, in his usual leisurely fashion, looking, however, it must be confessed, very eagerly for a glimpse of a dainty, white-robed figure, for a gleam of Titian hair luminous in the morning sunshine, for a flutter of gay ribbons through the trees of the garden, for a flash of white teeth through the cherry lips. But no such vision greeted him, and he felt a sense of personal loss which he could hardly account for, as he stooped to pick a late autumn flower.

That everything would come out all right he felt quite sure. He had settled the matter in his own mind and to his own satisfaction. He even admitted to himself that he was by no means sure that Edith would accept him should he offer himself to her, although he would never have acknowledged such an extraordinary thing, had his feelings towards her sister been otherwise than they were. The more he thought of it, the better he was convinced that Edith and Geoffrey were made for each other. They both had that quiet, calm temperament which would be satisfied with a love founded upon mutual esteem, while he—Good heavens! how the blood tingled in his veins at the thought of Margery—his own, yes, his very own. He stepped eagerly inside as he caught a glimpse of a white dress through the open door, and encountered—Edith. She greeted him with a bright smile and words of welcome, but his pulsations were speedily reduced to their normal condition, as he sat down for a few minutes' conversation. How calm and self-possessed she always was, and how proud he should be of her as—*his sister-in-law!*

He began to fidget. After a while Edith noticed it, it was so unlike him—walking about the room, picking up a book only to put it down and take up some ornament, displacing things generally.

"What is the matter?" she asked quizzically. "You seem nervous this morning." She suspected that he had quarrelled with Margery, and that he had come over to complain of her. "Are you looking for something you don't find? Perhaps I can assist you."

"Yes—no!" he answered in some confusion. "That is—I would like— Will you drive with me this morning —you and Margery?"

"Margery has gone," she answered, looking at him in wonder at his strange manner.

"*Gone?*" he repeated like one dazed.

"Yes, gone," she answered; "but you needn't look so troubled. She is n't lost. She has only gone to visit Maude Eaton for a few weeks. She has talked of it for some time, you know, and last night she made up her mind quite suddenly. I have just come back from the station after seeing her off."

"Does Geoffrey know?" he asked, waxing angry. "Am I the only one who is kept in ignorance of your intention? I must say I consider it very shabby treatment."

"Nonsense!" said Edith, laughing. "There was no intention of secrecy, on my part at least. It was only one of Margery's little whims. Papa is away, and she did not wish anyone but Aunt Sarah to know. It is nothing worth having any feeling about. Geoffrey knows no more than you."

"I certainly think it very strange," he answered, nowise mollified, "that you should permit a young girl like Margery to travel alone, when it is so unnecessary. There is Geoffrey, if you do not feel like trusting me," and something resembling a sneer accompanied these words.

"It is a very small matter to waste words over," said Edith, quietly. "Margery is going on a short journey, without change of cars, to visit a friend; and I consider her perfectly

capable of taking charge of herself, to that extent. It was not necessary to trouble either you or Geoffrey. Besides, she did not wish an escort."

"But you are letting her visit strange people—people whom you do not know at all——"

"Geoffrey knows them," she interrupted.

"Geoffrey be hanged!" Then he laughed. He was ashamed of his ill-humor. "No, I'll be hanged," he corrected, "if I understand this business at all; but I suppose you do, and that it is all right. The truth is, I am not very amiable this morning. I have to go away myself, to-morrow, on some annoying business, and I am rather cross about it. I suppose I ought to beg your pardon. I'm very sorry," with one of his irresistible smiles: "I won't do so again."

"Of course I forgive you," Edith answered, smiling. "You remind me so much of Margery in her childish days, that I really couldn't have the heart to refuse. Now do sit down, and tell me where you are going so suddenly, and for what—that is, if you choose to have me know."

"Oh, yes, certainly, of course," he answered, a little embarrassed. "I'm going to New York to—er—— It's about an investment that I—er—am not quite sure about."

"Ah! that is all? I thought, perhaps, that it was something that was troubling you," she answered, as though dismissing the subject.

"Oh, no," he answered, as he rose to go. "That is, I think it will be arranged to my satisfaction."

Then to himself as he closed the door behind him:

"By Jove! What a different house

capable of taking charge of herself, to that extent. It was not necessary to trouble either son or daughter. Heiden, she did not wish to marry. "But you are letting me visit strange people—people whom you do not know at all—" "Gentley knows them," she interrupted.

"Gentley, he begged," then he laughed. He was ashamed of his behavior. "No! I'll be honest, he corrected. "I understand this part of all, but I suppose you do not know that it is all right. The truth is, I am not quite ready for the marriage. I have to go away again, however, on some business, and I am rather cross about it. I suppose I ought to pay your father. I'm very sorry," with one of his irresistible smiles. "I won't do so again."

"Of course I forgive you," replied answered, smiling. "You seem to be so much of Margery in her attitude of mind, that I really could not have the heart to refuse. Now do sit down, and tell me where you are going to and for what—that is, if you choose to have me know."

"Oh, yes, certainly, of course," he answered, a little embarrassed. "I'm going to New York to—er—er—about an investigation that I—er—am not quite sure about."

"Ah! that is all? I thought, perhaps, that it was something that was troubling you," she answered, as though dismissing the subject.

"Oh, no," he answered, as he rose to go. "That is, I think it will be arranged to my satisfaction."

Then to himself he closed the door behind him.

"My love! what a different scene

"Yes—no," he answered in some confusion. "That is—I wouldn't—Will you drive with me this morning—you and Margery?"

"Margery has gone," she answered, looking at him in wonder at his strange manner.

"Gentley," he repeated like one dazed.

"Yes, gone," she answered. "But you needn't look so troubled. She is not lost. She has only gone to visit Maudie Bates for a few weeks. She has talked of it for some time, you know, and last night she made up her mind quite suddenly. I have just come back from the station after seeing her off."

"Does Gentley know?" he asked, waiting eagerly. "Am I the only one who is kept in ignorance of your intention? I must say I consider it very shady treatment."

"Nonsense!" said Edith, laughing. "There was no intention of secrecy, on my part at least. It was only one of Margery's little whims. She is away, and she did not wish anything but Aunt Sarah to know. It is nothing worth having any feeling about. Gentley knows no more than you."

"I certainly think it very strange," he answered, now his merriment. "That you should permit a young girl like Margery to travel alone, when it is so unnecessary. There is Gentley, if you do not feel like trusting me, and something resembling a sister accompanied these weeks."

"It is a very small matter to waste words over," said Edith, quietly. "Margery is going on a short journey without change of cars, to visit a friend; and I consider her perfectly

that is without Margery! I am glad that I made up my mind to go away. How savage I was with poor Edith. Well, it is all on account of Margery Heavens! how I love that girl! Ah! if she only knew! But she shall know. Just as soon as she gets back I shall insist upon being heard. She has no right to refuse to listen to me, and I firmly believe that she will not, if I can once impress her with the idea that Edith will be far happier with Geoffrey. I can say that to her with a clear conscience, for I honestly believe it to be true, and the judge is

worthy of her too, by Jove! and I could n't say that of many men. Bless you, my children, I think I see you happy;" and he strolled down town, while Edith looking after him, said,—

"He has forgotten about driving, and I am rather glad on the whole, for I want to mend that frightful hole in Margery's new dress. She is very unfortunate, is Margery in the matter of rents. But I think with fine stitches, and a new arrangement of drapery, it will be wearable once more."

[To be continued.]

"THE WRITING ON THE WALL."

BY VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

In the room where I am sitting,
Lost in reveries and knitting,
I perceive upon the wall
Pencil-marks—a baby's scrawl;
When the scrawl, or whose the baby,
I may never fathom, maybe,
But a baby's 't is, I *know*,
For they always scribble *so*.

All Art's limitations scorning,
"Baby" thinks but of adorning
"Where the pretty flowers run:"
Laughing "Baby"—full of fun!
I can see just how her fingers
Clutch the pencil while she lingers:
Mamma chides, but *she* persists,
Doubling up her chubby fists.

Zig-zag marks—now long ones, short
ones,
(Just about as babies' thought runs)
Then, attempts at something nice:
I shall guess it in a trice:

Oh, a horse! and that's a kitty!
Baby certainly was witty,—
She has made them look so droll:
Bless her,—merry little soul!

In this house a stranger, lonely,
Here is consolation only
Just to gaze at baby's scrawl
On the paper of the wall;
For the while that I am gazing,
Memory, Time's veil upraising,
Shows me babes of long ago—
Two sweet babes I used to know;
And they stand before me "drawing,"
All the change of years ignoring:
Then no longer lone am I,
With my precious babies by—
Sweetest gift to woman given!
When the dear home-ties are riven,
When to womanhood they're grown
And to other nests have flown,
Often comes the mother-yearning,
And, in fanciful discerning,
They are with us, babies small.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

132 A

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

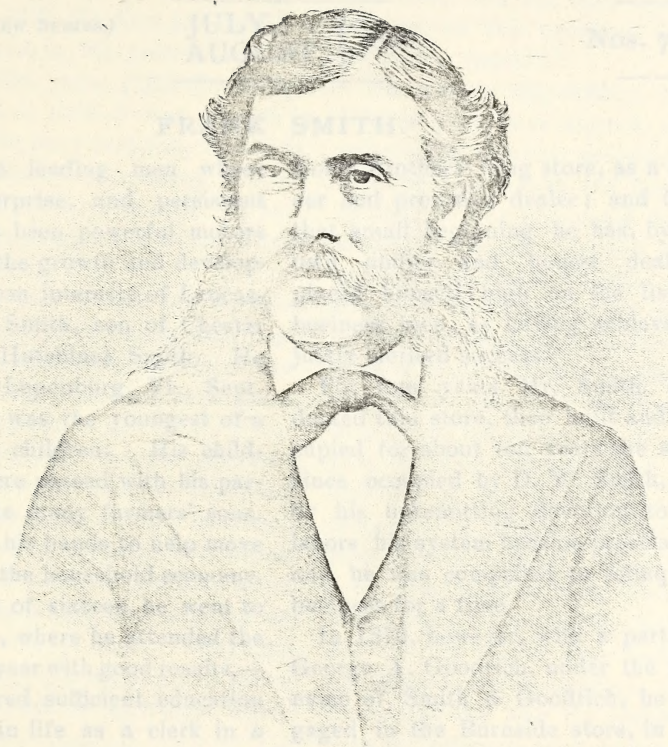
Dedicated to Literature, Biography, History, and Social Progress.

Vol. III, New Series.
No. XII.

JULY
A.D. 1881

Nov. 7, 1881

FRANK SMITH



Among the leading men of the Granite State, few have been so successful in the business world as Frank Smith. His career is a story of industry, enterprise, and perseverance. He has built up a large business, and his name is known throughout the Granite State. He is a man of many talents, and his success is the result of his own efforts and the assistance of his friends. He is a man of high character, and his life is a model for others to follow.

At the age of sixteen, he came to Newbury, Vt., where he remained for two years, attending the common schools. He then came to Boston, where he remained for three years, attending the Boston Latin School. He then came to Newbury, Vt., where he remained for two years, attending the common schools. He then came to Boston, where he remained for three years, attending the Boston Latin School. He then came to Newbury, Vt., where he remained for two years, attending the common schools. He then came to Boston, where he remained for three years, attending the Boston Latin School.

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JULY, }
AUGUST, } 1890.

Nos. 7, 8.

FRANK SMITH.

Among the leading men whose activity, enterprise, and persistent industry have been powerful motors in furthering the growth and developing the business interests of Lancaster, is Frank Smith, son of Chester and Betsey (Hutchins) Smith. He was born at Lunenburg, Vt., Sept. 12, 1833, and was the youngest of a family of ten children. His childhood years were passed with his parents, and, like many farmers' sons, he had to use his hands to help move the wheels of the household economy.

At the age of sixteen he went to Newbury, Vt., where he attended the seminary one year with good results,—having acquired sufficient education to start him in life as a clerk in a store in Boston, where he remained two years, gaining a knowledge of business, and fitting himself in various ways for his future field of labor.

In the fall of 1852 he came to Lancaster, and commenced his long and active business career in the store of J. A. Smith.

The energy and ambition of Frank Smith, from which his success comes, would not allow him to be an employé, and the next spring, with his little savings, he began trade in a small way in the building now the

Colby Brothers' drug store, as a grocer and provision dealer; and from that small beginning he has, by his own ability and honest dealing, placed himself high on the list of business men, as having achieved a justly merited success.

For four years Mr. Smith conducted this store, then built and occupied for about ten years the store since occupied by D. W. Smith, but by his unremitting devotion to his labors his system became prostrated, and he was compelled to relinquish business for a time.

In 1870, however, with a partner, George A. Goodrich, under the firm name of Smith & Goodrich, he engaged in the Burnside store, in the same line, only paying more attention to the jobbing of flour, feed, and grain. This partnership continued three years, when the firm became Frank Smith & Co., Mr. Goodrich being succeeded by A. M. Bullard, who died in 1881, when his son, Willie E. Bullard, became Mr. Smith's partner. At this time the business had assumed large proportions—over a quarter of a million per annum—and included grain, flour, agricultural implements, etc.

In 1875 they were burned out in

the great fire, losing heavily, but, with characteristic energy, business was carried on without intermission in a rented building, and the construction of the large mercantile establishment now occupied by them was begun as soon as the land could be bought.

About 1873 the firm purchased a half interest in the grist-mill in the village, and, with John P. Hodge, conducted it until it was burned in 1875. The next year they rebuilt it, with facilities for grinding 150,000 bushels of grain per annum. In 1879 Mr. Hodge sold his half to Frank Smith & Co.

In 1881 they bought the Freeman mill, remodelled it, put in machinery to cut annually 4,000,000 feet of lumber, and from that time have manufactured lumber.

They are also largely interested in the Kilkenny Lumber Company. Their business has steadily increased. They own and cultivate the Brooks farm of 120 acres of beautiful meadow land, on which they will cut this year 130 tons of hay. They give constant employment to about seventy-five men, and in the winter season many more.

Mr. Smith married, first, Harriet B., daughter of Fielding and Mary (Bingham) Smith, on May 8, 1855. She died August 1, 1875. They had one child, Minnie, who married Edwin T. Morse, of Charlestown, Mass.; they have one child,—Frank.

Mr. Smith married, second, December 20, 1877, Esther J., daughter of Benjamin and Eunice (Bennett) Rhodes. She was born in Cairo, N. Y. They have two children,—Florence J. and Frank C. Mrs. Smith was for

several years a successful teacher in the State Normal School.

Although Mr. Smith has been an assiduous business man, yet he has been mindful of the civil affairs of the town. He has had the entire supervision of the public schools in Lancaster, and has been a prominent member on the board of education for twelve years.

He was a Republican until the Liberal party was started, when he joined the Greeley movement, and has since acted with the Democrats. In 1881 he was nominated for representative to run against the very popular candidate, Chester B. Jordan, and was defeated by one vote. In 1885 he was again nominated, and elected by seventy-five majority over George P. Rowell. He was chairman of the important county convention of 1886, which decided the rebuilding of the court-house. He is frequently a delegate to county and state conventions.

He has been a Free Mason for over twenty-five years, belonging now to the North Star Lodge and the North Star Commandery. He is a member of the New Hampshire club.

In his religious preferences he is a Unitarian, a regular attendant at the church services, loyal to its principles, and generous to its charities.

In his home life he is kind and attentive; as a manufacturer and business man, an energetic and practical worker; and his labors have been crowned with financial success. Mr. Smith can always be relied upon as a hearty coöperator in, and liberal supporter of, any enterprise pertaining to the public good, and is a popular and esteemed citizen.

THE LITTLE CONTESSA.

BY EMMA C. KUMMEL.

In the *Via del Fasso*, only a short distance from where it enters the *Piazza S. Croce*, stands the old *Guarini* palace, a gloomy, massive building, of dark stone, frowning down upon the narrow, sunny street, as though in disapproval of its brightness.

It is a quiet old street, hemmed in by high, almost windowless walls, and shadowed in many places by overhanging loggias, and the grass grows in the crevices of the uneven pavement.

In the ancient days, when every man's house was a fortress and constant frays and feuds convulsed the fair *City of the Lily*, these dusty stones were often washed in blood; and the speechless, watchful windows of the old palaces still keep the secret of many a fierce conflict or treacherous assassination. But no trace of such tragedies darkens the *Florence* of to-day. The war-like factions have crumbled into dust, and from this dust have arisen a gay, light-hearted, careless people, more or less forgetful of their past and indifferent to their future.

The venerable *Palazzo Guarini* had become a rookery of painters, and from day-dawn to purple dusk the historic stones resounded to the rapid footsteps, the merry whistle, and the gay chatter of nineteenth century mortals, who were irreverent enough to drive the stately ghosts of by-gone mighty princes in despair from their ancient habitation. Unlike most of these burdensome relics of the feudal

ages the *Palazzo Guarini* had remained a family possession, and still sheltered one of that famous name, a pathetic little figure, so small that it was difficult at first sight to determine whether she were child or woman. A delicate pale face, with large dark eyes and quantities of lovely fair hair, a sweet, small mouth, a graceful carriage, and simple, easy manners characterized this last scion of a noble race. But if she still owned her ancestral home, the *contessa* was far poorer than many a rosy-cheeked *contadina* who drove her loaded doukey through the dewy *Val d'Arno* into market every day before the sun was up, or than not a few of the flower-girls who sold their great sheafs of hyacinths, lilies of the valley, anemones, and *Arum* lilies, upon the stone benches of the *Strozzi* palace every bright spring morning.

Left an orphan at an early age, her only companion was an old woman who had been her nurse as she had been her gentle mother's before her. Old *Catarina* was that rarest of all rare creatures, a handsome old Italian, and her picturesque appearance earned her constant employment as a model among the artists of *Florence*. Few painters in the city had failed to sketch *Catarina*; she was as much of an institution as the *Ponte Vecchio*, the *Duomo*, the glorious *Campanile*, or any other object of special interest about the city, and nearly as much sought after. It was she who eked out their slender living by renting rooms to the artists; and she knew

how to drive good bargains. She was so generally admired and respected, that it was rarely any one attempted to take advantage of her; and they, not she, suffered for it, if they did take any advantage.

In the eyes of the faithful servant the "little contessa," as every one called her, was a creature far too noble and beautiful to mingle with ordinary mortals. Catarina was much more watchful and jealous of the Guarini rank and dignity than the little lady herself; and the good woman would have worked her fingers to the bone before she would have allowed one of that noble line to soil her hands with labor, or lower herself by the care and responsibility of providing, even in the least objectionable manner, for her own living. She guarded her young mistress rigorously, and few of the tenants under the old palace roof had ever caught a glimpse of its fair owner. Catarina collected all the rents, cared for the rooms, waited on the artists, and served the contessa from morning until night; and for all her seventy years, the hardy old peasant was fully equal to it all, and more.

There was, however, one privileged invader of this monastic seclusion. One of the members of the artistic circle had won his way within the closely guarded lines, and, having mollified the grim sentinel, he enjoyed a close friendship with the young Italian; and it came about in this way: Several years before, when the contessa was scarcely more than a child, a young American painter had engaged the handsomest studio on the first floor. Catarina, of course, became his model, and as he had a special gift in portraiture, he painted

the old woman with a picturesque faithfulness that was far beyond any attempts of his predecessors. Monna Catarina was so delighted with this, that one morning, when she had watched the artist out of the house on a sketching expedition, she could not resist the temptation of bringing the contessa up to see it, and while they stood before it eagerly discussing its merits, the gentleman returned. It was too late to escape. Catarina looked annoyed, and the young lady blushed deeply, but the American soon put them at their ease. He did the honors of his beautiful room in a kindly, graceful manner, exhibiting all his paintings and sketches, describing the quaint old armor and odd fantastic weapons, the china bric-a-brac and gems of gold and silverware, the bits of statuary and rich hangings of rare old tapestry with which the room was decorated; and when they were obliged to leave, he politely escorted them to the door with a kind invitation to come again as often as they pleased.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance that opened a new world to little, quiet, lonely Alitea Guarini. She looked up to this handsome, kind-hearted young artist as to a superior being—one as widely removed from herself as she seemed to old Catarina above the flower girls or market women in the streets. There never was, there never could be, any one quite so beautiful, so noble, so kind. His footstep upon the ringing stone stair, his cheery whistle as he sat at his easel hour after hour, his gay, hearty laugh, every tone of his rich, tender voice, was sweetest music in her ears.

the old woman with a pleasant surprise. She was eventually admitted and respected, and it was fairly one attempt to take advantage of her; and that, not without success for it, if they did take any advantage.

In the eyes of the fairer sex, the old woman was called "the old woman," as every one called her; was a creature far too noble and beautiful to mix with such vulgar and taste. Catherine was much more careful and jealous of the Gentleman's and dignity than the little lady herself; and the good woman would have worked her fingers to the bone before she would have allowed one of that noble line to sell her hands with labor, or lower herself by the care and responsibility of providing, even in the least objectionable manner, for her own living. She guarded her young relatives rigorously, and few of the women under the old palace roof had ever caught a glimpse of the fair owner. Catherine collected all the votes, cared for the rooms, waited on the artists, and served the contests from morning till night; and for all her seventy years, the party old peasant was fully equal to it all, and more.

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She did not know that she loved him, the approach of the blind god was so slow and stealthy. She called him her best friend, and believed that she thought of him only in this way; but her whole intense, passionate young life was bound up in him.

Frederic Denton had arrived in Florence five years before, a disappointed man. He had been engaged to a lovely girl to whom he was most deeply attached, but she had jilted him suddenly without excuse or regret of any kind, and married a man who had long sought her and was also a close friend of young Denton's. She lived in the West where he had also resided a short time, and no cloud had ever arisen between them until a few months after he left to pursue his studies in New York. Then her letters became less and less frequent, and colder and more constrained in tone; finally, they ceased entirely. He wrote: his letters were returned unopened, and a year from the time of his departure he received a paper containing a brief notice of her marriage to his whilom friend and previously unsuccessful rival. Almost broken-hearted, his hopes for the future crushed at one blow, the young man sailed at once for Europe, eager only to place the world, if possible, between him and his false, though still passionately adored, love. With a heart still filled with the image of his shattered idol, young Denton had formed the acquaintance of the Contessa Guarini. She seemed such a mere child to him that he had treated her as a child, and was unusually tender and thoughtful of her because he pitied her dreary life of seclusion and deprivation. He called her his

little sister, and no matter how sorely his heart ached, or how gloomy and joyless his life appeared, he had always a bright smile and kindly word for her.

As the years rolled on he discovered a fact of which the girl was entirely ignorant, namely, that the adoring affection she exhibited toward himself was not the simple love of a child for a guardian, or even an elder brother, but the passionate devotion of an Italian woman, though contained in so small and frail a casket. She worshipped him, but was as innocent, artless, and unsophisticated as a child, with no idea of concealing her feelings, or any clear comprehension of them. Such unsought adoration could not fail to make a deep impression on a lonely, disappointed, chivalrous nature like Frederic Denton's. He had said all idea of love and marriage was over for him forever: he was a homeless exile, an embittered man: but by imperceptible degrees it dawned upon him that because one woman had deceived him and jilted him, that was no reason he should find all others false; because he had loved once passionately was no proof that he could never experience a calmer, quieter affection. Although the voice and touch he had loved best could never bless his fireside, could he not find a restful pleasure in the society of a gentle creature, who would sit silent at his side as he worked, or flit singing about the grand old room? He had no doubt of his ability to make her happy; he would bring perpetual sunshine into that sad little life, and in her joy he would find the peace and contentment he had believed vanished forever.

So for more than a year he had been slowly drifting into the intention and desire of marrying Litta Guarini, and one day he told her so in his gentle, kindly way, asking her if she could love him and be happy with him. The girl seemed stunned at first. Much as she loved him she had never dared to think of this, that her grand, beautiful Signor Denton would love her enough to marry her! She was almost too confused and surprised to answer him, but her great dark eyes spoke a language he easily understood, and when he left her it was a very happy little girl who sat dreaming in the dusk in her quiet room till old Catarina returned to provide her supper. A very bare little room it looked, with its cold marble floor covered only for a small space in the centre with a rather threadbare rug. On the rug stood a massive, richly carved table containing an exquisite silver lamp, a few books, and a quaint sandal-wood work-box heavily inlaid with gold and pearls,—relics of former grandeur and wealth, that necessity had not compelled Catarina to sell for food as she had nearly everything else of value.

Near the table, curled up in a great carved armchair covered with tarnished leather, and flooded by the soft, many-colored lights of a magnificent stained-glass window, sat Litta, her head resting on the dark old oak, lost in happy thoughts.

"What is it, cara mia?" asked the old woman, quickly. "Art thou ill? Hast thou been crying?"

"Oh, no, no! dear Monna Catarina," answered the musical, plaintive voice, as the bright head was lifted, showing a pale, demure little face

lighted up now by a singularly sweet, happy smile. "But I am so happy, oh, so happy, Catarina! I never knew what it was to be happy before!"

"And what should make thee so happy?" inquired the nurse jealously.

"Oh! I have such a beautiful secret to tell thee, dear Catarina. Come here and kneel right down before me, and I will whisper it to thee."

Catarina dropped upon her knees before her mistress, bringing her bronzed and wrinkled face close to the delicate one outlined against the rusty leather of the chair. The girl laid both hands on the old woman's shoulders and looked her in the face, smiling and blushing.

"Canst thou not guess my news, Monna Catarina? Thou hast been young. Thou hadst lovers, many of them, thou hast told me. Ah, yes! I see thou hast guessed! My heart is so full, oh! I could sing for joy all the time! It was only just now he told me that he wanted *me*—poor, little, lonely *me*—to be his wife. Think of that, Catarina! His wife! Oh! I cannot tell thee how I love him! He is so good, so noble, so beautiful,—and to think that he should care for me!"

"He is not as good, not as beautiful,—far, far from being as noble as thou art, Contessa. Dost thou forget thou art a Guarini, and thine ancestors owned this palace ages and ages ago, while he—he is only an American! But there, there! Thou lovest him, cara, and poor, old, foolish Catarina will say no more;" for the tears had filled the happy dark eyes, and the sensitive lips began

to quiver, and Catarina could not see her darling cry. If the contessa had desired to marry a peasant from the street, the old servant, bitter as the struggle with her pride would have been, could not have resisted her nursling's entreaties; and in this case, though she thought the contessa made far too little of her own rank and birth, the young painter was a great favorite of hers, and in all other respects, save the important one of rank, in every way deserving the heart and hand of the last of the Guarini.

"Yes," the girl continued, "I have been blind. I did not know that I loved him, but when he told me that he wanted me to marry him and took me in his arms just now, I felt that I had loved him always,—that I belonged to him forever! I did n't need to stop and think if I did. I love him better than my life, Monna Catarina."

The old woman sighed, and her heart sank as she gazed at the glowing face, but she gave no hint of her fears. So Danaë Girondi had looked and spoken twenty years before, when she had defied her father, lost her inheritance, and given up all life had to offer the beautiful daughter of a rich, proud noble, to marry the handsome, dark-eyed, poverty-stricken Paolo Guarini and take up her abode in his gloomy mansion. She soon made the discovery that a poor, disinherited wife was not what gay, cold-hearted, selfish Paolo wanted. He was burdened with debt, and in marrying Count Girondi's only child had hoped to retrieve his fortunes. A year from the day of her marriage gentle Danaë was dead: she had not

loved wisely, but far too well; and she left her infant daughter to her only friend and comforter, her old nurse Catarina.

It was May in Florence, and the beautiful city beamed and sparkled in the radiant summer weather. The people lived out of doors, but the heat was not intense; soft breezes from the surrounding mountains cooled the air at all times, and the nights were often chilly. The many fountains splashed and murmured, the gardens blazed with brilliant flowers, and the cool, dark groves upon the hill-sides and in the public gardens were favorite places of resort from morning until night.

Litta Guarini's dull, joyless life bloomed into richness and beauty, like the summer. Surrounded from infancy by noble monuments of history and priceless art treasures, her total ignorance of all that made her native city so famous and world-renowned was almost pitiable, and it was Fred-eric Denton's first duty and greatest pleasure to make her familiar with the spot that he considered one of the most interesting and beautiful in the world. So with weary, panting Monna Catarina as duenna, who wondered what pleasure people could find in visiting long, dismal picture galleries all day, or examining churches and palaces that were as old as the hills and far less beautiful in her eyes, Denton and his young companion spent the long summer days, when the city was sleeping in its dust and heat, the gardens deserted, and the empty galleries echoed like vaults to their solitary footsteps, in exploring Florence and its environs. Mingled with her pride in her beautiful

birthplace and her artistic delight in the beauties and wonders unfolded to her dazzled eyes, was the happiness Litta felt in seeing all this with the man she loved. His low, tender voice explaining and describing would have made the dullest scene charming,—and to be with him, hanging upon his arm, gazing in his face, was heaven on earth to her, and the days flew all too quickly by.

One bright September morning Frederic Denton sat busily painting and gayly whistling in his studio. The languid, idle summer was past, and with the returning vigor and energy of the fall days his work pressed upon him more heavily, and he could give less time to the rambling sketching expeditions that had been such happiness and delight to himself and the “little Contessa,” and such unspeakable weariness of body and anguish of mind to the patient Catarina all through the summer days.

Denton was very happy. If a deep scar, still tender to the touch, remained in his heart, a gentle, pitying love for Litta had sprung up and buried it out of sight. He had put the past away from him, and there was nothing to recall it. He had resolved never to return to America: he had no parents there,—no one who needed or wanted him: he would marry an Italian wife and become a Florentine. They were to be married soon, and his thoughts were busy planning, as he worked and whistled, how he would beautify and adorn the dim old rooms for his quiet little bride; it was such a pleasure to plan little surprises for her, and to see her great eyes shine with love and happiness. She was a sweet, lovable little

thing and devotedly fond of him, and he had every reason to believe that their life together would be a very blissful one. Then he looked back to the blank despair with which he had reached Florence six years before, believing love, happiness, home and peace forever lost to him. How long ago that seemed! Life still had some brightness and sweetness left, if one woman had deceived him. Ah, yes, it was still good to live!

Into the midst of this pleasant reverie came the postman's knock, and a large, thick envelope was placed in Frederic's hand. He looked at it in surprise. The postmark was American, and the handwriting puzzled him with its familiarity,—he received so few letters from there now. He tore it open hurriedly, and a cabinet photograph fell out.

Frederic Denton turned ghastly pale, and a sharp exclamation burst from his lips as, envelope and letter falling to the floor unheeded, he grasped it in both hands and devoured it with dilated, burning eyes. It was the picture of a beautiful woman, perhaps of three or four and twenty. She was clad all in delicate white lace and muslin, and the slender hands hanging loosely clasped before her held a great cluster of roses. The eyes, large, dark, and dreamy, gazed straight into those of the man whose agonized face testified to the emotion that convulsed him.

“What is this? What does it mean?” he muttered, still gazing as if his eyes could never leave the lovely, speaking face. “Mollie's picture! her own sweet face but little changed, only much more beautiful. That dear little mouth I have kissed

so often, those lovely eyes that were so full of tenderness and sorrow at my departure! Could *she* have sent it to me?" He bent quickly and picked up the letter. "Frederic Denton," he read: *now* he knew the handwriting, and for a moment a mist swam before his eyes; then his vision cleared, and he continued,—

"FREDERIC DENTON:

"Six years ago you stole from me the woman I loved, the one I had loved all my life, and I vowed revenge. I have had it. You won her and left her, and I, who was an old and trusted friend, poisoned her mind against you,—how, it does not matter now; but I gave her such proofs of your baseness and vileness that she broke the engagement. I secured your letters to her; I withheld hers to you; but after all my labor, I did not succeed as I had hoped. You lost, but I did not win her, and when I sent you the notice of our marriage she had sent me from her forever. A year ago her father died, leaving her penniless. She was beautiful, helpless, unable to earn her bread,—and a month ago she married a man old enough to be her father. He loved her; he was good and kind; he could give her a pleasant home, and all that money could procure,—and believing *you*, whom she had *never ceased to love*, lost to her, she married him. This is my revenge, that when it is too late you shall know what you might have enjoyed for these five years, and have now lost forever. ROGER LEWIS."

"She loves me still! She was not false!" Denton cried, his face glowing with love and delight; then the

light died out of his eyes, and he staggered back. "But she is married!" he whispered,—then in a loud voice crying out, "Lost! Lost to me! O Mollie! my little Mollie! my only love! my darling! O God! how can I give her up!" He pressed the picture to his lips passionately again and again, and the scalding tears ran down his face. "Oh, my dear, bright, sweet little girl! Oh, if I could die for you and with you, I would ask no more!"

He placed the picture in the breast pocket of his coat, ran both hands through his heavy hair with a deep, despairing sigh, picked up his hat, and turned wearily to go out. He longed for air, for room! A leaden weight seemed pressing upon his brain; the walls of the room smothered him;—he must get away somewhere, where he could think, could plan, and could subdue the tumultuous emotions that were tossing him hither and thither, a feeble human straw in the grasp of the inevitable. But as he dashed down the wide, low stairs to the street he did not see the little, slight figure that fled before him around an angle of the hall.

As Denton's last footsteps died away in the echoing hall, Litta Guarini rose from her crouching position on the floor, and staggered blindly down the stairs and into her own room, where she fell upon the faded rug with a wail of agony.

She had followed the postman to her lover's door with a message, and arriving just in time to catch his first muttered words, had remained an unseen, petrified auditor and spectator of the whole scene. The tender words, the passionate kisses, the

beautiful face she could see so plainly in his hands, his own agonized countenance, were burned into her brain and heart and soul. He loved this woman as he had never loved her; he had never looked at *her*, he had never kissed *her*, in that way. Something had separated them, and he had turned to *her*; but now he knew the old love was still true, and he—ah! all his old love had come back again. Hours of suffering passed before the girl resolved to release him from his promise to her, to set him free—free to return to the woman he loved. She believed it would kill her to let him go, but if it was for his happiness, or for his good, she could and would do it, and then die.

When Frederic returned to the old palace, determined, after many hours of sorrow and suffering, to do his duty by the gentle creature who loved him so well, he sought the contessa in her little bare room. He found her in the great chair by the table, looking so white and faint that the kind smile with which he had greeted her faded away in alarm, and with an anxious inquiry, he bent to kiss her, but the girl drew quickly back.

"Please don't, Signor Denton," she said.

"Why, Litta!" he cried in surprise. "Have I offended you?"

"Signor Denton," she continued, mustering her courage, "I wish to break our engagement."

For a moment the young man looked blank with astonishment; then he said with a half smile,—

"I did not expect this from you, Litta. I thought you loved me."

"Do you think it so utterly impossible for me to live without you,

Signor Denton?" she asked, drawing up her slight figure proudly.

"No, Contessa," was the quiet answer; "and if you tell me that you wish the engagement broken because you have ceased to love me, I have not another word to say. Do you tell me this?"

Litta put her hand suddenly to her heart and gasped for breath.

"No," she murmured faintly, "I cannot tell you that, but it must be broken."

"I cannot consent without some better reason, Litta," he said gently. "Remember our life's happiness is at stake."

"You are saying this in pity, because you know—you know how I love you, but you do not love me."

"Why do you doubt me? I should not have asked you to be my wife if I did not love you very much."

"But not as much as you do that picture you carry in your pocket."

Frederic Denton gave a great start. He was thrown completely off his guard, and instinctively his hand sought the pocket that contained the photograph.

"Why—? What—? Where—?" he stammered, staring at her blankly.

"I saw you put it there," she said. "I saw you kiss it as you never kissed me, and you love *her*."

Denton was silent, stunned, bewildered by this assertion, and the contessa continued with gathering passion and grief,—

"I heard you—all you said. She is the only woman you have ever loved. I love you, but I will not keep you from her. Leave me now,—and go to *her*!" and she burst into an agony of tears and sobs.

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 I like I thought you loved me." "I did not expect this from you—
 keep you from her! Leave me now—
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 "But not as much as you do the
 I did not look at your mouth."—
 had have asked you to do my work
 "Why do you do this to me? I want
 love you, but you do not love me."
 came you know—no, no, I don't
 "You are saying this in anger."
 sister."
 "Remember me to your father and to
 father's room, then," he said, going
 "I cannot consent without your
 brother."

girl resolved to escape from town his
 hours of suffering passed between the
 his old love had come back again.
 was still true, and he—oh! all
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 and heart and soul. He hated this
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 in his hands, his own agonized eyes
 breathless face, the confusion so glaring
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 promise to her, to see him two—three
 girl resolved to escape from town his

"Litta," said Frederic very gently, coming to her side and taking the little hand she flung out so despairingly, "I am very, very sorry that you saw and heard what you did, but you are making yourself needlessly unhappy over it. This woman can never be anything to me now. Don't you know that she is married?"

"Married!" The head bowed upon the table was lifted suddenly, and she looked at him with a ray of hope in her sad, wet eyes. "Married! then you cannot go to her?"

"No, I have no such intention. I shall stay here with you."

"But you love her: I heard you say so," the Italian girl rejoined jealously.

"I will not deny," the artist answered sadly, "that I have loved her very much; but that need not trouble you now, Litta: I have not seen her for six years. She is in America, and lost to me forever. You need not be jealous of her, dear. You are all that I have now, and I love you very dearly. Don't you think you can forget all this, and be happy with me?"

"Happy with you, when you carry another woman's picture near your heart! You forget my Italian blood, Frederic Denton! I am no cold-hearted American."

"I will destroy the picture, child. I will try and forget, as I had nearly forgotten until to-day, that I ever knew her; but you must help me," the young fellow replied patiently. "You can hold me, and strengthen me. Without you, I should be utterly desolate and miserable."

"Oh, Frederic!" Litta exclaimed, looking at him with her soul in her

eyes. "If I could only believe it! but I cannot—I cannot! You think you can forget, but it will be impossible, and I—can I ever forget? Every day, every hour, every moment her face will come between me and you, and I cannot share your heart with any one."

"There can be no sharing, Litta. She is another man's wife. I shall try and forget her; but if I have no one to love me, no one to whom I can turn for comfort and sympathy, how can I do it? If you will be my wife, if you can love me well enough to bear with all my moods and fancies, if you will bless me with your love, my Litta, I promise you that in a short time you will drive this other love out of my heart; there will be only room in it for my *wife*, and I shall love *her* as much as she can ever desire."

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" the girl cried, still holding him away from her. "How you tempt me! But I fear it is all in vain."

"I know I shall try you often, little one. I may be moody at times, absent-minded, sad, even cross, but if you can love me through it all, we shall be happy yet. I feel that it is a great deal to ask of you, Litta,—to ask of any woman, and I want you to consult your own happiness. If you would be happier and more contented, I will go away to-morrow where you shall never see me again, but if you will take me just as I am, faults, disappointments, and all, I am yours, Contessa, just as sincerely as I was four months ago."

"Oh, Frederic! Frederic!" The little arms went up around his neck as he bent over her, and her head rested

upon his breast. "I love thee enough to risk anything rather than lose thee. I had resolved—and it almost killed me—but I had resolved to set thee free and send thee back to *her*, and make thee happy. That was my only wish,—to make thee happy, dear. But now thou tellest me she is married, and thou needest me; so I cannot let thee go. I cannot! I love thee so!"

"Of course you cannot, and you shall not, my darling Litta," kissing her affectionately. "We will both begin anew from this day. We will let the past and all its sorrows go, and think only of our future, and try and be happy."

The weeks glided on, but they were not happy. Frederic had destroyed the photograph, but he could not erase the face painted on his heart, and his thoughts would wander continually to days long passed. He shut himself up more and more in his studio, and worked with feverish activity. He grew silent. Litta never heard his gay whistle now at his easel, on the stair, or in the hall, and he very seldom laughed aloud. He was abstracted, moody, irritable. He tried to be always kind and pleasant to the little creature who lived upon his smiles, but it was always very difficult, often impossible. Even in her presence he would lapse into gloomy meditation, to start from it when she spoke with a murmured apology: he had forgotten her existence! All this was very hard upon poor Litta. With her fiery Southern temperament, jealousy was a fierce and active passion, and she had as little control over herself as a child. When stung by his indifference or coldness, she assailed him

with reproaches and tears,—one moment commanding him to leave her, the next clinging to him with convulsive sobs, and protesting that she could not live without him. Frederic was very patient and kind, pitying the poor child, and well aware what good cause she had for complaint.

Torn by conflicting emotions and exhausted by the violence of her fierce love, Litta Guarini grew like a shadow. She neither ate nor slept enough to keep herself in health. Old Catarini became terribly worried about her, and finally reported her fears to Mr. Denton. Then Frederic, also aroused by the seriousness of the case, had a long talk with the girl, imploring her to marry him, to love and trust him, to be patient, and all would still be well. But marry him she would not. "Never, until you love me better than you do now," she said; and he could not persuade her.

As time went on she grew weaker and weaker, more and more colorless and wan, and at last her condition alarmed her. Had she thrown life away after all in fretting and repining, when she might have enjoyed so much? One day she slipped away by herself to see a famous doctor, and when she emerged from his office a long while after, she was calm and composed, though her face was white, and she had evidently been crying. She went home quietly, and the next morning sent Catarina for Fra Antonio, the old priest who had baptized her, and been her adviser and confessor ever since. He was closeted a long time with her, and Catarina, too anxious to go far away, met him in the hall as he passed out.

Tears stood in his quiet eyes, and his wrinkled face was twitching with emotion.

"Oh, Fra Antonio!" cried the good woman, all her fears confirmed, "what is the matter?"

"She is very ill, Monna Catarina," answered the priest. "I fear she is not long for this world; but the best beloved die young, we know."

"Santa Maria! Is she dying?" screamed Catarina.

"Hush! hush!" the father answered.

"Do not let her hear you. You must be very calm and quiet—she is. If you scream and cry you may lose her all the sooner. She is very weak, good Catarina."

The faithful servant threw her apron over her head to conceal her sorrow. "Oh, my mistress, my little Contessa!" she moaned. "If I could only die for thee! I am such a poor, homely, miserable old body, and thou so young and sweet and happy! Ah, good God! why must she go first!"

[To be concluded.]

HELEN AND MENELAUS.

A FRAGMENT.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

The ten long years of stormy siege were over,
And lofty-walled Ilium had fallen.

In her chamber sat beauteous Helen,
Menelaus' false wife, and Paris' bride,
Who had left her lord and fled from Sparta,
And all these weary years of war had lived
Away from husband, child, in Priam's house,
Among the valiant sons and daughters fair
That he had born of Hecuba, his queen.

The years had dealt gently with the god-born.
Bright were those lustrous, purpled-iris eyes
As when they flashed on Theseus their wrath
Of injured maidenhood, before that time
When she had stood in Lacedaemon's halls,
To choose, among all those admiring chiefs,
Him who should be king and rule in Sparta.
Fair was that face of more than mortal bloom,
As when it had lured Paris across seas,
Twenty long years before, to behold her
Whom the laughing Queen of Love had promised
Should be his guerdon for a judgment passed,

When the three goddesses stood before him
To fire his eyes, his mind, ambition's flame,
For that vain prize which every woman loves—
The meed of "fairest,"—source of all the ills
That fell to Troy and countless woes to Greece.
And as sweet that regal grace as when first
It shone in the royal halls of Priam,
When all the bucklered chiefs of Ilium,
And all the crested, long-robed Trojan dames,
Shouted welcome to Paris' stolen bride.
So sat she on her chair of burnished gold,
Her buskined feet upon a panther's skin,
Sidonian garments of richest dye,
Clothing the regal form in perfect grace.
One shoulder, white as Parian marble is,
Had slipped from out her chiton's open fold,
A sight for gods to gaze at, and be charmed.
The rosy light fell on her from the east,
And showed a woman perfect from Jove's hands;
Perfect as Aphrodite's self when she
Arose from Paphian wave, supremely fair.

Around her rang the sounds of war's alarms,
Fierce shouts, and groans, and din of brazen arms,
And over all the war-cries of the Greeks.
But her cheeks paled not, rather did they flush;
And her pulses thrilled with a rapture sweet,
Such as she had not felt since Paris died,—
Paris, her lover, with the leopard's grace
And the beauty of gods, who had wooed her
In those long summer days in Sparta's halls,
And who had loved her well these many years.
But he was dead, killed by a Grecian spear;
And Menelaus lived, the conqueror—
Husband of her youth, father of her child;
A brave, a gallant man, though not so fair
As Paris was, nor half so full of wit,
Yet still a man it were well to look at.
Oft had she marked him in the fights at Troy,
Holding his own against the noblest there;
Outshone only by Peleus' valiant son,
And Agamemnon, king of men, in arms.
Once had he met Paris himself in fight,
And she had deemed him nobler then by far
Than he, the fair, the craven one, who fled.

She thought of him as she had seen him stand
Among the Argive chiefs that sought her hand—
Not one more comely, none so brave as he ;
And she had loved him then, aye, loved him well,
And would have loved him still but for that face
Of Trojan Paris, and the ardent speech
That day by day made inroads in her heart.
Then came the day when they were left alone,
And he had urged his suit, and promised her
A life of ease, and love, and state ; and she
Listening, had left honor, husband, child,
And fled with him. And so the years had gone.

She had been happy in her Trojan home.
All loved her. Great Hector called her " sister,"
And hoar-headed Priam called her " daughter."
But that was passed : gone was the dalliance,
The joy of that sweet time. Hector was slain ;
Paris lay 'neath the flowers on Ida.
Troy had fallen before the Argive sword ;
Its walls were dust, its glory but a name.
For her was only that long distant past,
So far away it seemed a fitting dream.
Yet 't was no vision. She had lived, and loved.
Her child was his, that rosy Hermione whom
In that far off day he had loved as hers,

And traced her image in the infant's face.
Through all these years she had remembered that :
Would he remember, the son of Atreus ?
The rest had fled. Old Priam and his queen
Had sought the sanctuary of the fane.
Handsome Deiphobus, with the spear and shield,
Was gone forth to meet the Argive foeman.
She was glad she would never see him more.
He was not like Paris nor Menelaus ;
A goodly man enough, but not like them.
She would not flee : she would die there, rather,
Among her precious things, her memories—
Die like a queen, or live to reign again.
Her buxom maids, Clymene and Ethra,
Had decked her in her fairest, and left her
There, to seek the altar, with flying hair.
But what had she to fear, daughter of Jove
And Leda, fairest of the fair, and queen

Of women? Even he, the injured one,
Would clasp her in his arms should she but smile
On him again, and say "I love thee, dear,"
As she had done in those bright days of old.
He was a man, and men were all alike.
She knew them; not one but was as weak as
Water when a fair woman smiled at him.
And he had loved her well in that old time.

There was the clang of armor in the hall,
At the door the sound of brazen-shod feet:
Into the room strode King Menelaus,
Tall, fair of face, majestic as a god;
In all his armor decked, his shield on arm,
His spear in hand, his lofty horse-tail plume
Floating behind like a dark, boding cloud.
She saw him standing there, her lord and king,
And half rose from her chair, with outstretched arms.
Her loosened hair fell o'er her like a veil;
Her cheeks were pale, her eyes like gleaming stars.
She looked no guilty woman, but a queen.
"My dear lord," she murmured low, "thou art come."
Then o'er these two a silence fell like night,
Or, rather, like that of a summer noon
In a wooded place. A spell came o'er him
At the music of her voice, that made him
Dumb as fate. He was blinded by the gleam
Of those bright eyes that held for him the fate
Of half a life of happiness or woe.
It was the woman that he loved, the queen
Whom he had crowned, the mother of his child.
She for whom the world had warred ten long years,
His Helen, bright and beauteous—his wife.

She, gazing at him with those soulful eyes,
Read every thought and feeling in his heart,
Knew she was saved. She saw the lines of care,
The silver in his hair, and felt again
Her heart beat fast that such a handsome man
Should live as he was and be forever hers.
"He is indeed a goodly man and true,
But those grey hairs I've made," she thought with pain.
"Lo! these twenty years of life he has lost,
And all for me. How can they be retrieved?"
A deep remorse passed over her, and a

Gentle pity touched her. "My lord, forgive:
Blame not me, but the gods. I'm innocent."
And he: "I blame neither the gods, nor thee;
It was to be. After all this I think
Thou wilt be the dearer to me. And thou?"
And Helen, fairest of mortal women,
Wreathing her fair white arms around his neck,
While her eyes, deep as a misty, moonlight lake,
Beamed on him their lustrous light, answered him,—
"My Spartan hero, lord of my first love
And father of my child, I love thee more
For these years of war thou hast fought for me,
For these grey hairs, these rugged lines of care
Upon thy brow, and all the dints and scars
Of strife upon thy goodly form, than ever
I could have loved thee else; aye, than ever
I loved that handsome Trojan prince, whom she,
The Queen of Love, gave me—although a wife
Wedded, and a mother—for a husband,
To love and honor while he lived. The gods
Are great, and so I went to Troy with him.
The gods are good. They have sent thee to me,
Oh, my king, after all these years again."

What mattered it, the years of war and woe!
Forgotten were his wrongs, his bitter tears.
He held her in his arms, and she was his,
His evermore while suns rose and suns set.
In all the years to come she'd grace his halls,
Be mistress at his feasts, be wife and queen,
And cheer his pathway to the grave at last.
Stroking the scented golden hair, he said,—
"Helen, my queen, whom years ago I wooed
In Sparta's halls, and ever since have loved,
And all these years have fought to make my own,
More to me thou art than all the treasures
In my Argive halls, than kingdom, or child.
Thou dost not know how I have languished for
A glimpse of thee; even the shadow of
Thy graceful form upon the walls of Troy
Has been a joy and comfort to my soul.
On that dark night, when with the other chiefs
I lay concealed within the vast fabric
Of the fraudulent steed, and thou with Priam's
Court walked around the insidious pile,

Thou call'st on all the chiefs by name, thy voice
 Counterfeiting the tones of each Argive dame.
 But I—I knew the music of thy voice,
 And when thou call'st my name, 'Menelaus !'
 I would have answered despite the peril
 To me and to my friends in arms, but that
 The wily Ithacus placed his strong hand
 Upon my mouth, and bade me silent be.
 Such was my love, that even then I would
 Have risked all to have spoken thee but once.
 Thou art my queen, and thou hast changed only
 To grow lovelier with the passing years."

She pulled his great rough beard with one small hand,
 And kissed his lips to silence. Then she said,—
 "Thou art generous, O king, and lovest
 Me overmuch ; but I can promise thee
 Love for love, and gentleness for mercy.
 I long, my lord, to tread once more the halls
 Of my old home, where my mother Leda
 And my brave brothers played with me in the
 Happy days of childhood ; to walk with thee
 Once more along the Eurotus' banks at
 Eventide, and scent the lilies in the pool,
 And hear the eagles scream from the rugged
 Heights of Mount Taygetus. And my dear child—
 How has she grown? Are her cheeks still rosy?
 Is she tall, or short? Are her eyes like mine,
 Or blue, like yours? Why, bless me ! She is a
 Woman now, and will not know her mother.
 Alas ! lead me hence, Menelaus ; come,
 Let us go from out these accursed halls.
 I cannot bear to linger here amid
 So many memories hateful to my soul—
 Hateful, so hateful, now that I have thee."

He stooped and touched the whiteness of her brow
 With his bearded lips, caressingly, and
 Then threw over her sunny hair a veil,
 And left the room. She, giving one long look
 At all the old familiar things therein,
 Slow followed him. And so these two walked on
 Through the ruins of ashes—smoking Troy—
 Down to the Grecian ships.

PURE LIFE INSURANCE.

BY SHEPPARD HOMANS,

President of Provident Savings Life Assurance Society.

The proper function of a life insurance company is to collect premiums or small periodical payments from its policy-holders, and to pay death claims as they occur amongst them. Investment or endowment, constituting the enormous deposit reserves held by the old companies, has no necessary connection with insurance proper: it does not increase the security of the insurance, but, on the contrary, rather lessens that security by adding unnecessarily the hazards unavoidable in the custody and management of trust funds to the hazards of insurance proper. Protection, not speculation or investment, is the true mission of a life insurance company.

The main object of life insurance is to enable a man, by means of small periodical payments, to put a large sum of money into his estate when he dies, and thus protect his family or his creditors.

It is obvious that, if a life insurance company could in some way be guaranteed sufficient money each year to pay current death claims and legitimate expenses of conducting the business, no reserve or accumulated fund would be necessary. All that would be necessary in such case would be to see that each person whose life is insured should pay his equitable and full proportion of the current death-claims and expenses.

The Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in his official report for 1884, says very tersely,—“I am

moved to express a regret—shared, I believe, by the conservative and most sagacious men in the business—that our insurance establishments have adopted schemes of insurance whereby they have become so largely institutions of investment. This may be legitimate in a certain sense, but it has no just relation to life insurance. To unite, more than need be for the assurance of its contracts, the proper business of an insurance company with the functions of a savings-bank makes a combination both incongruous and unwise. A provident person will do wiser to buy his insurance of an insurance company, and make his deposits, if he wishes to make investments of that character, with some regular savings institution whose sole business is the administration of trust funds.

“The normal cost of life insurance is fixed by an immutable law of nature. For the man who wants insurance, the plain life policy, with no investment beyond what is needed to protect the insurance, is the cheapest and best. If insurance and investment are the objects, each can be better got in its separate place than by a combination which impoverishes the investment, and does not improve or cheapen the insurance.”

The Hon. Amzi Dodd, president of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, N. J., one of the largest and best companies in the country, in his annual report, dated

Jan. 1st, 1883, states, in referring to renewable term insurance,—“The company and its members would do business on the rule of ‘pay as you go.’ The policy-holder would get yearly the equivalent of his money paid. But under the system almost universally in use he pays largely in advance, and the company holds the money to offset against insurance in after years, when the insured does not wish to be called on for larger payments. The reserve fund thus arising is sometimes called the *wealth* of life insurance companies. It is obviously not such, but a *debt* from the corporation to its members,—a great trust fund confided to the managers.”

Until the introduction, by the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York of its plan of Renewable Term Insurance, a man, wishing simply to provide for his family or estate in case of his own death, was not only obliged to pay the price for the current insurance, but was also compelled to make in addition, *and unnecessarily*, deposits for mere accumulation or investment. That is to say, Under the usual level-premium system a man must make yearly deposits, in addition to paying the current cost of insurance, in order to create an endowment or investment reserve, payable to himself in old age. Many persons, doubtless, are willing and desirous of accomplishing both objects, namely, to protect their families in case of their own death, and to provide a fund for themselves in case of surviving to old age. The first is insurance, the second is investment. There is no necessary connection between the two.

Insurance may be had separately from investment, as investment may be had separately from insurance: the two would better be independent, and would better be secured by separate and independent contracts. Insurance can best be had in its purity from an insurance company, and investment from an institution dealing solely with trust funds or in securities selected by the owner. Under such an arrangement, the family, in the event of death, would have not only the insurance, but the accrued investment also. Or, if it should be found desirable to terminate or realize the investment during the lifetime of the insured, the insurance could still be continued without prejudice, so long as it might be needed.

The advantages of separating investment from insurance are manifest and numerous. The very best form of insurance protection is a renewable term policy in the Provident Savings. There are many desirable forms of investments, such as the guaranteed coupon bonds of several loan and trust companies, the instalment bonds issued by, at least, one mortgage and trust company, the shares in well managed Building and Loan Associations,—all of which are likely to yield better returns, in the way of interest, than the ordinary forms of securities at present prices. Insurance and investment may thus be kept entirely separate and distinct, as they should be.

A Renewable Term Policy in the Provident Savings provides insurance at the actual cost during the term selected, which may be three, six, or twelve months. The right to renew the insurance at the end of each suc-

cessive term during the remainder of life, without medical reëxamination or other condition, is given in the policy contract. If the dividends are left with the Society, the premium for the first year of the policy will probably not increase during the whole "expectation" or probable lifetime of the insured.

The Provident Savings has \$293.17 of assets to each \$100 of reserve liability to policy-holders. Its percentage of payments for death claims and expenses to the mean amount of insurance in force is smaller than that in any other life insurance company, thus providing Maximum Security and Minimum Cost.

[FROM GARDEN AND FOREST.]

THE ABANDONED FARMS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY J. B. HARRISON.

Mr. N. J. Bachelder, the Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration, sends me a price list of more than one hundred abandoned farms in this state. An accompanying note says that these farms have been reported by the selectmen of the various towns to have fairly comfortable buildings, and that they comprise but a small part of the abandoned farms of the state, a full description of which will be given in a forthcoming catalogue, if the necessary facts are reported by the owners. The commissioner observes that "in most instances these farms have not been abandoned because the soil has become exhausted, or from the lack of natural fertility, but from various causes appearing in the social and economic history of the state, which will be more fully discussed hereafter."

This is an interesting and important undertaking. The law authorizes the collection of necessary information in regard to the opportunities for developing the agricultural resources of the state through immi-

gration, and the facts obtained and the advantages offered to immigrants are to be circulated where the governor and council may consider it for the best interest of the state. The inquiry and discussion which will result cannot fail to be of great interest and value, and I hope that everybody will coöperate with Mr. Bachelder in his purpose to make the investigation as thorough as possible. At this stage I submit some notes of observations made while living here during the last ten years.

Some of the abandoned farms belong to men who left them in early life and have established occupations and homes elsewhere. There is nothing mysterious or remarkable in their having remained away; the point of interest is in the fact that nobody has cared to buy and work these farms, as many of them have long been for sale on extremely easy terms. One of the chief reasons why men who could have bought such farms have not done so, is that they have preferred to go West, and take the chances of bettering their

condition there. I have seen many of them, in all the regions from western Iowa and Minnesota to the Pacific coast; most of them working harder than they would have to work here, and having a much poorer living, the life of the women a long starvation from homesickness and hunger of mind and heart. But a few of these emigrants have grown rich, and they all leave their old homes in the hope of being among the few fortunate ones.

The conditions of soil and climate in this state are such that farming will yield a living on most of the land that has been brought under cultivation, if the farmer and his family do all, or nearly all, of the work, and practice reasonable economy. Some accumulation would be possible, but the gain would be slow.

Some of the best farms would admit of the employment of a hired man, during a part of the year, at least, if he would work faithfully and efficiently for moderate wages, as in earlier times; but, in general, the farmer and his wife and children would have to do nearly all the work. The return for their toil, the prospect or outlook for them, would be the possession of a home of their own, with the same steady hard work kept up till age unfits them for it, when they may hope to have laid by something for the support of their later years.

Now the race of men and women who will go on thus toiling patiently and practising small economies all their lives for the sake of a mere living, is very nearly extinct in this region. The young men and women will not stay here under such conditions;

they will go elsewhere for the chance of doing better. Illusion is an important element in the life of most Americans. We do not value security very highly, but prefer the possibility of splendid fortunes to the certainty of moderate gains. Usually the possibility is only imaginary, but the fascination of the game lures young men on, and there is still an element of inflation and romance in the practical life of our country.

It is also to be noted that the growth of manufacturing industries has brought about great economic and social changes. In many instances the former town-organization has been modified by the development and dominance of the manufacturing villages, with their population of operatives, often largely a floating or changing one, in the employ of the proprietors of the mills; and it is often apparent that the farmers have less interest and prominence in town affairs than they had under the old order of things. One effect of the change is, that the sense of community, of a common interest in the welfare of the town, has been to a considerable degree eliminated. There appears to be less of public spirit, and, at any rate, what remains is not distributed among so many citizens as formerly.

The truth is that the old New England civilization and organization of society has here mostly come to an end. It has run its course, has completed its cycle, and we are beginning again with new and very different materials. We have already large populations of French Canadians and other foreigners, and it is plain that for a long time to come we

shall have, in the principal communities of this state, the civilization and the intellectual and social life which these people and the Roman Catholic Church will produce under the new conditions of life in New England. The farmers still stand by the churches of the earlier time, but the bond which they formerly supplied for the social life and public spirit of the towns has become less vital and efficient with the decline of the rural population.

Many people here advise the encouragement of immigration from the north of Europe; and I have no doubt that Swedes and Norwegians could make a living on these abandoned farms, because they would do more work and consume less for their living than native New Englanders, and the value of taxable property and the volume of business in the towns would be increased. But the gain would be temporary. If the new inhabitants send their children to our schools, we shall soon Americanize them to such a degree that they will not stay on the hills, and in twenty or twenty-five years the farms will be more abandoned than they are now. I think there can be no permanent restoration of farming in this state without some considerable changes in the methods of it, and in the thought and methods of life of our people; and beginnings in such things are apt to be difficult.

Natural conditions are favorable for stock-raising, and many of our leading citizens have done much to promote the general welfare by improving the character of farm animals. The state is adapted, in a peculiar degree, to the growing of

sheep. I have eaten mutton in every part of our country which produces it, but have never anywhere else found any that approached the excellence of that which is grown in New Hampshire. If the people of the cities were aware of its quality there would be a great demand for it at the best prices, but there is not enough to supply the few people who use it in the villages here. The dog is a kind of sacred animal with us, and dominates the community. He is the object of a personal affection, a sentiment of romantic regard, which rises far above such sordid considerations as the possible profits of sheep raising. Our best people—and some others—keep dogs, and when the instinct of the chase awakens in them, and they go forth upon the hills and hunt down the sheep, and have to die themselves for their frolic, we all mourn their fate. The sheep can be paid for out of the public treasury—there is a tax on dogs—but nobody has any sentiment about sheep. We are in that stage of developement in which we grow dogs and delight in them, but not sheep.

There is considerable land in farms in this state which, if properly managed, would be more profitable for the production of timber than for any other crop, and which would be worth more than it is to-day if forest-conditions had always been maintained on it. But timber land here needs to be handled with judgment and foresight. It has to be protected against fire and pasturage, of course, and unless the timber, when it has grown, is cut off intelligently, forest land is not always a good per-

manent investment. It is the opinion of many of our intelligent lumbermen that much of our timber land might be made more profitable by improved methods of management.

The results of our system of cultivation, as shown in many of the farms in all the older parts of our country which have not been abandoned, and the inclination of so many of our people to seek their fortunes by leaving their early homes, point to the fact that a considerable proportion of our material success has been achieved by the partial exhaustion of our capital in the fertility of the soil. We have amassed wealth by robbing the future, and we are transmitting our impaired and damaged heritage to those who come after us. Whatever may be the fertility of the abandoned farms of this state, the methods of culture widely followed in our country have seriously diminished the productive capacity of the soil; and many farms in other parts of the United States would in time be abandoned if there were still, as formerly, a boundless area of virgin land for our people to appropriate. Perhaps we may in time come to understand that the earth is adapted to yield a living to a considerable number of men if they will wisely till it and husband its capacities; but that its resources are not profuse enough to sustain indolent luxury or careless waste, and that toil and scant indulgence are, in the long run, inevitable for the mass of men. Thus far in human history slavery and war have been pretty constant conditions. The forms change, but the essential facts abide hitherto, and perhaps they may still do so.

In my judgment, existing conditions coöperate to make an opportunity for an important change in the economic and social elements in the life of the state. I think that many of the abandoned farms, and many of the hill farms which have not been abandoned, would be good investments for men of means who live in the cities, and who would like to

have summer homes for their families in the country. The climate of our state does not suit everybody, of course; but for those whom it does suit, it would be hard to find anywhere on the planet, a more salubrious and delightful region than this is for the time between the first of June and the last of October. No other mountain country that I have seen has such expanses of uncontaminated and vital air. I think that, looking far ahead, as a few men at least should try to do, looking at all conditions and relations comprehensively, the best and wisest thing for all concerned would be a considerable movement of men of wealth from the great cities of our country to the hill farms of this state. They should be men of intelligence, with adequate knowledge and judgment for the management of their woodlands, so that the growing of timber as a crop would be profitable. There is no ground of hope for the future prosperity of our people unless forest-conditions are permanently maintained on a large proportion of the land of the state. At the same time a system of highly concentrated farming should be followed on whatever land is kept in cultivation. The ownership of farms here by men from the cities would render such methods of culture possible, would give profitable employment to many laborers, and would increase the value of land and the amount of business in every part of the state occupied by the new summer homes. It would be the establishment of better conditions, the beginning of a new order of things which would be permanently favorable to the interests of our entire population.

I should be glad to stimulate public interest in the investigations which are now in progress under the direction of the government of this state, and I am sure that the reports of the New Hampshire Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration will deserve the attention of all students of American civilization.

THE ADVOCATE AND HIS INFLUENCE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: A celebrated wit, being asked to make a pun, said,—“Give me a subject:” and some one suggested “The King.” Instantly the punster replied,—“The King is no subject!”

It is always more or less troublesome to select a proper and desirable subject for a public performance of any kind, and it is a particularly delicate task to get one suited to a company of lawyers.

If an orator is able to make his address interesting, he is considered as fortunate in his subject. Daniel O'Connell was fortunate in having Ireland's woes for his subject. The anti-slavery agitators were fortunate in their subject. Phillips was fortunate in his subject when he pronounced his glowing eulogy upon O'Connell. Geo. William Curtis was most fortunate in having Phillips as a subject for his matchless oration;—and all these subjects were certainly more than fortunate in being treated by such consummate orators. Indeed, the very test of the genius of eloquence is, that it adorns and magnifies whatsoever it touches.

The profession of law affords many attractions. It is almost without limit in grand opportunities. It is always exacting and usually compensating, requiring absolute devotion, and yielding ample revenues to its successful devotees. The variety and quality of mind needed in its proper practice and administration are as varied as the myriad of principles its careful study reveals; and the men who have achieved eminence in

the profession are as unlike, and as dissimilar in tastes, habits, manners, and methods, as it is possible to conceive.

In choosing *The Advocate and His Influence* for your attention to-day, I do so well knowing that there are very many able and learned lawyers who are among the giants of the profession, but who do not possess the qualifications necessary to successful oral advocacy; they often wield a powerful and versatile pen, but the tongue refuses to clothe their thoughts in attractive and persuasive diction: for, while rhetoric is a creation of art, eloquence is born in a person, and cannot be learned in the schools. Although much of what follows applies to lawyers generally, it is intended to particularly refer to those members of the profession who are popularly regarded as advocates.

The advocate, to succeed, must have integrity and ability. Without either, he can achieve but little: his vision must be comprehensive, his knowledge accurate, his convictions clear and o'ermastering, and his character as fair and fully established as his mental attainments. Cato required the advocate to be "a good man skilled in talking." Phillips once said, "The strength of an idea depends upon the man behind it." And Emerson, speaking of the power of eloquence, says, "The special ingredients of this force are,—clear perceptions; memory; power of statement; logic; imagination, or the skill to clothe your thought in natural images; passion, which is the heat; and then a grand will, which, when legitimate and abiding, we call character, the height of manhood. As soon as a man shows rare power of expression, like Chatham, Erskine, Patrick Henry, Webster, or Phillips, all the great interests, whether of state or of property, crowd to him to be their spokesman, so that he is at once a potentate—a ruler of men."

The history of human struggles, of nations, of litigation and legislation, of bench and bar and battles, abounds in uncontradicted proofs that it is such a man whom everybody is seeking in vital controversies. "There is no true orator who is not a hero." He must be brave and healthful, vigorous and honest, and he must succeed. It is not surprising, then, that the life and character of a great advocate so charm and fascinate, so allure and enthrall, that their contemplation is always useful and delightful. If "eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak," how essential and important its possession becomes to the lawyer and advocate! The anxious litigant, conscious of the rectitude of his cause, and of its intricacies and difficulties as well, compelled to commit its decision to twelve men of variable tempers, prejudices, and capacities, or to courts almost as variable, earnestly seeks for an advocate who possesses the power and ability to unravel its mysteries, lay bare its merits, and so present the case that it shall become clear to the tribunal who decides it.

We have the authority of Cicero, that "no man can be eloquent upon a subject that he does not understand;" and from Erskine, that "no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer;" and Webster, who is reported to have said,—“If there be so much weight in my words, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is thoroughly imbued with it.” Cicero, Erskine, and Webster are foremost among the world's greatest advocates, and they speak with authority. To answer the test made by these renowned orators is not an easy task. To understand and be thoroughly imbued with the subject upon which the advocate is oftenest compelled to speak, requires the strength and persistency of an unflagging will. The limitless field in which he must toil diligently, if he would address juries and

courts of law with any degree of success, is that of jurisprudence, which is called by an eminent lawyer "the collected reason of ages combining the principle of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns." In order to be thoroughly versed in the principles which lie at the very foundation of all justice, he must possess great legal learning; and, if he would understand "the infinite variety of human concerns," he must have a mind enriched with almost infinite knowledge.

It is related of a skilful advocate, who was one of us not long ago, that he once exclaimed in the course of a trial that his case had gone to the dogs on the evidence, and it must be saved by the argument,—but the argument does not often save such cases. When a cause goes to pieces on the evidence, the verdict is very likely to go to the other side. Verdicts, that go with the argument and against the law and the evidence, are sometimes rendered, it is true; and, indeed, they are not so rare as they should be,—thus in some measure justifying the old proverb that "wise men argue cases, while fools decide them." But facts are stubborn things, and are vastly harder to meet than an eloquent tongue. Nothing is so eloquent as the truth, and nothing so effective in establishing the truth as facts; and while the advocate cannot safely rely upon "memory for his wit," or upon "imagination for his facts," he must surely have the faculty of making "auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new."

The popular notions of the qualifications necessary to the successful advocate are absurd. Something more than mere flippancy of speech is required. There must be not only facility and felicity of expression, a strong physique and a good voice, but a keen and active brain, a methodical and logical mind, extensive and accurate knowledge, and an instinctive and natural comprehen-

course of law with any degree of success, is that of judgment, which is called by an eminent lawyer "the collected reason of ages combining the principle of original justice with the infinite variety of human conduct." In order to be thoroughly versed in the principles which lie at the very foundation of all justice, he must possess great legal learning; and, if he would understand "the infinite variety of human conduct," he must have a mind furnished with almost infinite knowledge.

It is required of a skilled advocate, who was not, as not long ago, that he ever exclaimed in the course of a trial that his case had gone to the dogs on the evidence, and it must be saved by the argument—but the argument does not often save such cases. When a case goes to pieces on the evidence, the verdict is very likely to go to the other side. Verdicts, that go with the argument and against the law and the evidence, are sometimes rendered; it is true; and, indeed, they are not so rare as they should be—thus in some measure justifying the old proverb that "wise men argue cases, while fools decide them." But facts are stubborn things, and are easily known to men than an eloquent tongue. Nothing is as eloquent as the truth, and nothing so effective in establishing the truth as facts; and while the advocate can not safely rely upon "memory for his wit," or upon "imagination for his facts," he must surely have the faculty of making "solid cases look amiable as well as the new.

The popular notions of the qualifications necessary to the successful advocate are absurd. Something more than mere fluency of speech is required. There must be not only facility and felicity of expression, a strong physique and a good voice, but a keen and active brain, a methodical and logical mind, extensive and accurate knowledge, and an instinctive and natural command

sion, a towering conviction of justice and right, which find clear and clean cut expression amounting in its perfection to what we sometimes call genius.

Nothing can atone for the want of special preparation in whatever the advocate has to do. He must not only spend years in storing his mind with the thoughts of great thinkers, the facts of history, the episodes of fiction, the treasures of art, but he must be a philosopher and a philanthropist; and, above all, he must know the secret avenues that lead to the heart and brain of his fellow-men;—but, even with this vast general equipment, he must carefully examine and thoroughly prepare himself for each new and separate performance in court or congress, in the forum or on the platform.

It is not necessary for us to-day to go away from home for examples of men who have made themselves deservedly famous as great advocates of great causes and great principles.

I am New Hampshire born and bred. Indeed, my ancestors on both my father's and my mother's side, for one hundred and fifty years, have been to this "manner born;" moreover, I am a passionate admirer of the good old Granite State, and therefore I may be a prejudiced witness; but I do not believe there is a state in this Union, or a spot in this world, where liberty, property, and everything that is valuable in life and worth protecting, are more secure than in our beloved state. I am sure that our courts are of the highest order, and that the law is administered here with as much ability and justice as anywhere in this union. Mr. Webster once said that "he had practised law, commencing before old Justice Jackman in Boscawen, who received his commission from George the Second, all the way up to the court of John Marshall in Washington, and he had never found any place where the law was administered with so much precision and exactness as in the county

of Rockingham;" and, surely, there never has been an abler set of lawyers in any single county on this continent than Rockingham county contained when Mr. Webster practised there. Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, Ichabod Bartlett, and Jeremiah Smith constitute an array of legal giants rarely if ever excelled. Again—quoting Mr. Webster—that "he never met anywhere else abler men than some of those who initiated him into the rugged discipline of the New Hampshire courts:" and since the time of Webster, Smith, and Mason, we have continued to produce able lawyers and brilliant advocates;—and while it is not probable we shall ever have another Webster, I am not willing to acknowledge that the bar in New Hampshire at the present time is deteriorating in character, in learning, or in practical strength. Cases are still prepared here with great exactness, and are tried with marked ability; and as a place for training strong, careful, and successful lawyers, New Hampshire deservedly takes high rank among the states of the Union. Ever since Webster and Mason left New Hampshire and became the foremost advocates of Massachusetts, we have, from time to time, furnished that state and other states with men of eminence who have taken high rank in the profession—men who not only answered Mr. O'Trigger's description as having "the appearance of a probability of succeeding," but who had the physical strength, pluck, and courage, as well as the mental qualifications, which would achieve success anywhere and everywhere. Moreover, it requires no stretch of statement to say that among the men who have wrought wholly upon their "native heath," contributing the wealth of their genius, vast legal learning, and masterful industry to the construction and adornment of the jurisprudence of their state, are many great advocates and learned jurists—Livermore, Woodbury, Bell, Perley, Atherton, Sullivan, Farley, Hubbard, Pierce, Chris-

tie, Bellows, George, Tappan, Marston, Clark, and scores of others whose names are pronounced with delight and pride by every citizen of this commonwealth.

The work of these great lawyers has left its abiding impress upon the whole state; and it has had, and is having, a very marked influence upon the bar. Their tireless industry, intelligent but relentless tenacity, impregnable integrity, great learning, and, above all, their unswerving loyalty to their clients and the state, make them striking models, each in his own separate character of advocate, lawyer, and judge, commanding admiration, and worthy of imitation.

Fortunately the profession of the successful advocate is not one of ease. It requires indomitable, persistent, intelligent work. The trouble with many lawyers is an indisposition to work. The law is an enemy of loafers. Idlers are never found in the forefront. A moderate supply of brains in a healthy body, with good digestion, temperate habits, and indefatigable industry, will surely achieve success; while the more brilliant mind, in a weak, lazy, or abused body, will never accomplish anything worthy of notice. Jeremiah Mason once said that unless a man tax his brain occasionally to the utmost, he will soon begin to fail. John Adams once told Mr. Quincy that it was with an old man as with an old horse: if you wish to get any work out of him, you must work him all the time. Gen. Grant is reported to have said that after he had fought one or two battles in the civil war, and when obliged to meet grave responsibilities, he actually felt his brain grow; that each severe test to which he was subjected made him stronger, preparing him for every emergency.

Every great battle fought by the advocate, each successive intellectual struggle, each knotty question which he succeeds by skilful study and powerful advocacy in making clear to court or jury, each victory won in the

forum or on the platform, adds to his power, and renders him a more formidable adversary in the next cause he espouses. It must be conceded that there is no half way method that will bring success in the practice of the law. The lawyer must work hard, or do nothing. Hard work and hard cases, such as require the closest study in preparing and presenting, are what develop and enlarge his powers. "No cross, no crown" is strikingly true of our profession.

When I first began the practice of law I called on John Sullivan, then attorney-general. He was the last of an illustrious family of New Hampshire lawyers, every one of whom added lustre to his native state. I found him with his coat off, in his shirt-sleeves, drawing indictments. He inquired where I was located, putting many pointed questions to me, and gave me the agreeable information that I was setting sail on a difficult sea, liable to be wrecked at any time; and that whether I should be something, or nothing, depended upon the amount and character of the work which I was willing to put into the business. I said, "Mr. Attorney, I notice that you work." To which he replied, "Yes, sir, and I tell you a man must work to get a reputation at the bar; he must not only work to get it, but he must work hard to keep it." I have never forgotten the earnest manner which he exhibited when he used this language. He had risen from the table, and was walking back and forth in front of my chair, gesticulating vehemently as he spoke. Mr. Sullivan was an incisive and aggressive speaker, a tremendous worker, a learned and critical lawyer, and one of the most accomplished advocates our state has produced.

The necessity of work, of long and patient drill, and extensive attainments in the advocate, is seen in every sphere in which he acts. He is dealing in his professional life with trained adversaries, and his powers are

frequently put to the test. He must have the ability to control and command his entire equipment of wit and sarcasm, logic and learning, upon a moment's notice. He confronts perpetual surprises. He must rest, if at all, upon his arms.

It is interesting to witness exhibitions of keen wit, sharp retorts, and flights of spontaneous rhetoric; and many examples of thrilling scenes might be given, but the object of this address does not require it. I will, however, venture to relate one incident, occurring in our own court, which, it seems to me, is worth preserving:

Hon. George Y. Sawyer, who was born and educated among the Granite Hills, was one of the most learned and astute of New Hampshire lawyers. He was not only a very successful practitioner and brilliant advocate, but he was an able jurist. He was one of the best and most thoroughly equipped men it has ever been my lot to meet in the profession. One of his last great efforts before a jury was his defence of Major, who was tried and convicted for murder in Hillsborough county in 1876. The two presiding justices were Judge Smith and the late Mr. Justice Rand, and Mr. Justice L. W. Clark was the attorney-general. It was during this trial that I witnessed a memorable scene, and one I never shall forget. It was before the advent of stenographers in our court; and as the case seemed to lag somewhat, the court becoming impatient, Judge Smith said, with considerable spirit, "This case must progress more rapidly." To which Judge Sawyer replied, "Your honor, we want an opportunity to take down the testimony." To which Judge Smith said, "Of course, that you should have, but the trial is consuming altogether too much time." Judge Sawyer, at this, sprang to his feet, his face flushed with intense earnestness, and advancing towards the court, pointing the index finger of his right hand toward the judge, said,

“Time! your honor. Time!—it is time, or eternity, with my client!” This tremendous outburst produced profound silence in the court-room and among the great throng of spectators, and, it is needless to say, nothing more was said to the great advocate about taking too much time.

Notwithstanding the great attractions of the life of the advocate, the delight and mental exhilaration of sharp legal and intellectual encounters, the intense satisfaction in repeated victories, and the consciousness, if defeated, that the result was inevitable and not due to blundering or stupidity,—still, many lawyers seem willing to at least temporarily abandon this grand field of human activity for what is generally understood to be a broader field of work—parliament or congress. The motive that induces them to do this, of course, differs with each individual. Some, no doubt, expect to achieve a fame more lasting and glorious than they deem possible in the limited sphere of legal practice, while others, quite likely, feel that it will open to them an easier and more dignified career; and it is possible that there are a few (although we certainly hope not many, if any, in New Hampshire) who desire to get into congress for the reason that the brilliant Sheridan said he wanted to go to the British parliament, and that was, “he should not then be subject to arrest.”

But whatever may have been, or may be, the motive that urges the lawyer to abandon litigation for legislation, it is certain that civilization and humanity have been benefited, and will be helped, by the advocate's influence in the grave affairs of state. It is only necessary to examine what has been accomplished in improving the administration of the law in England since Victoria ascended the throne, and the instrumentalities which have brought it about, to see to what extent that government has been benefited by the presence in her

legislative halls of distinguished lawyers. It has been said of this change, that "All the procedure, equitable, legal, and criminal, much of the substance of equity, law, and justice, as we understand the word, is gone. Law had a different meaning fifty years ago; equity hardly had any meaning at all; justice had an ugly sound." It stirs the blood with indignation to read of the delays, perplexities, stratagems, and intrigues which, a half a century ago, were successful in keeping suitors out of their rights in the English courts. A law-suit, in those days, was absolute ruin to honest litigants. It was a vicious trap, and caught in its deadly grip many victims. The reform in the administration of the law under the reign of Victoria has been radical, and highly beneficial.

It is the habit of each generation to feel that it is better and brighter than any of its predecessors, and as its advocates always take the liberty to close all discussions in which the question is mooted, they generally have the best of the argument. That each successive decade should show progress in everything that pertains to right living and good and desirable results cannot be doubted. In an age when every failure and the causes that produce it, and every success and the method of its attainment, are forever preserved on the printed page; and with a record of constantly accumulating experiments and experiences, of each great achievement followed by another still more important, and of rapidly increasing evidences that the forces of nature, if rightly utilized, may yet become more powerful and obedient, as the servants of mankind,—the tremendous advantage of the present over the past, the vast inducements for work and energy, and the greatness of possible discoveries are plainly apparent. It is impossible to survey this great field of invention, discovery, and progress, which have added so much to human comfort, wisdom, and knowl-

edge, without feeling that Shelley, after all, was not very far from stating the truth when he said that "The Almighty had given men arms long enough to reach the stars, if they would only put them out."

It cannot be denied that many of the more important reforms and improvements which have almost completely remodelled and greatly helped and purified society, securing a more certain protection of law to person and property and a better government, have originated, or been put in force, since the beginning of the present century. Indeed, much of all this has been accomplished during the last fifty years; and what is more to our present purpose is the fact that to the influence of great advocates can be directly attributed many of these reforms. Slavery, public executions, the pillory, and imprisonment for debt have all gone. To the unsurpassed advocacy of great lawyers, and great laymen as well, we must ascribe the death of slavery. Before the earnest eloquence of Garrison and Lincoln, and our own matchless advocates, Nathaniel P. Rogers and John P. Hale, it disappeared, never to return; while to the imperial oratory of O'Connell and Sheridan and a long list of European advocates must be given much of the credit that is due for the increased freedom of their race, and for the breaking down of those iron rules of tyranny, long prevalent in their courts, by which "justice was strangled in the nets of form."

Brougham, a lawyer and advocate of surpassing vigor and inexhaustible learning, although possessing many faults, easily leading in his generation the English bar, upon entering parliament led in a masterly work. He purged the Court of Chancery of countless abuses; he wielded giant blows against human slavery; he championed with great power popular education; he was foremost among the advocates for reforms intended to lift, as much as possible from the shoulders of his great con-

stituency, burdens that had been borne for centuries, evils that had grown up and become fixed by inexorable custom;—and to this powerful and somewhat erratic advocate we are indebted for some of the most beneficial of the law reforms of the present century.

Gambetta, a great lawyer and an advocate of infinite grace and eloquence, gifted to an extraordinary degree, possessing tremendous courage and unbounded audacity, in a single day became famous, stepping from the limited arena of the court-room and the gaze of admiring juries to the confrontment of the excited populace of France. In a little court-room in the *palais de justice*, before the correctional court, in the celebrated Baudin prosecution, and in the presence of a few newspaper reporters and interested spectators, in a burning passion and magnificent speech, he indignantly arraigned the head of the second empire as a betrayer of important trusts and “the destroyer of the liberties of France.” So vehement and overpowering was his Philippic, that neither the imperial advocate nor the court could stop or moderate his fiery and immortal words. His client, the proprietor of a newspaper of Paris, had been arrested for publishing something not agreeable to the throne, and the prosecution was for violating the press laws then in vogue,—laws which completely degraded and destroyed the liberties of the people in this respect. Trial by jury for press offences had been abolished. It was not a jury of twelve men whom Gambetta, the lawyer advocate, addressed, neither was it the little criminal court established in the interests of the reigning power; but he spoke to forty millions of people, many of whom were eagerly looking for a voice whose power was capable of expressing their indignation at the destruction and subversion of sacred rights; and the masterly arraignment of this, till then, comparatively unknown advocate, rang through the whole empire. The electric effect of his

eloquence appalled his opponents, and attached to his following all lovers of liberty. He at once became, and until death remained, one of the most conspicuous figures in Europe; and to the influence of his powers of speech and his resistless advocacy is attributable the repeal of the most obnoxious statutes that ever disgraced the legislation of France.

It would be easy, but it is not necessary, to give other prominent instances of the powerful influence of distinguished advocates in effecting great changes in the law that have greatly contributed to its improvement and to the progress of humanity.

A proposition is to be made to the British parliament, now in session, for the abolition of all remedies for breach of promise of marriage; and it is a significant fact that the lawyers on both sides of the house are foremost in the demand for a radical change, if not an entire abandonment of the law. England, Germany, and the United States are the only countries that tolerate actions for breach of promise on account of wounded feelings. Italy, Holland, Austria, and France afford no remedy for violating a promise of marriage, except when "followed by betrayal." It is a fact which is not very creditable to the jury system, that pretty and fascinating female plaintiffs not infrequently obtain verdicts for breaches of promise that are wholly unjust. This is conspicuously so in the great centres where there are families of well known wealth, and the leading advocates of both continents are substantially agreed in demanding a modification or repeal of all laws upon the subject.

In an address of great interest and value, delivered by the Hon. James C. Carter, of New York, before the American Bar Association at its last annual meeting, is the following admirable statement of the origin of law, and how it is made, in cases where there is no statute upon the subject. "All the knowledge, therefore, which

eloquence appealed his opponents, and reached to his following all hearts of liberty. He at once became, and still death remained, one of the most conspicuous figures in Europe; and to the influence of his power of speech and his readiness of tongue, a substantial support of the most obvious character that ever distracted the legislation of France.

It would be easy, but it is not necessary, to give other prominent instances of the powerful influence of eloquence in achieving great changes in the law. That have greatly contributed to its improvement and to the progress of humanity.

A proposition is to be made to the British parliament now in session, for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies of promise of marriage; and it is a significant fact that the lawyers on both sides of the house are interested in the demand for a radical change, it was an entire abandonment of the law. England, Germany, and the United States are the only countries that tolerate such a breach of promise on account of wounded feelings. Italy, Holland, Austria, and France afford no remedy for violating a promise of marriage, except when followed by perjury. It is a fact which is not very creditable to the jury system, that pretty and fascinating female plaintiffs not infrequently obtain verdicts for breaches of promise that are wholly unjust. This is conspicuously so in the great centres where there are families of well known wealth, and the leading advocates of both continents are substantially agreed in demanding a modification or repeal of all laws upon the subject.

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we really have of the law comes from the judge. But how does he get at the law? Does he *make* it? If he did, it would be *his* command, and he would be the sovereign, which would be, itself, fatal to the theory. Any such imputation of sovereignty to the judge would be contrary to the observed and manifest fact. No such function was ever yet assumed by a judge, either openly or tacitly. The exercise of any such power would be ground for his impeachment. We all know the method by which he ascertains the law. . . . Let us examine the process. . . . It is agreed that the true rule must be somehow *found*. Judge and advocates—all together—engage in the *search*. Cases more or less nearly approaching the one in controversy are adduced. Analogies are referred to. The customs and habits of men are appealed to. Principles already settled as fundamental are invoked, and run out to their consequences; and finally a rule is deduced which is declared to be the one which the existing law requires to be applied to the case."

That there should be no such thing as judge-made law, there can be no doubt. The court has really no discretion in strictly legal questions; but there has grown up, in this country, a practice in the courts, and nowhere more marked and effective than in New Hampshire, of applying, wherever it is possible, equitable principles in the decision of important legal questions. The courts endeavor to sandwich into their decisions those just rules which are so important to the protection of suitors. Paul says, "The law is good if a man use it lawfully." Courts strive to see that the law is used lawfully—that what was intended to be, and is, a solid and safe legal principle, if used as it should be, does not become an engine of oppression and injustice. That the cold, technical rules of law, in the hands of designing and unscrupulous men, can be made to work immense harm, is a fact with-

n the knowledge of every lawyer of any considerable practice; and it can be said to the honor of American jurisprudence, that its highest aim is to secure to every human being exact and impartial justice; that merit and not malice shall prevail; and above all, that "he that hath committed iniquity shall not have equity;" and in this purpose the great advocates of the world are working in full and powerful sympathy with the courts.

There are two methods of making law—litigation and legislation. Both are expensive; and to some extent unsatisfactory. Both are engaging the attention of a vast army of workers. The former employs, in the United States alone, seventy thousand lawyers, several hundred judges, and many courts; and notwithstanding their assiduity, suitors are compelled to wait long and patiently for results. Legislation is carried on by forty-two states and five territories, besides the National Congress; and that they are prolific bodies is shown by the fact that these states in 1889 passed ten thousand laws, with five hundred more by congress. Many of these statutes, of course, were merely of local interest, while many others are known to be hasty and ill-considered legislation; and all signify work for advocates and courts, in ferreting out their meaning and application. Notwithstanding this tremendous multitude of statutes, our legislature is at this moment working hard to add to the accumulation; and, unfortunately, we have no longer the protection of the brave Gen. Marston, who for years stood at the door of the judiciary room and with his deadly hammer knocked in the head many a legislative bantling, very much to the relief of courts and people.

But in spite of all this constant legislation, and although hundreds of courts, all over the land, are engaged in evolving legal decisions which in some cases clash with each other, the administration of the great science of law has immensely improved during the period I am consid-

ering. Courts are enlarging, as already stated, their equity powers, and are looking more and more to what is just and right; and it seldom occurs that technicalities are allowed to defeat the ends of justice: but there is yet room for vast improvement in the administration of the law, even in the United States. The time will come,—for it is imperative that it should,—when it will be administered with more promptness, efficiency, cheapness, and certainty than it now is.

There are still, particularly in the Federal courts, disastrous delays in determining causes; and the fact is so notorious, that many compromises are forced and much injustice done. It is current of one litigant, that he insisted upon making a settlement clearly unfair to his own interests, rather than invest in what he called “Supreme Court futures:” and it is hoped that the bill for the relief of the Supreme Court of the United States, now before congress, will become a law; but the fact that it is unanimously deemed a desirable and meritorious measure, is not sufficient to warrant its enactment.

Almost every attorney-general of the United States, for the last twenty years, has called the attention of congress to the necessity of a radical change in the pleadings and forms now essential in prosecuting the criminal business of the general government. Indictments must be drawn after the old common-law rule, that prevailed so far back that “The memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” and in language well calculated to conceal, rather than make clear, the charge, and with so much verbosity and so many technicalities, that neither court, prisoner, nor jury can comprehend their meaning without careful and long continued study. The whole path over which the prosecution must travel is hedged about with delays, technical objections, and dilatory motions, which are almost sure to prevent a speedy trial. These legal quibbles and senseless obtrusions are a positive hindrance

to the administration of justice. They should be swept away as relics of an age not at all in harmony with the practical business methods of the present, and give place to plain, simple rules of procedure which go to the substance and merit of the causes. There never was any utility in such long-winded monstrosities. The whole system never had any foundation in reason. It may be characterized, as Judge Ladd did the old common-law rule, which happily prevails no longer in New Hampshire, that, without the word "heirs" in a deed, a fee simple in land cannot pass. He says,—

"I venture to affirm that since the revolution by which the house of Stuart was finally excluded from the British throne, when most of the shackles which feudalism had riveted upon the tenure of lands throughout the kingdom were removed, not a reason, nor the semblance of a reason, growing out of the condition and wants of society, the progress of civilization, the exigencies of trade, or the analogies of the law, can be found in its support in any country or state where the common law has been used. . . . In the nature of things the word is no more necessary to the valid conveyance of land than to the valid conveyance of a horse. Its use was necessary in the scheme of a semi-barbarous institution, a vast engine of slavery and oppression, an instrument of violence and disorder, which had no better security for its continued existence than superiority of brute force, and which was swept away upon the dawn of a better civilization more than five hundred years ago."¹

But Congress has been too busy, or too tired, to purge the statute books of these rules in criminal procedure, which are simply ancient relics of sham learning, and which should no longer occupy the attention of mankind.

When the fact appears as it is said to be, that more

¹See *Cole v. Lake Co.*, 34 N. H., pp. 279, 289.

to the administration of justice. They should be swept away as relics of an age not at all in harmony with the practical business methods of the present, and give place to plain, simple rules of procedure which go to the substance and merit of the causes. There never was any utility in such long-winded monstrosities. The whole system never had any foundation in reason. It may be characterized, as Judge Ladd did the old common-law rule, which happily prevails no longer in New Hampshire, that, without the word "petit" in a deed, a fee simple in land cannot pass. He says—

"I venture to affirm that since the revolution by which the house of Stuart was finally excluded from the British throne, when most of the shackles which feudalism had riveted upon the tenure of lands throughout the kingdom were removed, not a reason, nor the semblance of a reason, growing out of the condition and wants of society, the progress of civilization, the exigencies of trade, or the analogies of the law, can be found in its support in any country or state where the common law has been used. In the nature of things the word is no more necessary to the valid conveyance of land than to the valid conveyance of a horse. Its use was necessary in the scheme of a semi-barbarous institution, a vast engine of slavery and oppression, an instrument of violence and disorder, which had no better security for its continued existence than superiority of brute force, and which was swept away upon the dawn of a better civilization more than five hundred years ago."

But Congress has been too busy, or too blind to purge the statute books of these relics in criminal procedure, which are simply ancient relics of sheer barbarism, and which should no longer occupy the attention of mankind.

When the fact appears as it is said to be, that more

men are lynched in the United States than are "executed by the mandates of the courts," and when an open defiance of law and order in many great centres is not infrequently heard, it goes without saying that there is work to be done to the end that the future may be secure. If this nation shall ever meet with the doom predicted by those who challenge its permanency, one of the agencies by which it will be effected will be a contempt and disregard of law; and the time now is when the American people must inculcate and insist upon a deep reverence for law and its administration. In this great field of usefulness the advocate will still find an opportunity to make his influence felt. His work in the past in this regard has been of supreme importance to the nation. Mr. Justice Harlan, in an address on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the organization of the Federal judiciary, thus complimented the bar of the United States: "The Temple of Justice which has been reared in this fair land is largely the work of our lawyers. If there be security of life, liberty, and property, it is because the lawyers of America have not been unmindful of their obligations as ministers of justice. Search the history of every state in the Union, and it will be found that they have been foremost in all movements having for their object the maintenance of the law against violence and anarchy,—the preservation of the just rights both of the government and the people."

But it seems the field of advocacy is to be occupied, to some extent, at least, by the fair sex, as it is now no uncommon occurrence to have women admitted to the practice of the law; and gentlemen of the bar must look to their laurels. They have been striving with commendable enterprise for many a day to get in, and they have succeeded because no good reason could be given for keeping them out. Their natural qualifications for the business of talking has long been conceded. Even John

Milton understood their skill in this regard; and when asked if he would have his daughters instructed in the various languages, the old poet replied with spirit, "No, sir! one tongue is sufficient for a woman;" and nobody has ever seen fit to question the wisdom or accuracy of the statement. It is a curious fact that Buxtorf, in his Hebrew Lexicon, finds our first mother's name "Eve" from a root signifying to talk; and it has been claimed for woman, what she is sometimes disposed to deny, and what "perhaps is not sufficiently in her valued," that she possesses the high command of talk; and candor compels me to say that if I were required to name those whom I regarded as the most eloquent of living orators, I should deem myself false to the facts if I failed to place in the renowned column the name of Mary A. Livermore, as well as several other famous American women.

The gift of speech is a splendid endowment which God has given to man alone. Its cultivation often produces eloquence, and by it man may show his splendid powers; its abuse brings disgrace and dishonor; while its judicious use crowns him with a kingdom. A single eloquent thought, opportunely spoken, has established his fate, and placed him as a peer of kings and princes. He who possesses this gift to any remarkable degree has that which gold cannot purchase; he has a power and an influence which move the heart of his fellow-men, and the gifted and great "do him homage." By the exercise of this power verdicts are won, senates are moved, armies are controlled, and the world governed.

An eloquent thought never dies. And so great orators are touched with a fame that shines through dim ages, and lives when monuments of stone and brass are crumbled to dust. Cæsar and Cicero, names as familiar to us as our own, living in an age before our Saviour, corrupt in many things, yet, being gifted in speech, are among the names we count immortal. Æsop, a slave,

million understood their skill in this regard; and when asked, he would have his daughter instructed in the various languages, the old poet replied with spirit, "No sir! one tongue is sufficient for a woman; and nobody has ever seen fit to question the wisdom or accuracy of the statement. It is a curious fact that Horace, in his *Epistles*, made our first mother's name 'Eve' from a root signifying to talk; and it has been claimed for woman, what she is sometimes disposed to deny, and what "perhaps" is not sufficiently in her nature, that she possesses the high command of talk; and cannot say, but in to say that if I were required to name three things I regarded as the most eloquent of living creatures, I should deem myself able to do the least if I failed to place in the renowned column the name of Mary A. Livermore, as well as several other famous American women.

The gift of speech is a splendid equipment which God has given to man alone. The cultivation of this produces eloquence, and by it man may show his splendid powers; in speech brings disgrace and dishonor; while its judicious use crowns him with a kingdom. A single eloquent thought, opportunely spoken, has established his fate, and placed him as a peer of kings and princes. He who possesses this gift to any remarkable degree has that which gold cannot purchase; he has a power and an influence which move the heart of his fellow-men, and the gifted and great "do him homage." By the exercise of this power verdicts are won, sentences are moved, armies are controlled, and the world governed.

An eloquent thought never dies. And so great warriors are reached with a fame that shines through time ages, and lives when monuments of stone and brass are crumbled to dust. Caesar and Cicero, names as familiar to us as our own, living in an age before our nation, corrupt in many things, yet, being gifted in speech, are among the names we count immortal. Keep a slave,

though ugly in his personal appearance, and a cripple, uttered fables that have come down to us through more than two thousand years and are rehearsed by school-boys to-day. To be an orator, to be able to sway the minds of men, to touch emotions that slumber and rouse the soul that sleeps, is among the grandest achievements of man. Indeed, talk in its various forms has always been one of the chief agencies that rule the world.

But it is gravely asserted that in these modern times the press has taken the place of oratory ; that it is amply equal to the suppression of all evils ; that its supremacy over all other moulding and moving forces is a foregone fact ; that the profession of the advocate has seen its day ; that the glamour and the glory that for all time have been thrown over the great profession have disappeared never to return ; that great causes and great human struggles for liberty have been settled ; and that there is no occasion now for agitation, for invective, for bitter sarcasm, for fervid appeals, for burning eloquence.

It is indeed true that only rarely in the march of the ages are there occasions of such momentous import as roused Grattan in the Irish Parliament, Pitt in the House of Commons, Thiers in the French Assembly, or Patrick Henry in the Colonial Congress. It may never again be the lot of the American advocate to grapple with so stupendous a wrong as American slavery, to abolish which there came to the forefront scores of grand orators, among whom were Lincoln, whose Gettysburg speech Emerson pronounced one of the seven greatest speeches of the world, and Seward and Sumner, and Hale and Phillips, whose matchless eloquence was thundered into every nook and corner of the whole earth where the English tongue is spoken, or where lofty, sublime, and heroic thought is revered ; but if it be true, as Berquier claims, that " advocacy is the growth of liberty, and where there has been freedom there have been

advocates," the end of the great profession is not yet. If liberty and freedom beget orators and advocates, we have yet but touched the threshold of human eloquence.

The time will never be when the press will supplant the platform and the pulpit; when the printed brief will take the place of oral argument; or when the trial of facts will be carried on with printers' ink. The power of the spoken word is still to wield its magic influence over the feelings and the wills of men; it will continue to sway the multitude, and shape the thought and affect the action of courts and juries and senates; and its resistless charm will never be broken so long as human voices possess the marvellous power of revealing the feelings, the impulses, the thoughts, the hopes, the longings, the aspirations, and the convictions of the brain and heart of humanity.

ARGUMENT OF EX-GOV. DAVID H. GOODELL

BEFORE THE

JUDICIARY COMMITTEE, JAN. 28, 1891.

Gentlemen of the Judiciary Committee :

The object of temperance legislation is, or ought to be, to reduce the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The object of the Nuisance Act is, to assist in the enforcement of the Prohibitory Law.

In order to discuss the merits of the Nuisance Act, I feel obliged to discuss first, briefly, the merits of the Prohibitory Law itself. It is admitted that the Prohibitory Law would be better than a License Law, provided it could be enforced. It is claimed that it cannot be enforced, and that therefore a License Law would be a more effective weapon in fighting the liquor traffic.

I assert that the Prohibitory Law is being enforced better and better as the years go by. In 1879 we had 180 prisoners in our state prison, 27 of whom were temperate and 153 intemperate; ten years later we had 110 prisoners, 36 of whom were temperate and 74 intemperate,—thus showing that there were less than half as many prisoners in our prison in '89 as there were ten years before, on account of drink.

While our prisoners diminished 40 per cent. during these ten years, in Massachusetts with its Local Option License Laws the number of prisoners during the same time more than doubled. I also find that there were in 1889 about four times as many criminals in the prisons of Massachusetts, per capita, as there were in the prisons of New Hampshire, thus showing that

under the Prohibitory Law drunkenness and crime in New Hampshire diminished largely during this decade, while it more than doubled in Massachusetts under a High License Law.

I think I am safe in saying that the Prohibitory Law in New Hampshire has a good influence in every town and city in the state. In some cities and towns it does not seem to have any influence; and yet I find that in the year ending Sept. 30, 1890, there were 1,278 arrests for drunkenness in the city of Manchester, while in the city of Lawrence for the year ending May 1, 1890, there were 1,486 arrests for drunkenness. The two cities are very much alike in the character of their population and business. The population of Lawrence is less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than the population of Manchester, while the number of arrests for drunkenness, under a very High License Law, is more than 16 per cent. more than in the city of Manchester.

I find, too, by careful examination of many of the reports from the cities of Massachusetts, that whenever they vote no license the number of arrests is largely diminished. For instance, Worcester, under high license (from \$1,000 to \$1,500 apiece), for the three months ending July 1, 1889, had 678 arrests for drunkenness, and for the three months ending July 31, 1890, under no license, had 332 arrests for drunkenness.

The city of Fitchburg, for the three months ending July 31, 1889, had 164 arrests for drunkenness under the high license system, and for the three months ending July 31, 1890, had 81 arrests for drunkenness under no license.

The city of Lowell, notwithstanding the Dracut \$8,000 licensed saloon, had only 540 arrests for drunkenness in the three months ending July 31, 1890, under no license; while in the three months ending July 31, 1889, under the license system, they had 926 arrests for same cause.

And I assert, from all information I have been able to obtain from any quarter, anywhere, under any circumstances, whether favorable or unfavorable, that the number of arrests

under the Prohibitory Law drinksmen and others in New Hampshire diminished largely during this decade, while it more than doubled in Massachusetts under a High License Law.

I think I am safe in saying that the Prohibitory Law in New Hampshire has a good influence in every town and city in the state. In some cities and towns it has not seems to have any influence; and yet I find that in the very smallest town ending July 31, 1880, there were 3,378 arrests for drunkenness in the city of Manchester, while in the city of Lawrence for the year ending May 1, 1880, there were 1,488 arrests for drunkenness. The two cities are very much alike in the character of their population and business. The population of Lawrence is less than 14 per cent more than the population of Manchester, while the number of arrests for drunkenness under a very High License Law is more than 10 per cent more than in the city of Manchester.

I find, too, a careful examination of many of the reports from the cities of Massachusetts, that whenever they vote no license the number of arrests is largely diminished. For instance, Worcester, under high license (from 31,000 to 31,500 arrests) for the three months ending July 31, 1880, had 878 arrests for drunkenness, and for the three months ending July 31, 1880, under no license, had 332 arrests for drunkenness.

The city of Fitchburg for the three months ending July 31, 1880, had 164 arrests for drunkenness under the high license system, and for the three months ending July 31, 1880, had 81 arrests for drunkenness under no license.

The city of Lowell, notwithstanding the fact that 32,000 licensed saloons had only 540 arrests for drunkenness in the three months ending July 31, 1880, under no license; while in the three months ending July 31, 1880, under the license system, they had 928 arrests for same cause.

And I assert, from all information I have been able to obtain from any quarter, anywhere, under any circumstances, whether favorable or unfavorable, that the number of arrests

for drunkenness has been vastly less under the no license system than under any license system, whether the licenses were high or low, or whatever restrictions there may have been placed upon them.

There never has been, so far as I have been able to learn, a single instance where this result has not been shown.

A gentleman who spoke strongly in the legislature of 1889 in favor of the repeal of the Prohibitory Law, admitted to me in private conversation that he had no doubt the facts were on our side.

The Nuisance Act does assist in the enforcement of the Prohibitory Law. I, myself, requested a certain person to stop the sale of liquor. He promised faithfully to do so, but did not keep his word. I had him arrested twice, and upon his admission that he had broken the law, and his earnest entreaty for mercy, and his positive agreement to go out of the business, I released him without further prosecution; but as he did not keep his word, I had him arrested a third time, tried as common seller, and sent to jail under the Prohibitory Law. He was pardoned by the governor, after signing an agreement, which was lodged with the secretary of state, that he would never sell liquor again in New Hampshire. Notwithstanding all that, he continued the business.

In June, 1888, I got an injunction served upon him and his house under the Nuisance Act, and from that time to this I have no reason to believe that he has sold liquor.

Instances of this kind have been numerous in different parts of the state.

But it is said that an injunction upon a building injures its value. I see no reason for this statement.

It is contrary to law for any man to rent a building for the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors. No injunction can be served upon a building, under the law, that is not used for unlawful purposes. If it is used for that purpose and the injunction is served upon the owner and the building, the owner suffers no loss and no injury whatever until he has broken the law a second time. The injunction has no effect

upon him or upon his building, except so far as it is used for unlawful purposes.

No one would say that it was an injury to the man's property to have an injunction served upon it to prevent its being used for gambling, or for the concealment of stolen goods, or for any other unlawful purpose of that kind; why, then, should there be any claim made that property was injured because the firm hand of the law was placed upon it to prevent its being used for the unlawful sale of liquor?

This Nuisance Law seems to be dreaded more by liquor dealers than any other law ever enacted, because it makes the Prohibitory Law so much more effective. If it is repealed, it is a step towards the repeal of the Prohibitory Law.

Good judges always have said that this was the most effective temperance legislation ever placed upon our statute books.

An eminent member of the Supreme Court said to me some time ago substantially as follows: "The Nuisance Law is the law that has got teeth in it."

One of the ablest lawyers in the state, a member of the legislature of 1889, after finding that the legislature would not repeal the Prohibitory law, said, to a member of that legislature who stated the conversation to me, substantially as follows: We can get along with the prohibitory law because we can usually make out a case as one of the first offence and pay a small fine; but we must get rid of this Nuisance Act, for that is the law that gets hold and hangs on.

A man who is engaged in a business knows better what affects his business for good or ill than any other person, and consequently I have great confidence in the opinion of a distinguished member of the Senate of 1889 on this question, who urged a fellow-senator in the session of 1889 to vote to repeal the Nuisance Act, because, said he, addressing his friend, "It will do you no damage, and it will be a great advantage to my business."

Inasmuch as the Prohibitory Law is growing in its efficiency from year to year, and is being enforced in many

upon him or upon his building, except so far as it is used for unlawful purposes.

No one would say that it was an injury to the man's property to have an injunction served upon it to prevent its being used for gambling, or for the consumption of stolen goods, or for any other unlawful purpose of that kind, when it is known that there be any other use to which the property was applied because the true intent of the law was placed upon it to prevent its being used for the unlawful sale of liquor.

This Nuisance Law seems to be directed more by policy than by any other law ever enacted, because it punishes the Prohibitory Law as much more effectively. It is regarded as a step towards the repeal of the Prohibitory Law.

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Inasmuch as the Prohibitory Law is growing in its efficiency from year to year, and is being enforced in many

towns to-day where it was not enforced a few years ago, and as the Nuisance Act has been a great assistance in the enforcement of this law, and since the effect of the general legislation of our state has been marvellously good as compared with other legislation in other states, it would seem that the repeal of any of these laws must come, not because of a desire to promote the cause of temperance and reduce the sale of liquor, but for some other purpose.

This bill to repeal the Nuisance Act was introduced by a gentleman from Portsmouth. I am not aware that Portsmouth has yet suffered in any way from the enforcement of this law. I am glad to learn, however, that an effort has been made during the past few months to enforce the Prohibitory Law, even there, on the Lord's day. Possibly there may be some friends of the saloon in that city who fear the efficiency of the Nuisance Act in the future.

I therefore appeal to you, in the name of the temperance men and women of the State of New Hampshire, to oppose the passage of this bill, or, any other bill which will in any way reduce the efficiency of our present temperance legislation.

GOFFSTOWN, Jan. 26, 1891.

D. H. GOODALE, ESQ.:

Honorable Sir: I do not see how I can be at Concord Wednesday. If I were to be there I should be puzzled to know what to say. The necessity of that law, and its power when enforced, are so apparent that to repeal it is without excuse.

I have heard of no petition asking for its repeal. I am certain no temperance man would sign such.

Would its repeal lessen the number of places where evil is done for gain?

Is there anything that the law *says* that justifies its repeal?

It declares gambling-places nuisances. Is that why it should be struck from the statute-book? It declares houses of ill-fame nuisances. Does the legislature propose to say they are not? It declares places where liquors are illegally

sold nuisances. Will the legislature say they are not? No one suggests its repeal for either of the two first reasons. Is the illegal sale of liquors less an offence against law than gambling or prostitution?

These are all the offences that this act relates to. Which one of them is surrounded with such sacredness that this law must be repealed?

The law says that either of these offences may be suppressed by petition to the court. Is there anything in this objectionable? You live in a city or village,—own your house there. Your next neighbor, not one hundred feet from you, perhaps, rents his house for one of these purposes. Do you object to a law by which you can drive him from the business, and protect your property and your family from the nuisance?

The court has decided that what this law *says* is constitutional, and has prescribed the way for its enforcement. Interpreted by that decision, the law is too mild rather than too severe; and as men to whom the interests of the state are for the time committed, the legislature should amend by allowing the petition to be signed by a less number, say five, instead of twenty, and authorize the selectmen of towns, as well as the solicitor of the county, to commence proceedings.

If the repeal is not asked for because of what it says, it must be because of what it does.

What is its action? It suppresses no legal business. It injures no law-abiding citizen. It has been the means of sending some men to jail; but in every case the man deserved his fate.

Its very existence, as law, is a wholesome restraint. It has closed up some places of evil. It has never caused one to be opened. It has compelled evil-doers to conceal their business. Before this law was enacted, liquor-ellers displayed their goods in windows and doors, hung out their signs to public view, and advertised their business in the papers. They do none of these things now.

Have the attempts to enforce the law injured the towns

and cities where the attempt has been made? Let the census report answer.

It was attempted in Dover, and there the population increased from 11,687 to 12,790,—over 1,100.

It was tried in Concord, and the population increased from 13,845 to 17,004,—over 3,000.

It was tried in Nashua, and the population increased from 13,397 to 19,311,—almost 6,000.

It was tried in Manchester, and the population increased from 32,630 to 44,126,—a gain of 11,500.

It was not tried in Portsmouth, and that liquor-enslaved, beer-benumbed city increased 137. The little town of Hill came within 10 of equalling it. The staid old town of Boscawen came within 20 of it. In its own county, Derry, Epping, Exeter, Hampton, Newmarket, and Northwood beat it, while away up in mountainous Coös, Berlin, Carroll, Colebrook, Gorham, Jefferson, Lancaster, Milan, Northumberland, and Whitefield beat it from 50 to 2,000. There is hardly a town in the state, having within its borders a shoe-shop or a sash and blind factory, that has not made more progress—and does Portsmouth ask for the repeal of this law?

The law has not, and cannot, injure an innocent man. It simply enjoins one against the doing of either of three illegal things. An injunction against a man, forbidding him to sell liquor, does him no harm if he sells no liquor. An injunction against a landlord and his building does no injury to him or his building if he does not use or rent it for illegal purposes.

Again: An injunction does not stick to the man,—it does not follow *him*. It forbids his doing that evil thing in *that* place. He can move to the next door, and leave the injunction behind him. But an injunction against an owner, forbidding the use of his building for an illegal purpose, *sticks* to the building. Hence, the landlord fears the law; and those who want to rent for these purposes desire the law's repeal. Is it a good reason for granting their wish that the noose of the halter is around the neck of the wealthy?

This law is not strange or uncommon, nor is it a peculiar-

ity of states having prohibition laws. It exists side by side with license laws. This statute is almost a verbatim copy of a similar law in Massachusetts. The state surrenders its sovereignty when it repeals a law upon the demand of its violators.

The times demand courage—the courage of convictions. More law, not less; more enforcement, not less,—is what is needed. The power and efficiency of any law depend largely upon its stability. Let it be known that this act is upon the statute book to remain, and from that moment its restraining influence will be greatly increased. Law abiding citizens will be encouraged, and those whose duty it is to enforce law will be more ready and more efficient in their action.

No reason can be assigned for the repeal of this law that cannot be urged for the repeal of any law.

This law is better in some respects than any new law can be. Doubtful questions arising under it have been judicially determined. Its *modus operandi* has been settled. It is now in good condition for use. Its terrible possibilities hang over the liquor interest. They see and fear them. They do not want to feel them. Their opposition should be the law's recommendation.

We cannot afford to go backward.

The law is a good law, designed only for a good end. It has in its operation accomplished good, and good only. It is well enough. Let it alone!

I am very truly yours,

SAMUEL UPTON.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

BY THE NORTHMEN,

IN THE TENTH AND ELEVENTH CENTURIES.

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE N. H. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, APRIL 24, 1888,

BY REV. EDMUND F. SLAFTER, D. D.

On the 29th day of October, 1887, a statue erected to the memory of Leif, the son of Erik, the discoverer of America, was unveiled in the city of Boston, in the presence of a large assembly of citizens. The statue is of bronze, a little larger than life-size, and represents the explorer standing upon the prow of his ship, shading his eyes with his hand, and gazing towards the west. This monument¹ suggests the subject to which I wish to call your attention, viz., the story of the discovery of this continent by the Scandinavians nearly nine hundred years ago.

I must here ask your indulgence for the statement of a few preliminary historical facts in order that we may have a clear understanding of this discovery.

About the middle of the ninth century, Harald Haarfager, or the fair-haired, came to the throne of Norway. He was a young and handsome prince, endowed with great energy of will and many personal attractions. It is related that he fell in love with a beautiful princess. His addresses were, however, coolly rejected with the declaration that when he became king of Norway in reality, and not merely in name, she would

¹ If it be admitted, as it is almost universally, that the Scandinavians came to this continent in the last part of the tenth or the early part of the eleventh century, it is

give him both her heart and her hand. This admonition was not disregarded by the young king. The thirty-one principalities into which Norway was at that time divided were in a few years subjugated, and the petty chieftains or princes who ruled over them became obedient to the royal authority. The despotic rule, however, of the king was so irritating and oppressive that many of them sought homes of greater freedom in the inhospitable islands of the northern seas. Among the rest, Iceland, having been discovered a short time before, was colonized by them. This event occurred about the year 874. Notwithstanding the severity of the climate and the sterility of the soil, the colony rapidly increased in numbers and wealth, and an active commerce sprung up with the mother country, and was successfully maintained. At the end of a century, they had pushed their explorations still farther, and Greenland was discovered, and a colony was planted there, which continued to flourish for a long period.

About the year 985, a young, enterprising, and prosperous navigator, who had been accustomed to carry on a trade between Iceland and Norway, on returning from the latter in the summer of the year, found that his father had left Iceland some time before his arrival, to join a new colony which had been then recently planted in Greenland. This young merchant, who bore the name of Bjarni, disappointed at not finding his father in Iceland, determined to proceed on and pass the coming winter with him at the new colony in Greenland. Having obtained what information he could as to the geographical position of Greenland, this intrepid navigator accordingly set sail in his little barque, with a small number of men, in an unknown and untried sea, guided in his course only by the sun, moon, and other heavenly bodies.¹ After sailing three days they entirely lost sight of land. A north wind sprung up, accompanied with a dense fog, which utterly shrouded the heavens from their view, and left them at the mercy of the

eminently fitting that a suitable monument should mark and emphasize the event. And it seems equally fitting that it should be placed in Boston, the metropolis of New England, since it simply commemorates the event of their coming, but is not intended to indicate their land-fall, or the place of their temporary abode.

¹The mariner's compass was not discovered till the twelfth or thirteenth century.

winds and the waves. Thus helpless, they were borne along for many days in an open and trackless ocean, they knew not whither. At length the fog cleared away, the blue sky appeared, and soon after they came in sight of land. On approaching near to it, they observed that it had a low, undulating surface, was without mountains, and was thickly covered with wood. It was obviously not the Greenland for which they were searching. Bearing away and leaving the land on the west, after sailing two days, they again came in sight of land. This was likewise flat and well wooded, but could not be Greenland, as that had been described to them as having very high snow-capped hills. Turning their prow from the land and launching out into the open sea, after a sail of three days, they came in sight of another country having a flat, rocky foreground, and mountains beyond with ice-clad summits. This was unlike Greenland as it had been described to them. They did not even lower their sails. They, however, subsequently found it to be an island. Continuing on their course, after sailing four days they came to Greenland, where Bjarni found his father, with whom he made his permanent abode.

This accidental discovery of lands hitherto unknown, and farther west than Greenland, and differing in important features from any countries with which they were familiar, awakened a very deep interest wherever the story was rehearsed. Bjarni was criticised, and blamed for not having made a thorough exploration and for bringing back such a meagre account of what he had seen. But while these discoveries were the frequent subject of conversation, both in Norway and in the colonies of Iceland and Greenland, it was not until fifteen years had elapsed that any serious attempt was made to verify the statement of Bjarni, or to secure any advantages from what he had discovered.

About the year 1000, Leif, the son of Erik, an early colonist of Greenland, determined to conduct an expedition in search of the new lands which had been seen on the accidental voyage of Bjarni. He accordingly fitted out a ship, and manned it with thirty-five men. Shaping their course by the direction and

advice of Bjarni, their first discovery was the country which Bjarni had seen last. On going ashore they saw no grass, but what appeared to be a plain of flat stones stretching back to icy mountains in the distance. They named it flat-stone land, or Helluland.

Again proceeding on their voyage, they came to another land which was flat, covered with wood, with low, white, sandy shores, answering to the second country seen by Bjarni. Having landed and made a personal inspection, they named the place woodland, or Markland.

Sailing once more into the open sea with a north-east wind, at the end of two days they came to a third country, answering to that which Bjarni had first seen. They landed upon an island situated at the mouth of a river. They left their ship in a sound between the island and the river. The water was shallow, and the receding tide soon left their ship on the beach. As soon, however, as their ship was lifted by the rising tide, they floated it into the river, and from thence into a lake, or an expansion of the river above its mouth. Here they landed and constructed temporary dwellings, but having decided to pass the winter, they proceeded to erect buildings for their more ample accommodation. They found abundance of fish in the waters, the climate mild, and the nature of the country such that they thought cattle would not even require feeding or shelter in winter. They observed that day and night were more equal than in Greenland or Iceland. The sun was above the horizon on the shortest day, if we may accept the interpretation of learned Icelandic scholars¹, from half past seven in

¹ This statement rests on the interpretation of Professor Finn Magnusen, for which see "The Voyages of the Northmen to America," Prince Socely's ed., pp. 34, 126. Boston, 1877. The general description of the climate and the products of the soil are in harmony with this interpretation, but it has nevertheless been questioned. Other Icelandic writers differ from him, and make the latitude of the land-fall of Leif at 49° 55', instead of 41° 43' 10", as computed by Magnusen.

This later interpretation is by Professor Gustav Storm. Vide *The Finding of Vineland the Good*, by Arthur Middleton Reeves, pp. 181-185. London, 1890. These interpretations are wide apart. Both writers are represented to be able and thorough scholars. When doctors disagree, who shall decide? The sciolists will doubtless range themselves on different sides, and fight it out to the bitter end.

The truth is, the chronology of that period in its major and minor applications was exceedingly indefinite. The year when events occurred is settled, when settled at all,

the morning till half past four in the afternoon. Having completed their house-building, they devoted the rest of the season to a careful and systematic exploration of the country about them, not venturing, however, so far that they could not return to their homes in the evening.

In this general survey they discovered grapes growing in great abundance, and timber of an excellent quality and highly valued in the almost woodless region from whence they came. With these two commodities they loaded their ship, and in the spring returned to Greenland. Leif gave to the country, which he had thus discovered and explored, a name, as he said, after its "qualities," and called it Vineland.

The next voyage was made by Thorvald, a brother of Leif, probably in the year 1002. The same ship was employed, and was manned with thirty men. They repaired at once to the booths or temporary houses constructed by Leif, where they passed three winters, subsisting chiefly upon fish, which they took in the waters near them. In the summers they explored the country in various directions to a considerable distance. They discovered no indications of human occupation except on an island, where they found a corn-shed constructed of wood. The second year they discovered native inhabitants in great numbers, armed with missiles, and having a vast flotilla of boats made of the skins of animals. With these natives they came into hostile conflict, in which Thorvald received a wound of which he subsequently died. He was buried at a spot selected by himself, and crosses were set up at his head and at his feet. After another winter, having loaded their ship with grapes and vines, the explorers returned to Greenland.

with great difficulty; and it is plain that the divisions of the day were loose and indefinite. At least, they could only be approximately determined. In the absence of clocks, watches, and chronometers, there could not be anything like scientific accuracy, and the attempt to apply scientific principles to Scandinavian chronology only renders confusion still more confused. The terms which they used to express the divisions of the day were all indefinite. One of them, for example, was *hirdis risml*, which means the time when the herdsmen took their breakfast. This was sufficiently definite for the practical purposes of a simple, primitive people; but as the breakfast hour of a people is always more or less various, *hirdis risml* probably covered a period from one to three hours, and therefore did not furnish the proper data for calculating latitude. Any meaning given by translators touching exact hours of the day must, therefore, be taken *cum grano salis*, or for only what it is worth.

The death of Thorvald was a source of deep sorrow to his family, and his brother Thorstein resolved to visit Vineland and bring home his body. He accordingly embarked in the same ship, with twenty-five chosen men, and his wife Gudrid. The voyage proved unsuccessful. Having spent the whole summer in a vain attempt to find Vineland, they returned to Greenland, and during the winter Thorstein died, and the next year his widow Gudrid was married to Thórfinn Karlsefni, a wealthy Icelandic merchant.

In the year 1007, three ships sailed for Vineland, one commanded by Thorfinn Karlsefni, one by Bjarni Grimolfson, and the third by Thorvard, the husband of Freydis, the half-sister of Leif, the son of Erik. There were altogether in the three ships, one hundred and sixty men, and cattle of various kinds taken with them perhaps for food, or possibly to be useful in case they should decide to make a permanent settlement. They attempted, however, nothing beyond a careful exploration of the country, which they found beautiful and productive, its forests abounding in wild game, its rivers well stocked with fish, and the soil producing a spontaneous growth of native grains. They bartered trifles with the natives for their furs, but they were able to hold little intercourse with them. The natives were so exceedingly hostile that the lives of the explorers were in constant peril, and they consequently, after some bloody skirmishes, abandoned all expectation of making a permanent settlement. At the end of three years, Karlsefni and his voyagers returned to Greenland.

In the year 1011 Freydis, the half-sister of Leif, inspired by the hope of a profitable voyage, entered into a partnership with two merchants, and passed a winter in Vineland. She was a bold, masculine woman, of unscrupulous character, and destitute of every womanly quality. She fomented discord, contrived the assassination of her partners in the voyage, and early the next spring, having loaded all the ships with timber and other commodities, she returned with rich and valuable cargoes for the Greenland market.

Such is the story of the discovery of America in the last years of the tenth and the early years of the eleventh centuries.

These four expeditions of which I have given a very brief outline, passing over many interesting but unimportant details, constitute all of which there remains any distinct and well defined narrative. Other voyages may have been made during the same or a later period. Allusions are found in early Scandinavian writings, which may confirm the narratives which we have given, but add to them nothing really essential or important.

The natural and pertinent question which the historical student has a right to ask is this: On what evidence does this story rest? What reason have we to believe that these voyages were ever made?

I will endeavor to make the answer to these inquiries as plain and clear as possible.

There are two kinds of evidence by which remote historical events may be established, viz., ancient writings, which can be relied upon as containing truthful statements of the alleged events, and, secondly, historical monuments and remains illustrating and confirming the written narratives. Such events may be established by one of these classes of evidence alone, or by both in concurrence.

Our attention shall be directed in the first place to certain ancient writings in which the story of this discovery of America is found. What are these ancient writings? and to what extent do they challenge our belief?

At the time that the alleged voyages to this continent in the year 1000, and a few years subsequent, were made, the old Danish or Icelandic tongue, then spoken in Iceland and Greenland, the vernacular of the explorers, had not been reduced to a written language, and of course the narrative of these voyages could not at that time be written out. But there was in that language an oral literature of a peculiar and interesting character. It had its poetry, its romance, its personal memoirs, and its history. It was nevertheless unwritten. It was carried in the memory, and handed down from one generation to another. In distinguished and opulent families men were employed to memorize and rehearse on festivals and other great occasions, as a part of the entertainment, the narratives, which had been skilfully put together and polished for public recital, relating to

the exploits and achievements of their ancestors. These narratives were called sagas, and those who memorized and repeated them were called sagamen. It was a hundred and fifty years after the alleged discovery of this continent before the practice began of committing Icelandic sagas to writing. Suitable parchment was difficult to obtain, and the process was slow and expensive, and only a few documents of any kind at first were put into written form. But in the thirteenth century written sagas multiplied to vast numbers. They were deposited in convents and in other places of safety. Between 1650 and 1715, these old Icelandic parchments were transferred to the libraries of Stockholm and Copenhagen. They were subsequently carefully read, and classified by the most competent and erudite scholars. Among them two sagas were found relating to discoveries far to the southwest of Greenland, the outlines of which I have given you in the preceding pages. The earliest of these two sagas is supposed to have been written by Hauk Erlendsson, who died in 1334. Whether he copied it from a previous manuscript, or took the narrative from oral tradition, cannot be determined. The other was written out in its present form somewhere between 1387 and 1395. It was probably copied from a previous saga not known to be now in existence, but which is conjectured to have been originally written out in the twelfth century. These documents are pronounced by scholars qualified to judge of the character of ancient writings to be authentic, and were undoubtedly believed by the writers to be narratives of historical truth.

They describe with great distinctness the outlines of our eastern coast, including soil, products, and climate, beginning in the cold, sterile regions of the north and extending down to the warm and fruitful shores of the south. It is to be observed that there is no improbability that these alleged voyages should have been made. That a vessel, sailing from Iceland and bound for Greenland, should be blown from its course and drifted to the coast of Nova Scotia or of New England, is an occurrence that might well be expected; and to believe that such an accidental voyage should be followed by other voyages of discovery, demands no extraordinary credulity.

The sagas, or narratives, in which the alleged voyages are described, were written out as we have them to-day, more than a hundred years before the discoveries of Columbus were made in the West Indies,¹ or those of John Cabot on our northern Atlantic shores. The writers of these sagas had no information derived from other sources on which to build up the fabric of their story. To believe that the agreement of the narratives in their general outlines with the facts as we now know them was accidental, a mere matter of chance, is impossible. The coincidences are so many, and the events so far removed from anything that the authors had themselves ever seen, or of which they had any knowledge, that it becomes easier and more reasonable to accept the narratives in their general features than to deny the authenticity of the records. If we reject them, we must on the same principle reject the early history of all the civilized peoples of the earth, since that history has been obtained in all cases more or less directly from oral tradition.

In their general scope, therefore, the narrative of the sagas has been accepted by the most judicious and dispassionate historical students, who have given to the subject careful and conscientious study.

But when we descend to minor particulars, unimportant to the general drift and import of the narratives, we find it difficult, nay, I may say impossible, to accept them fully and with an unhesitating confidence. Narratives that have come down

¹ It has been conjectured by some writers that Columbus on a visit to Iceland learned something of the voyages of the Northmen to America, and was aided by this knowledge in his subsequent discoveries. There is no evidence whatever that such was the case. In writing a memoir of his father, Ferdinando Columbus found among his papers a memorandum in which Columbus states that, in February, 1477, he sailed a hundred leagues beyond Tile, that this island was as large as England, that the English from Bristol carried on a trade there, that the sea when he was there was not frozen over; and he speaks also of the high tides. In the same paragraph we are informed that the southern limit of this island is 63° from the equator, which identifies it with Iceland. Beyond these facts, the memorandum contains no information. There is no evidence that Columbus was at any time in communication with the natives of Iceland on any subject whatever. There is no probability that he sought, or obtained, any information of the voyages of the Northmen to this continent. Ferdinando Columbus's life of his father may be found in Barcia's *Historical Collections*, Vol. I. Madrid, 1749. It is a translation from the Italian, printed in Venice in 1571. An English translation appears in Churchill's *Collections*, in Kerr's, and in Pinkerton's, but its mistranslations and errors render it wholly untrustworthy.

to us on the current of oral tradition are sure to be warped and twisted from their original form and meaning. Consciously or unconsciously they are shaped and colored more or less by the several minds through which they have passed. No one can fail to have witnessed the changes that have grown up in the same story, as repeated by one and another in numerous instances within his own observation. The careful historian exercises, therefore, great caution in receiving what comes to him merely in oral tradition.¹

We must not, however, forget that the sagamen in whose memories alone these narratives were preserved at least a hundred and fifty years, and not unlikely for more than three hundred, were professional narrators of events. It was their office and duty to transmit to others what they had themselves received. Their professional character was in some degree a guarantee for the preservation of the truth. But nevertheless it was impossible through a long series of oral narrations, that errors should not creep in; that the memory of some of them should not fail at times; and if it did fail there was no authority or standard by which their errors could be corrected. Moreover it is probable that variations were purposely introduced here and there, in obedience to the sagaman's conceptions of an improved style and a better taste. What variations took place through the failure of the memory or the conceit of the sagamen, whether few or many, whether trivial or important, can never be determined. It is therefore obvious that our interpretation of minor particulars in the sagas cannot be critical, and any nicely exact meaning, any absolute certainty, cannot be successfully maintained, since an inevitable doubt, never to be removed, overshadows these minor particulars. We may state, therefore, without hesitation, that the narratives

¹ It is somewhat remarkable that most writers who have attempted to estimate the value of the sagas as historical evidence have ignored the fact, that from a hundred and fifty to three hundred years they existed only in oral tradition, handed down from one generation to another, subject to the changes which are inevitable in oral statements. They are treated by these critics as they would treat scientific documents, a coast or geodetic survey, or an admiralty report, in which lines and distances are determined by the most accurate instruments, and measurements and records are made simultaneously. It is obvious that their premises must be defective, and consequently their deductions are sure to be erroneous.

of the sagas are to be accepted only in their general outlines and prominent features. So far we find solid ground. If we advance farther we tread upon quicksands, and are not sure of our foothold.

The question here naturally arises, viz., If in minor particulars the sagas cannot be fully relied upon, to what extent can we identify the countries discovered, and the places visited by the Northmen?

In answer to this very proper inquiry, I observe that, according to the narrative of the sagas, and the interpretation of Scandinavian scholars, the first country that the explorers discovered after leaving Greenland answers in its general features to Newfoundland, with its sterile soil, its rocky surface, and its mountains in the back-ground. The second answers to Nova Scotia, with its heavy forests, its low, level coast, and its white, sandy cliffs and beaches. The third answers to New England in temperature, climate, productions of the soil, the flat, undulating surface of the country, and its apparent distance from Greenland, the base or starting-point from which these voyages of discovery were made.

The statements of the sagas coincide with so many of the general features of our Atlantic coast that there is a strong probability, not indeed rising to a demonstration, but to as much certainty as belongs to anything in the period of unwritten history, that the Vineland of the Northmen was somewhere on our American Atlantic coast. Of this there is little room for doubt. But when we go beyond this there is absolutely no certainty whatever. The local descriptions of the sagas are all general and indefinite. They identify nothing. When they speak of an island, a cape, a river, or a bay, they do not give us any clue to the locality where the said island, or cape, or river, or bay is situated. The whole coast of New England and of the English Provinces farther east is serrated with capes and bays and river-inlets, and is likewise studded with some hundreds of islands. It would be exceedingly interesting; indeed a great achievement, if we could clearly fix or identify the land-fall of Leif, the Scandinavian explorer, and point out the exact spot where he erected his houses and passed the winter.

of the sagas are to be accepted only as their general outlines and pertinent features. So far we find solid ground. If we advance farther we tread upon quicksands, and are not sure of our foothold.

The question here naturally arises, what is to be done? The sagas cannot be fully relied upon to what extent can we identify the countries described, and the places visited by the Norsemen?

In answer to this very proper inquiry I observe that according to the narrative of the sagas and the interpretation of Scandinavian scholars the first country that the explorers discovered after leaving Greenland was not in the general sense to Newfoundland, with its mountains and its rocky coast, but the mountains in the background. The second answer to *Norvegia* was its rocky coast, its high, steep coast, and its white sandy cliffs and beaches. The third answer to *New England* is surprising, almost unbelievable of the soil, the hot, undulating surface of the country, and its apparent distance from Greenland, the dark, watery point from which these voyages of discovery were made.

The statements of the sagas coincide with so many of the general features of our Atlantic coast that there is a strong probability, not indeed rising to a demonstration, but so much certainly as belongs to anything in the period of our history, that the Vinland of the Norsemen was somewhere on our American Atlantic coast. Of this there is little room for doubt. But when we go beyond this there is absolutely no certainty whatever. The local descriptions of the sagas are all general and indefinite. They identify nothing. When they speak of an island, a cape, a river, or a bay, they do not give us any clue to the locality where the said island, or cape, or river, or bay is situated. The whole coast of New England and the English Provinces farther east is strewn with capes and bays and river-mouths and is likewise studded with some hundreds of islands. It would be exceedingly interesting, indeed a great achievement, if we could clearly fix or identify the land-fall of Leif, the Scandinavian explorer, and point out the exact spot where he crossed his horses and passed the winter.

The key to this identification, if any exists, is plainly the description of the place as given in the sagas. If we find in the sagas the land-fall of Leif, the place where the Scandinavians landed, so fully described that it can be clearly distinguished from every other place on our coast, we shall then have accomplished this important historical achievement. Let us examine this description as it stands in these ancient documents.

Leaving Markland, they were, says the saga, "two days at sea before they saw land, and they sailed thither and came to an island which lay to the eastward of the land." Here they landed and made observations as to the grass and the sweetness of the dew. "After that," continues the saga, "they went to the ship, and sailed into a sound, which lay between the island and a ness (promontory), which ran out to the eastward of the land; and then steered westwards past the ness. It was very shallow at ebb-tide, and their ship stood up, so that it was far to see from the ship to the water.

"But so much did they desire to land, that they did not give themselves time to wait until the water again rose under their ship, but ran at once on shore, at a place where a river flows out of a lake; but so soon as the waters rose up under the ship, then took they boats, and rowed to the ship, and floated it up to the river, and thence into the lake, and there cast anchor, and brought up from the ship their skin cots, and made there booths. After this they took council, and formed the resolution of remaining there for the winter, and built there large houses."

In this brief extract are all the data which we have relating to the land-fall of Leif, and to the place where he erected his houses, which were occupied by himself, and by other explorers in subsequent years.

We shall observe that we have in this description an *island* at the mouth of a river. Whether the island was large or small, whether it was round, square, cuneiform, broad, narrow, high or low, we are not told. It was simply an island, and of it we have no further description or knowledge whatever.

Their ship was anchored in what they call a *sound*, between the island and a promontory or tongue of land which ran out to

the eastward. The breadth or extent of the sound at high water, or at low water, is not given. It may have been broad, covering a vast expanse, or it may have been very small, embraced within a few square rods. It was simply a sound, a shallow piece of water, where their ship was stranded at low tide. Of its character we know nothing more whatever.

Then we have a *river*. Whether it was a large river or a small one, long or short, wide or narrow, deep or shallow, a fresh water or tidal stream, we are not informed. All we know of the river is that their ship could be floated up its current at least at high tide.

The river flowed out of a *lake*. No further description of the lake is given. It may have been a large body of water, or it may have been a very small one. It may have been only an enlargement or expansion of the river, or it may have been a bay receiving its waters from the ocean, rising and falling with the tides, and the river only the channel of its incoming and receding waters.

On the borders of this lake, or bay, or enlargement of the river, as the case may have been, they built their *houses*; whether on the right or left shore, whether near the outlet, or miles away, we know not.

It is easy to see how difficult, how impossible, it is to identify the landing place and temporary abode of the Northmen on our coast from this loose and indefinite description of the sagas.

In the nearly nine hundred years which have passed since the discovery of this continent by these northern explorers, it would be unreasonable not to suppose that very great changes have taken place at the mouth of the rivers and tidal bays along our Atlantic coast. There is probably not a river's mouth or a tidal inlet on our whole eastern frontier, which has not been transformed in many and important features during this long lapse of time. Islands have been formed, and islands have ceased to exist. Sands have been drifting, shores have been crumbling, new inlets have been formed, and old ones have been closed up. Nothing is more unfixed and changeable than the shores of estuaries, and of rivers where they flow into the ocean.

But even if we suppose that no changes have taken place in this long lapse of time, there are, doubtless, between Long Island Sound and the eastern limit of Nova Scotia, a great number of rivers with all the characteristics of that described by the sagas. Precisely the same characteristics belong to the Taunton, the Charles, the Merrimack, the Piscataqua, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Saint Croix, and the St. John. All these rivers have one or more islands at their mouth, and there are abundant places near by where a ship might be stranded at low tide, and in each of these rivers there are expansions or bays from which they flow into the ocean.¹ And there are, probably, twenty other less important rivers on our coast, where the same conditions may likewise be found. What sagacious student of history, what experienced navigator, or what learned geographer has the audacity to say that he is able to tell us near which of these rivers the Northmen constructed their habitations, and made their temporary abode! The identification is plainly impossible. Nothing is more certain than the uncertainty that enters into all the local descriptions contained in the Icelandic sagas. In the numerous explorations of those early navigators, there is not a bay, a cape, a promontory, or a river, so clearly described, or so distinctly defined, that it can be identified with any bay, cape, promontory, or river on our coast. The verdict of history on this point is plain, and must stand. Imagination and fancy have their appropriate sphere, but their domain is fiction, and not fact; romance, and not history; and it is the duty of the historical student to hold them within the limits of their proper field.

But there is yet another question which demands an answer. Did the Northmen leave on this continent any monuments or works which may serve as memorials of their abode here in the early part of the eleventh century?

The sources of evidence on this point must be looked for in the sagas, or in remains which can be clearly traced to the Northmen as their undoubted authors.

In the sagas, we are compelled to say, as much as we could desire it otherwise, that we have looked in vain for any such

¹ If the reader will examine our coast-survey maps, he will easily verify this statement.

testimony. They contain no evidence, not an intimation, that the Northmen constructed any mason work, or even laid one stone upon another for any purpose whatever. Their dwellings, such as they were, were hastily thrown together, to serve only for a brief occupation. The rest of their time, according to the general tenor of the narrative, was exclusively devoted to exploration, and to the preparation and laying in of a cargo for their return voyage. This possible source of evidence yields therefore no testimony that the Scandinavians left any structures which have survived down to the present time, and can therefore be regarded as memorials of their abode in this country.

But, if there is no evidence on this point in the sagas, are there to be found to-day on any part of our Atlantic coast remains which can be plainly traced to the work of the Northmen?

This question, we regret to say, after thorough examination and study, the most competent, careful, and learned antiquaries have been obliged to answer in the negative. Credulity has seized upon several comparatively antique works, whose origin half a century ago was not clearly understood, and has blindly referred them to the Northmen. Foremost among them were, first, the stone structure of arched mason work in Newport, Rhode Island; second, a famous rock, bearing inscriptions, lying in the tide-water near the town of Dighton, in Massachusetts; and, third, the "skeleton in armor" found at Fall River, in the same state. No others have been put forward on any evidence that challenges a critical examination.

The old mill at Newport, situated on the farm of Benedict Arnold, an early governor of Rhode Island, was called in his will "my stone built wind mill," and had there been in his mind any mystery about its origin, he could hardly have failed to indicate it as a part of his description. Roger Williams, the pioneer settler of Rhode Island, educated at the University of Cambridge, England, a voluminous author, was himself an antiquary, and deeply interested in everything that pertained to our aboriginal history. Had any building of arched mason work, with some pretensions to architecture, existed at the time when he first took up his abode in Rhode Island, and before any English settlements had been made there, he could

not have failed to mention it: a phenomenon so singular, unexpected, and mysterious must have attracted his attention. His silence on the subject renders it morally certain that no such structure could have been there at that time.¹

The inscriptions on the Dighton rock present rude cuttings, intermingled with outline figures of men and animals. The whole, or any part of them, baffles and defies all skill in interpretation. Different scholars have thought they discerned in the shapeless traceries Phœnician, Hebrew, Scythian, and Runic characters or letters. Doubtless some similitude to them may here and there be seen. They are probably accidental resemblances. But no rational interpretation has ever been given, and it seems now to be generally conceded by those best qualified to judge, that they are the work of our native Indians, of very trivial import, if, indeed, they had any meaning whatever.

The "skeleton in armor," found at Fall River, has no better claim than the rest to a Scandinavian origin. What appeared to be human bones were found in a sand-bank, encased in metallic bands of brass. Its antecedents are wholly unknown. It may possibly have been the relics of some early navigator, cast upon our shore, who was either killed by the natives or died a natural death, and was buried in the armor in which he was clad. Or, what is far more probable, it may have been the remains of one of our early Indians, overlaid even in his grave, according to their custom, with the ornaments of brass, which he had moulded and shaped with his own hands while living.²

¹ Although most antiquaries and historical students have abandoned all belief in the Scandinavian origin of this structure, yet in the March number of Scribner's Magazine, 1879, an article may be found in defence of the theory that it was erected in the eleventh century by the Northmen. The argument is founded on its architectural construction, but it is clearly refuted by Mr. George C. Mason, Jr., in the Magazine of American History, Vol. III, p. 541.

² In Professor Putnam's Report, as Curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, in 1887, will be found the following interesting account of the "Skeleton in Armor:"

"I must, however, mention as of particular interest relating to the early period of contact between the Indians and Europeans on this continent, the presentation, by Dr. Samuel Kneeland, of two of the brass tubes found with the skeleton of an Indian near Fall River, about which so much has been written, including the well known verses by Longfellow, entitled 'The Skeleton in Armor.' That two of the 'links of the armor'

Could the veil be lifted, some such stories as these would doubtless spring up from the lifeless bones. But oblivion has for many generations brooded over these voiceless remains. Their story belongs to the domain of fancy and imagination. Poetry has woven it into an enchanting ballad. Its rhythm and its polished numbers may always please the ear and gratify the taste. But history, the stern and uncompromising arbiter of past events, will, we may be sure, never own the creations of the poet or the dreams of the enthusiast to be her legitimate offspring.

Half a century has now elapsed since the sagas have been accessible to the English reader in his own language. No labor has been spared by the most careful, painstaking, and conscientious historians in seeking for remains which can be reasonably identified as the work of the Northmen. None whatever have been found, and we may safely predict that none will be discovered, that can bear any better test of their genuineness than those to which we have just alluded.¹

should find their final resting place in this Museum is interesting in itself, and calls up in imagination the history of the bits of metal of which they are made. Probably some early emigrant brought from Europe a brass kettle, which by barter, or through the vicissitudes of those early days, came into the possession of an Indian of one of the New England tribes and was by him cut up for ornaments, arrow points, and knives. One kind of ornament he made by rolling little strips of the brass into the form of long, slender cylinders, in imitation of those he had, probably, before made of copper. These were fastened side by side so as to form an ornamental belt, in which he was buried. Long afterwards, his skeleton was discovered and the brass beads were taken to be portions of the armor of a Norseman. They were sent, with other things found with them, to Copenhagen, and the learned men of the old and new world wrote and sung their supposed history. Chemists made analyses and the truth came out; they were brass, not bronze nor iron. After nearly half a century had elapsed these two little tubes were separated from their fellows, and again crossed the Atlantic to rest by the side of similar tubes of brass and of copper, which have been found with other Indian braves; and their story shows how much can be made out of a little thing when fancy has full play, and imagination is not controlled by scientific reasoning, and conclusions are drawn without comparative study." Vide *Twentieth Annual Report of the Peabody Museum*, Vol. III, p. 343.

In an article on "Agricultural Implements of the New England Indians," Professor Henry W. Haynes, of Boston, shows that the Dutch were not allowed to barter with the Pequots, because they sold them "kettles" and the like with which they made arrow-heads." Vide *Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History*. Vol. XXII, p. 439. In later times brass was in frequent, not to say common, use among the Indians.

¹ There are in many parts of New England old walls and such like structures, apparently of very little importance when they were originally built, never made the subject of record, disused now for many generations, and consequently their origin and purpose

It is the office and duty of the historian to seek out facts, to distinguish the true from the false, to sift the wheat from the chaff, to preserve the one and to relegate the other to the oblivion to which it belongs.

Tested by the canons that the most judicious scholars have adopted in the investigation of all early history, we cannot doubt that the Northmen made four or five voyages to the coast of America in the last part of the tenth and the first part of the eleventh centuries; that they returned to Greenland with cargoes of grapes and timber, the latter a very valuable commodity in the markets both of Greenland and Iceland; that their abode on our shores was temporary; that they were mostly occupied in explorations, and made no preparations for establishing any permanent colony; except their temporary dwellings they erected no structures whatever, either of wood or of stone. We have intimations that other voyages were made to this continent, but no detailed account of them has survived to the present time.

These few facts constitute the substance of what we know of these Scandinavian discoveries. Of the details we know little: they are involved in indefiniteness, uncertainty, and doubt. The place of their first landing, the location of their dwellings, the parts of the country which they explored, are so indefinitely described that they are utterly beyond the power of identification.

But I should do injustice to the subject to which I have ventured to call your attention, if I did not add that writers are not wanting who claim to know vastly more of the details than I can see my way clear to admit. They belong to that select class of historians who are distinguished for an exuberance of imagination and a redundancy of faith. It is a very easy and simple thing for them to point out the land-fall of Leif, the river which he entered, the island at its mouth, the bay where

have passed entirely from the memory of man. Such remains are not uncommon: they may be found all along our coast. But there are few writers bold enough to assert that they are the work of the Northmen simply because their history is not known, and especially since it is very clear that the Northmen erected no stone structures whatever. Those who accept such palpable absurdities would doubtless easily believe that the "Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands."

they cast anchor, the shore where they built their temporary houses, the spot where Thorvald was buried, and where they set up crosses at his head and at his feet. They tell us what headlands were explored on the coast of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and what inlets and bays were entered along the shores of Maine. The narratives which they weave from a fertile brain are ingenious and entertaining: they give to the sagas more freshness and greater personality, but when we look for the facts on which their allegations rest, for anything that may be called evidence, we find only the creations of an undisciplined imagination and an agile fancy.

It is, indeed, true that it would be highly gratifying to believe that the Northmen made more permanent settlements on our shores, that they reared spacious buildings and strong fortresses of stone and mason work, that they gathered about them more of the accessories of a national, or even of a colonial existence; but history does not offer us any choice: we must take what she gives us, and under the limitations which she imposes. The truth, unadorned and without exaggeration, has a beauty and a nobility of its own. It needs no additions to commend it to the historical student. If he be a true and conscientious investigator, he will take it just as he finds it: he will add nothing to it: he will take nothing from it.

LETHE.

The time was summer, and the day was long ;
In idleness too sweet for speech or song,
I drifted slow upon the gleaming river,
Close by the shore, where birch and maple vied
With their cool shade the sun's high course to hide,
No thought came near, the languorous peace to mar,
Of faultless toils, that seam and scar
The soul, till from life's drear endeavor
It glad would turn ; but each loss brings
Still greater need upon its hopeless wings.
Alone for one short hour upon the waveless stream,
While life lived only as a nameless dream ;—
With reckless joy still yet my pulses quiver,
As through weary days, with care sore prest,
Come glimpses of that hour of dreamful rest.

Alice Freese Durgin.

NOTE. This number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, on account of unavoidable delays which the publisher was unable to overcome, was printed in January, 1891, long after it was due. This fact will account for the insertion of the address of HON. CHARLES H. BURNS, as well as for the argument of Ex-Gov. DAVID H. GOOD-ELL before the Judiciary Committee of the New Hampshire legislature. The articles themselves require no apology.

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Equitable,	125.91	0.96	1.23	2.19
Germania,	109.00	1.02	1.57	2.59
Home,	127.90	1.08	1.53	2.61
Manhattan,	113.09	1.28	2.26	3.51
Mutual,	106.74	1.09	1.59	2.68
New York,	117.34	1.13	1.13	2.26
Provident Savings,	293.17	0.47	0.82	1.29
United States,	111.84	1.53	1.64	3.17
Washington,	104.03	1.28	1.48	2.76

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF OTHER STATES.

Percentages to mean amount of Insurance in force 1888.

Companies.	Am't of Net Assets for every \$100 of re- serve liability.	For Expenses.	For Death Claims.	Death Claims and Expenses.
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Berkshire,	113.76	0.92	0.99	1.91
Connecticut General,	135.15	1.05	1.04	2.09
Connecticut Mutual,	110.90	0.87	2.12	2.99
Massachusetts Mutual,	108.74	1.03	1.08	2.11
Mutual Benefit,	108.45	0.62	1.92	2.54
National Vt.	120.88	1.13	1.02	2.15
N. E. Mutual,	113.89	0.72	1.68	2.40
North-western,	116.90	0.92	0.84	1.76
Penn Mutual,	115.54	0.94	1.27	2.21
Phoenix,	114.84	0.94	2.31	3.25
Prov. Life & Trust,	117.97	0.78	0.99	1.77
State Mutual,	118.71	0.87	1.28	2.15
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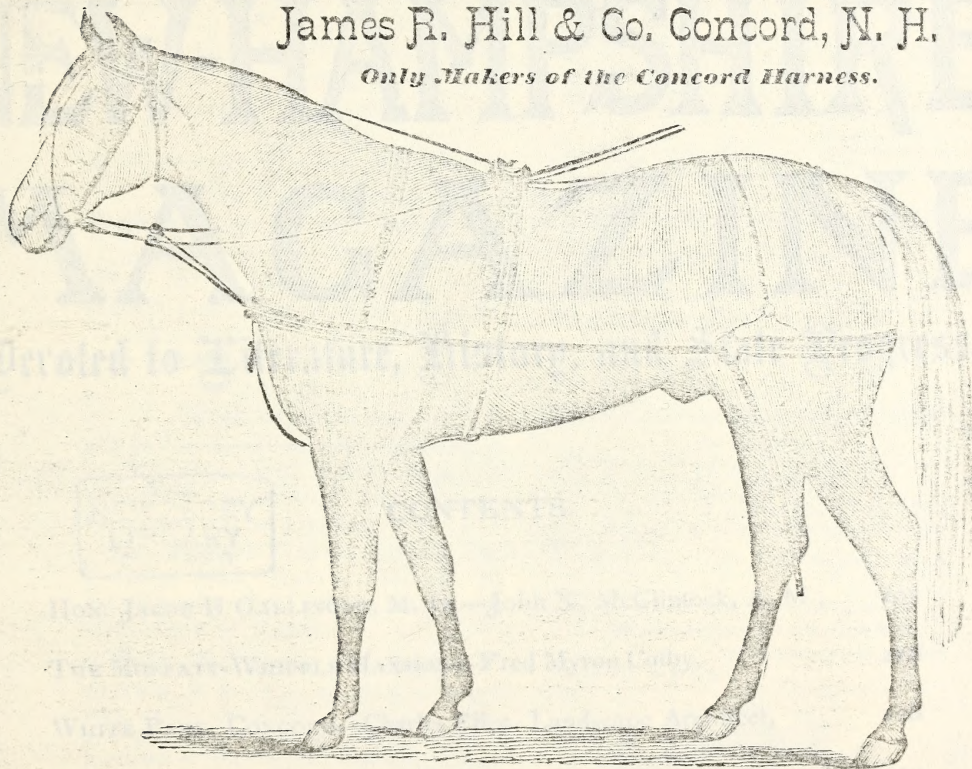
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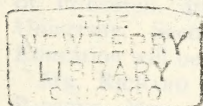
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Vol. III. (New Series)
No. VIII.

SEPTEMBER 1880
OCTOBER 1880

No. 25-10

HON.

The attention of the
Granite Monthly has very
to the following letter.

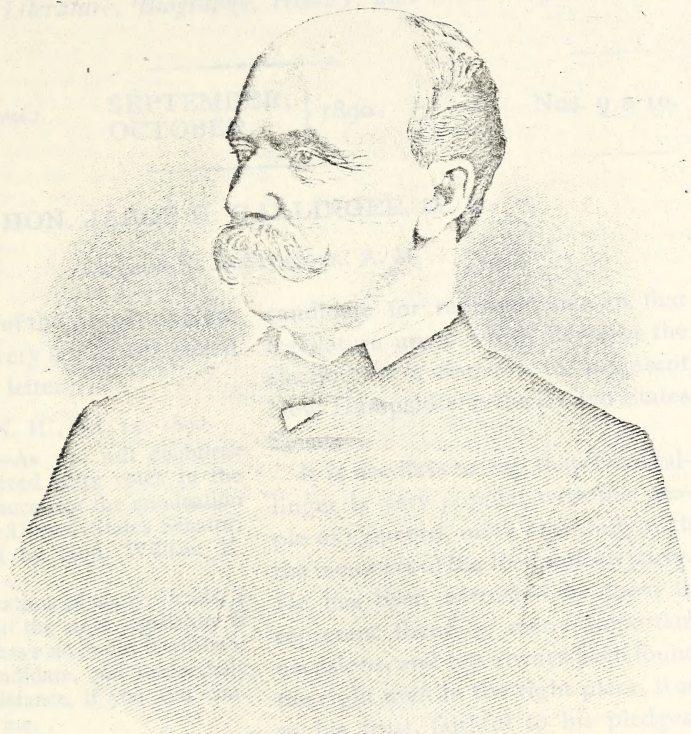
Concord, N. H.
My Dear Sir—As
representative, I readily
but Republican
of a candidate for
but was defeated
Chandler.

"As the subject
have concluded to
Republican as a
to again be a candidate
request your assistance. If
sincerely support me.

"Amongst your
any friends who may be disposed
and, certainly, to hear from you of
congratulations.

"Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
"J. H. GALLINGER."

When it became known that Dr.
Gallinger was a candidate for an
office second in dignity within the
gift of the
Senator
next to the
fellow-citizens of his own ward in
the city of Concord tendered to him
an unanimous nomination as their



Eng'd by A. T. Ritchie

J. H. Gallinger

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

VOL. III. (New Series.)
VOL. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, }
OCTOBER, } 1890.

Nos. 9 & 10.

HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER. M. D.

BY JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, A. M.

The attention of the people of New Hampshire has very lately been called to the following letter:

“CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 15, 1890.

My Dear Sir,—As you will doubtless remember, I received sixty votes in the last Republican caucus for the nomination of a candidate for United States Senator, but was defeated by Hon. William E. Chandler.

“At the solicitation of many friends, I have concluded (if the next legislature is Republican, as I have no doubt it will be), to again be a candidate, and respectfully request your assistance, if you can consistently support me.

“Assuring you of my appreciation of any favors you may be disposed to bestow, and trusting to hear from you at your convenience,

“Believe me,

“Very sincerely yours,

“J. H. GALLINGER.”

When it became known that Dr. Gallinger was a candidate for an office second in dignity within the gift of the American people—for a Senator of the United States ranks next to the President—his Republican fellow-citizens of his own ward in the city of Concord tendered to him an unanimous nomination as their

candidate for representative in that legislature upon which devolves the election of a Senator to represent New Hampshire in the United States Senate.

It is needless to say that Dr. Gallinger is very popular with the people of Concord, more especially with the members of the Republican party. He has been entrusted by them to represent them on many important occasions, and has always been found the right man in the right place, true to his trust, faithful to his pledges, equal to all emergencies. His fitness for public office was long ago discovered by a constantly increasing circle of friends and political admirers; and he in no wise disappointed those who chose him to represent them, whether in the Legislature of the State or in the United States House of Representatives.

To argue his fitness for the great office to which he aspires, it becomes necessary to review his past career as well as to state his present qualifications.

"Starting out in life a poor boy, Dr. Gallinger has fought his way up to his present position unaided and alone, overcoming obstacles before which a less ambitious and resolute spirit would have quailed and fallen back. He is emphatically a self-made man; and his success is due to a tireless energy and an ability of a high order. Commencing life as a farmer's boy, he has successively risen to the position of a printer, an editor, a physician, and a successful politician.

"Few men have the ability to accomplish the amount of work that Dr. Gallinger constantly performs. In addition to a healthy body, he has a remarkably quick conception, executive ability of a high order, and an indomitable will; and these enable him to accomplish tasks that few others could possibly endure. He is a man of great industry, of profound convictions, and positive ideas; and while he has a host of devoted friends, these very qualities make him some enemies, who are naturally ready to impugn his motives and misrepresent his acts.

"The doctor has been foremost in the advocacy of all progressive reforms, but never in a fanatical way. He has been a life-long total abstainer from the use of intoxicants, and also of tobacco in all its forms. He is a stanch Republican, broad and catholic in his views, warm in his friendships, faithful to his convictions, accurate in his judgments, graceful and eloquent as a speaker, ready in debate, courageous and sagacious, and, in short, admirably qualified for the work of legislation."

The above paragraphs are from the *GRANITE MONTHLY* of July, 1879, then edited by our gifted contemporary, Henry H. Metcalf, editor of the *People and Patriot*.

The following brief sketch and estimate of the man is from the pen of that talented writer, the late Allen J. Hackett, of the editorial staff of the *Statesman*:

"Jacob H. Gallinger was born in Cornwall, Province of Ontario, March 28th, 1837. He was the son of a farmer, and the fourth in a family of twelve children.

His parents were of German descent, and were possessed of but moderate means. Like so many others, who have achieved high success in after life, he was forced at an early age to rely upon his own resources. At the age of twelve he entered that incomparable political training-school, a newspaper office, served an apprenticeship of four years, and made himself master of the "art preservative." After working at his trade for one year in Ogdensburg, N. Y., he returned to Cornwall, and for a year edited and published the paper on which he had served his apprenticeship.

"In 1855 he began the study of medicine in Cincinnati, Ohio. During the vacations he eked out his scanty means by working in the office of the *Cincinnati Gazette* as reporter, proof-reader, or compositor. He completed his medical course in May, 1858, graduating with the highest honors of his class. He practiced his profession in Cincinnati for one year; devoted the next year to study and travel; and then, in July, 1860, came to New Hampshire. A year later he associated himself in practice with Dr. W. B. Chamberlain, at Keene. In the spring of 1862 he removed to Concord, where he has since resided, and where he has built up a large and lucrative practice. As a medical practitioner he stands in the front rank of his profession in this state. In addition to his large practice he has been a frequent and valued contributor to medical periodicals, and was surgeon-general of the state, with the rank of brigadier-general, on the staff of Governor Head during the years 1879 and 1880.

"But it is in political life that Dr. Gallinger is best and most widely known. To use a homely and hackneyed expression, he is a "born" politician. He possesses, in an unusual degree, the executive capacity, the quickness of perception, the promptness in action, the courage, the combativeness, and the shrewd knowledge of human nature, which are the most important requisites to success in political life. Such a man having entered the field of active politics, it was inevitable that he should work his way to the front. He has always been an active Republican, and has long ranked among the leaders of his party in the state. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1872, and served as chairman of the

committee on insurance. He was re-elected the next year, and was appointed to the chairmanship of the committee on banks, and also as chairman of an important special committee. His services in the lower branch of the legislature were characterized by industry, close attention to business, and distinguished ability and readiness in debate. In 1876 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention. This convention will always be historic by reason of the large number of able men that it contained, and the important reforms that it inaugurated. Dr. Gallinger took a prominent part in the debates, and was a valuable and influential member. His plan for representation in the legislature on the basis of population, although opposed by many of the older members of the convention, was adopted by a large majority. The very general satisfaction with which the system is regarded sufficiently attests the wisdom of its author. In March, 1878, he was elected to the state senate from the old Fourth District, and served as chairman of the committee on education. He was re-elected in the following November, and upon the convening of the legislature, was chosen to the presidency of the senate—an office whose duties his rare parliamentary ability enabled him to discharge to the entire satisfaction of the senators, as was attested by the exceedingly complimentary resolutions unanimously passed at the close of the session, accompanied by a valuable testimonial.

"Dr. Gallinger has long been an active and influential member of the Republican State Central Committee, and in September, 1882, he was made its chairman. The campaign which followed was one of exceeding bitterness and beset with exceptional difficulties. Republican disaffection was rife throughout the land. The tidal wave which, two years later, carried the Democratic party into power in the nation, had already set in. New York, Pennsylvania, and even Massachusetts, chose Democratic governors; and a Democratic Congress was elected. In addition to these general discouragements, the Republicans of New Hampshire were called upon to face serious obstacles of their own, which are well known to all, and which, therefore, need not be discussed here. It is only just to say that, with a less adroit manager at the head of

the Republican organization, the Republican victory which followed would have been impossible. Dr. Gallinger was re-elected to the chairmanship in 1884, and again demonstrated his especial fitness for the place.

"In the Second District Convention, held in Concord, September 9, 1884, Dr. Gallinger was nominated for member of congress, receiving on the first ballot one hundred and seventy-one out of a total of three hundred and twenty-nine votes. The nomination was subsequently made unanimous. His competitors were Hon. Daniel Barnard, of Franklin, and Hon. Levi W. Barton, of Newport—two of the ablest men in the state. He was elected in November following, running several hundred votes ahead of his ticket.

"Dr. Gallinger has been prominent in politics otherwise than in an official capacity. He is one of the most popular and successful campaign orators in the state. As a speaker, he is rapid, direct, and practical, has an excellent voice, and always commands the attention of his audience. He is also a facile and effective writer. He has frequently prepared the resolutions for state and district conventions, and has written, to a considerable extent, for the daily press. He has also performed considerable literary labor of a general character. He has frequently lectured before lyceums and other literary societies, and Dartmouth College has conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

"In August, 1860, he married Mary Anna Bailey, daughter of Major Isaac Bailey, of Salisbury. Of their six children three are living, Katherine C., wife of Harry A. Norton of Boston, William H., and Ralph E., aged respectively twenty-four, twenty-one, and nineteen years.

"In religious faith Dr. Gallinger was reared an Episcopalian, but for many years has been identified with the Baptist denomination. He is also a member of the Masonic Fraternity, an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Honor, and connected with many other fraternal and benevolent orders.

"Dr. Gallinger is slightly above the medium height, and is somewhat portly. He has always been strictly temperate in his habits, and the happy results of his abstemious life are apparent in his cheery and healthful countenance. He has a fine presence, a cordial, hearty manner, and a

pleasing, winning address. His rare social qualities, abundant good-nature, keen sense of humor, and excellent conversational powers make him a most agreeable companion; and few men in the state enjoy a higher degree of personal popularity. His many friends rejoice in his advancement, and will watch his future with interest and sympathy.

"In the prime of manhood, in the full tide of health and strength, about to abandon state affairs for the wider arena of national politics, a sketch of Dr. Gallinger's life, written at this date [1884], is necessarily incomplete. The record of the most important and eventful part of his life-work must be left to the pen of some future biographer. If the achievements of the past may be taken as an index of the probabilities of the future, he has before him a career of eminence, honor, and usefulness."

Such were the prophetic words written by their gifted author as Dr. Gallinger was about entering upon his duties at the National Capitol. For four years his New Hampshire constituents carefully watched his course, and it found favor in their eyes; for at the end of his first term he was re-elected a member of the Fiftieth Congress. During his first term he served on the Committee on Claims. He was an indefatigable worker in Congress, once remarking to a friend in Washington, "I have worked fourteen hours a day all my life, and I see no reason why I should not do it here as well as elsewhere."

Many poor, as well as wealthy, claimants for justice at the hands of the government, pensioners, and others, had reason to rejoice that strength was given him for herculean labor. He ignored the precedent of the house that new members shall serve an apprenticeship of silence for one term before they take

part in debates, commanded attention when he spoke, and was very successful in the points he made. Mr. James O. Lyford was at that time the Washington correspondent of the *Statesman* and other New Hampshire papers, and faithfully recorded all that was going on. In one of his letters he said:

"Dr. Gallinger has been taking quite an active part in the congressional debates of late. During the speaking on the oleomargarine bill its opponents put Mr. Farquhar, of New York, forward as a scientific defender of bogus butter; but during his speech Dr. Gallinger took him in hand, and by a series of questions completely demoralized him, much to the delight of the friends of dairy products. Then, on Friday last, he made one of his old-time speeches in defence of a Democratic doorkeeper and Union soldier, who was charged by the Committee on Reform of the Civil Service with having violated the rules. The committee reported a resolution to expel him; but it was defeated two to one. At the Friday evening session, Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama, the noted Confederate cavalry chief, was making a lengthy harangue in defence of his recent attack upon the late Secretary Stanton, whom he called 'the arch conspirator.' Wheeler also championed President Buchanan and the members of his cabinet, declaring that they were loyal to the Union and did all in their power to preserve it. Dr. Gallinger interrupted him with the question, 'Is it not a matter of history that during the incipency of the Rebellion a committee of congressmen, of whom Hon. Mason W. Tappan, of New Hampshire, was one, waited on President Buchanan and urged him to adopt prompt and effectual methods to suppress the insurrection, and did not President Buchanan tell them that he knew of no authority under the constitution that would justify him in coercing a sovereign state?' To this Gen. Wheeler gave an equivocal reply, when the doctor retorted; 'That is a matter of history, whether the gentleman from Alabama knows it or not, and it conclusively proves that Buchanan was not loyal to the Union.'

"He has had one or two tilts with 'Dick' Townsend, of Illinois, lately, and he riddled that gentleman's attempted defense of the present management of the pension office, and forced him to give civil answers to civil questions. 'Dick' is no mean antagonist, and the member who gets away from him has to know his business. The doctor also showed up, in a short speech the other night, in the Democratic programme of delaying pension bills in the house. His remarks were not relished by the ex-Confederates who laud Jeff Davis and villify Edwin M. Stanton, for there was a good deal of unpleasant truth therein."

"Congressman Gallinger took part in the running debate on pension bills, Friday night, and is down for a silver speech on Saturday next."

This "silver speech," so called, delivered to the House April 3, 1886, may be said to be Dr. Gallinger's maiden effort in Congress, and for which he received many compliments. Extracts from it at this time may be of interest:

"Now, Mr. Speaker, it is seriously argued that the country needs more money. Is that really so? Men talk of 'cheap' money. Congressmen in lengthy speeches tell their constituents in effect, if not in words, that they are in debt; that their farms are mortgaged: that there is an abundance of silver in the mines of California, Colorado, and Nevada; and that the government can and ought to make money out of that silver, distribute it among the people, and thereby better their condition. Doubtless some simple-minded people believe this talk, just as they believed the greenback heresies of a few years ago. But such persons should be reminded that a dollar (even a clipped silver dollar) can only be had in exchange for its equivalent in wheat, or cotton, or corn, or labor, or some other marketable commodity.

"It is true the government can make dollars, or something that is called dollars; but no device has yet been discovered that will enable the government safely to put those dollars into circulation except in accordance with the inexorable laws of trade. And just here is the fallacy of the talk about cheap money. What is

cheap money about which the gentleman from Texas talked so earnestly and eloquently? The history of the world shows that so-called cheap money has in reality always been dear money. The financial schemes of George Law were based on the idea of cheap money, but his schemes came to naught, as all such schemes have, carrying disaster and suffering in their train. It is well to remember that 'things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour;' and the history of the disasters that have invariably followed an inflated and depreciated currency have painfully illustrated the truthfulness of Shakespeare's suggestion that

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

"We had in this country cheap money in 1868. In that year the National Republican Convention declared that the best way to diminish the burden of the public debt, and thereby lift the burdens of taxation from the shoulders of the people, was to improve our credit so that money could be borrowed at a lower rate of interest. This was at a time when the Democratic party was even farther away from the sound financial principles that characterize the fiscal policy of President Cleveland than they are to-day. The Republican party was right, as the mighty financial events of the intervening period abundantly prove. Then the government was paying \$130,000,000 per annum interest on \$2,169,000,000 of debt, whereas we are now paying \$51,000,000 of interest on \$1,260,000,000 of debt. The principal of the debt has been reduced 41½ per cent., while the interest charge has been reduced 60 per cent. This grand achievement was the direct result of improving the public credit; and yet intelligent men, some of them Republicans, gravely propose to again depreciate the currency through the instrumentality of unlimited silver coinage, and thus renew the distress that the wisdom of the great Republican party lifted from the shoulders of the people by the grandest display of financial wisdom that the world has ever beheld. It must not be done. * * * * *

"I am not ignorant of the fact that the debtor states of the West and South doubtless think this is a smart way to pay off the creditor states of the East. No matter what they say about it, some of them at least know that the inevitable

effect of unlimited silver coinage will be to drive gold out of circulation, and very likely out of the country, leaving the depreciated silver dollar as the sole basis of our monetary system. They may think it a shrewd business speculation to pay off their debts in money actually worth from 20 to 30 per cent. less than it claims to be. The bulk of these obligations were incurred when the currency was on a parity with gold, and if they can be paid in a depreciated currency it is clear that millions of dollars will be saved to the debtor states. But let me ask, in all seriousness, will this pay? * * * *

"Upon this platform every American, be he congressman or not, can safely stand, so far at least as the interests of the country are concerned; and were it not that 'Ephraim is wedded to his idols,' I should expect to see these sentiments crystallized into a bill and enacted into law before the Forty-ninth Congress becomes a thing of the past. But if this can not be done, as now seems probable, let us at least put our foot and the seal of our condemnation upon the monstrous proposition to coin silver in unlimited quantities—a proposition that, in view of the attitude of most European nations on the subject, will strike a deadly blow at the prosperity of this country, and bring back to us sad reminders of former troublous and disastrous days. It is in our power to avert this calamity by wise legislation, and I have faith to believe that the good sense of the American Congress will resist the clamor and unreasonable demands of the owners of silver mines and the advocates of unlimited coinage, thus protecting the interests and defending the honor of a nation whose marvellous growth in the past is an assurance of still greater development in the future, provided she is not wrecked by legislative enactments that are calculated to impair her credit and strike down her industries." [Applause.]

On the evening of June 11, 1887, private pension bills and bills to remove political disabilities were under consideration in committee of the whole. Mr. Blanchard, of Louisiana, one of the young fire-eaters of the South, was present to obstruct pension legislation. Bills removing

the political disabilities from two ex-Confederates were passed without time being wasted in the reading of the reports. Next a pension bill came up, when the following colloquy took place:

Mr. Gallinger—Mr. Chairman, I would inquire if the reading of the report has been called for?

The Chairman—Yes, by the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Blanchard].

Mr. Gallinger—I want to say just at this point that we have in the last few minutes passed two bills to remove political disabilities from men who fought against our government and attempted to destroy it. The reports in these cases were not called for. Now we have before us a bill to pension some poor woman whose husband served in the Union army, and died as a result of his service for his country. The reading of the report in this case is demanded, which will necessarily consume much time, and if persisted in in all cases will leave many pension bills on the calendar when Congress finally adjourns. The fact is, we have had during this session many reports read at these sessions on bills of this character, and in not one single instance has a bill been rejected because of any fact developed by the reading of the report. I submit to the gentlemen present to-night that we ought to be generous to these poor soldiers and their widows, and ought not to unnecessarily consume time in reading reports that have been carefully prepared by a committee as a result of ascertained facts. When at home recently I was called to go to an almshouse in my state to see a soldier who served all through the war, who suffered untold agonies in rebel prisons, and who is completely broken in health because of his loyal devotion to the flag of his country. That man to-day is in an almshouse: and, as I understand, a bill is to be presented to this House to give him a small pension. I trust when it comes up for consideration, it may not be unnecessarily delayed by objections on the part of congressmen from the late Confederate States, as he needs the pension now, and will be dead before it is granted if these dilatory methods prevail. Again: I was called to see the widow of a poor soldier, and found

her in a field, picking stones and lifting them into a cart, to gain a livelihood for herself and her child. That woman's application will soon come to Congress, as she has been denied her right in the pension office on a technicality. I submit, in behalf of these poor men, in behalf of these poor women, that it is not right for us to waste time when their needs are so urgent; and I repeat that if we can afford to sit here and have bills passed to remove political disabilities from men who fought to destroy the government without reading the reports surely time should not be consumed in reading reports on bills to pension Union soldiers or their widows.

Mr. Blanchard—If the gentleman who has just addressed the committee had not consumed so much time in his remarks, this bill would probably have been passed before now.

Mr. Gallinger—Possibly; and the same obstructive tactics would have been employed against the next bill. I propose to call the attention of the country to the way in which the time of these sessions is being consumed by the Democratic side of the House.

Mr. Blanchard—I have a right to call for the reading of the reports.

Mr. Gallinger—Certainly.

Mr. Blanchard—And I propose to do it.

Mr. Gallinger—The gentleman can keep right on doing it.

Mr. Blanchard—And I do not propose that the gentleman from New Hampshire shall lecture me in the exercise of my right. Some of us here who represent ex-Confederate constituencies have stood here and not called for a quorum on any of these bills.

Mr. Gallinger—The gentleman is evidently mistaken on that point.

Mr. Blanchard—I submit it comes with bad grace from my friend from New Hampshire to find fault with us because we ask for the reading of the reports in order that we may be informed as to the merits of the bills.

Mr. Gallinger—Did you understand all the facts pertaining to the bills for the removal of political disabilities which you allowed to pass without the reading of the reports?

Mr. Blanchard—We all know political disabilities are removed as a matter of course when the party who asks it petitions Congress.

Mr. Gallinger—It is in the discretion of Congress, however, to pass these bills or not; and the gentleman from Louisiana seemed very willing to let them pass without inquiring into the facts.

Mr. Blanchard—We are asked by the gentleman from New Hampshire to allow these pension bills to be simply read and put on their passage. This very matter has been called to the attention of the American people by the President recently, and he has told them that much of this pension legislation is crude and ill-considered. And once at least during this Congress a number of these bills, so report says, were passed at the other end of this Capitol without the bills being read.

Mr. Gallinger—I submit that this side of the House is not responsible for what has been done by a Democratic President or at the other end of the Capitol. Nor is it proper or parliamentary for the gentleman to allude to that.

Mr. Blanchard—That may be.

In concluding the discussion, Dr. Gallinger said:

Mr. Chairman, I make an appeal to the generosity of the House in behalf of the poor and suffering soldiers of the country. I want to say that I am in favor of the broadest liberality toward these men, and favor such legislation as will secure to them, in the speediest possible way, every right and privilege that are theirs, believing as I do that the defenders of the Union can never be adequately repaid for their sufferings and their sacrifices.

May 17, 1886, Dr. Gallinger made a strong speech on the "Physical Effects of Alcohol and Narcotics," in advocacy of a bill to provide for the study of the nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics, and of their effects upon the human system, by the pupils in the public schools of the territories and of the District of Columbia, and in the military and naval academies and Indian and colored schools in the territories of the United States. The bill was passed by a large majority. On July 17, 1888,

he addressed the House in answer to the Democratic charge, being made in the campaign of that year, that the Republican party was a free whiskey party. In that speech, which was circulated by the Republican National Committee as a campaign document, among other things Dr. Gallinger said:

"That charge is not true. Horace Greeley, who was afterward the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, once said in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, that 'the two fundamental doctrines of the Democratic party are to love rum and hate niggers.' [Laughter.] It may be that the Democracy has since then become a temperance party, but I have seen nothing in their record to warrant that conclusion.

"It is certainly a novel thing for the Democratic party to pose as a temperance party. The Republican party has, by its legislative acts, both state and national, proved itself to be the friend of morality and temperance. Its national platform gives no uncertain sound on this great question, while the Democratic platform has no word of comfort for the temperance men and women of the country. Throughout its entire history that party has truckled to the saloons, from whence its votes largely come, and it is the height of impudence for them now to charge the Republican party with being the free whiskey party. Satan rebuking sin is a mild exhibition of hypocrisy compared with the assumptions of the Democratic side of this House on this question."

On May 31, 1888, Dr. Gallinger addressed the House at length in opposition to putting lumber on the free list; and on June 13 and July 19, of the same year, he spoke earnestly against the provisions of the Mills bill which removed the duty from jute bags and wool. In all these discussions he stanchly defended the doctrine of Protection, under which he claimed New Hampshire had greatly prospered.

In January, 1887, while the House was considering a contested election case, Dr. Gallinger made a very effective reply to the speech of Mr. Turner of Georgia, from which the following extracts are taken:

"The gentleman from Georgia in endeavoring to bolster up the report of the Committee on Elections has seen fit to malign the character of the citizens of New England. I have no desire at this late day of the session to engage in a sectional discussion, nor to retaliate by telling in detail the true and familiar story of how Southern States, naturally Republican, have been transformed into solidly Democratic States by means of fraud, corruption, intimidation, bulldozing, and almost every conceivable crime; but when the gentleman says—and this is the purport of his language—that the men of New England are so lacking in manhood, so indifferent to their political rights, and so wanting in patriotism and honor, that they will yet demand pay for the time they lose in celebrating the Fourth of July, I feel bound as a citizen of New England, and one of its Representatives on this floor, to refute the slander.

"It is true that most of the citizens of New England earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; that their hands are hardened by honest toil; and that in a rigorous climate and with a sterile soil they have been obliged to be frugal to meet their obligations; but labor, however plebeian, never corrupted their souls nor lessened their love of liberty and justice. Neither political crimes nor repudiation ever stained the escutcheon of their states. Their ancestors, of the best blood of Old England, left comfortable homes to secure for themselves and their descendants both civil and religious liberty; and when oppression followed them here they were the first to rebel against tyranny. They have ever been jealous of the rights secured by the blood of the Revolution; and when bad men and unprincipled leaders have attempted to betray those rights they have been repudiated and overthrown.

"I say to the gentleman from Georgia that New England invites the closest scrutiny of her elections. They are held in open day, in strict compliance with law,

with the fullest opportunity for every vote to be cast and honestly counted. Her courts are open to the black and white man alike, to the poor and the rich, and to the minority party in politics as well as to the majority. Look through her whole history, and you will find no record of intimidation to voters, of oppression for opinion's sake, of midnight assassination, of fraudulent ballots, of suppression of votes, of complicated election machinery set in force to bewilder and disfranchise the weak and ignorant; and it is a matter of history that whenever a crime against suffrage has been attempted within her borders it has been at the instigation of the leaders of the party to which the gentleman from Georgia belongs.

"It ill becomes the gentleman to impugn New England when he represents, in part, a state where elections are a mockery and a farce, and where the minority party has been terrorized into silence and almost blotted out. Why, in the entire State of Georgia, sending ten Representatives to this House, the opposition to the Democratic party at the last election, including Republicans and independents of all descriptions, was returned as casting only 2,083 votes, an average of less than 209 votes for each district.

"Thank heaven, New England is not responsible for Hamburg, Danville, or Copiah, or for the recent outrages that have driven from their homes in Texas well-known citizens of that state simply because they were Republicans. Thank heaven, New England is not responsible for the tissue ballot frauds, the multiple box scheme, the false counting, the threats, intimidations, and political murders that more than one Southern man has defended on the ground that they were necessary to keep the South solid for the Democratic party. Elections in New England have always been conducted fairly. No voter, black or white, rich or poor, foreign-born or native, has been denied his right or driven from the polls. Proud of her magnificent system of town government, proud of her schools and her churches, her mills and her homes, and proud alike of the fairness of her elections, she stands to-day as the best illustration of an enlightened and progressive republicanism. Men may sneer at her on this floor or elsewhere, but her achievements

are too well known to need eulogy from me. Secure in the glory of her fame she will withstand all attacks upon her integrity and loyalty to the right.

"It is being claimed in certain quarters that the South of to-day is a "New South," and that New England is governed by prejudice toward her. Let us hope that a new light has burst upon the Southern States, that the wrong of secession and the crime of rebellion are at length to be acknowledged, that the fundamental and vital principles of constitutional government are to be exemplified in the free and fair exercise of the elective franchise, and in the recognition of the universal brotherhood of man. New England will hail such a change. But that change never will come in fact so long as a portion of her vote is suppressed, and a large percentage of her people kept in political slavery. That change can only come through a repudiation of all wrongful election methods, all devices to cheat and defraud the voter, all schemes of disfranchisement and persecution for opinion's sake.

"New England only asks that the South shall imitate her fair and honorable election methods, and that Southern men on this floor shall not attempt to hide from view the wicked political practices of their own section by making accusations against New England or the North which every well-informed man knows to be incorrect and unjust. If a Representative from any district of New England is to be unseated, let the issue be made upon the facts developed in that particular case, rather than to be made an occasion for sweeping condemnation and denunciation of a section of the country where election frauds are never justified, and where every voter is given the utmost facility to express at the ballot-box his individual preference. That is all New England asks, and for that right New England will contend, here and elsewhere, no matter who her accusers may be. Her voice will ever be raised in advocacy of honest elections in every state of the Union, believing, as she does, that the suppression of the right of suffrage in the South is a blow at the very fundamental principles of our government, and a wrong that, unless righted, will endanger the perpetuity of the Republic."

Perhaps Dr. Gallinger's most studied speech was on the tariff question, and was delivered in the House, April 30, 1888. It was during the memorable debate on the Mills' Bill. Afterward the National Republican Committee issued and circulated throughout the country 400,000 copies of this speech, a compliment rarely bestowed upon any Congressman. Its eloquent close is as follows :

"In this conflict there are the ideas of two distinct civilizations, the one born of the spirit of oppression and aristocracy, and the other springing from the men who fought the wars of religious toleration in both the Old and the New World, and who came to New England to found a nation devoted to industry, progress, thrift, and political and religious liberty. The descendants of these people are not to be halted in their grand march of civilization and industrial prosperity. New England ideas may be, as they have been, mocked at and derided, but the hand of the Lord never permits time to be turned backward.

"This nation cannot stand still and will not retrograde. It has hitherto gone forward upon the lines marked for it by New England. The South has, reluctantly it may be, adopted many of her ideas, and the South, if she ever expects to become rich and great, will have to adopt more of them. The first gun at Lexington told of the patriotism of New England's sons when her liberties were in danger; and her response to the President's message will equally show her loyalty and courage when her industrial prosperity is threatened. * * * The time is coming when the American purpose and idea of material prosperity, emanating from and pursued on every water-course in New England, at every spot where an industry can be planted, whether near to or remote from rail communication, will be adopted by the Southern States. When that time comes, as come it must, the illimitable possibilities of the Republic will be shown, and a government strong in all the elements of greatness and wealth will proudly take her place at the head of the nations of the earth. New England has

adjusted her industrial affairs to fit the conditions created by the tariff, while the South, with her eyes still fixed on the free-trade notions of ante-bellum days, is plodding in the ruts of long ago. But her Birminghams and her Atlantas are a suggestion of what her future will be when she develops her resources, and adopts the American policy of protection to American industries and American labor.

"Is there politics in this? some may ask. Yes. Political economy is defined to be "the science which treats of the wealth of nations, and the causes of its increase or diminution; the principles of government." This surely, then, trenches on that ground. It points out to the South the true way to establish and make operative "the science of government." It establishes the higher order of politics in her domain. Not shot-guns, not tissue ballots, not intimidation for opinion's sake, but a fair field and no favor in the general upbuilding and rehabilitation of her territory. Not Copiah and Hamburg and Danville, but cities like Lowell and Lawrence, like Manchester and Lewiston, with their magnificent manufacturing establishments, will spring up all over the South, giving employment to tens of thousands of her people, converting her waste places into thrifty villages and prosperous communities, thus dignifying and ennobling labor, and practically helping to make this great country of ours independent of the productions of European nations.

"When this becomes an accomplished fact a free ballot will follow, and the crimes against the suffrage perpetrated in some of the Southern States will of necessity cease. Is it worth the effort? Rather do not patriotism and enterprise alike point to this as the only proper course to pursue?—the one thing more needful than any other to forever obliterate the bitter memories of the conflict of 1861-1865, and reunite our whole people in the grand struggle for supremacy over the other nations of the world—a supremacy established upon the basis of intelligent business enterprises, and fostered and strengthened by intelligent business legislation. For my part I am ready to join in this rivalry, but I am not ready to give my voice or vote for a measure which will despoil my own section, and strike down and destroy the very heart of the

nation's business life. This must not—this will not be done.” [Great applause.]

After Dr. Gallinger had occupied one hour the unanimous consent of the House was asked that he might finish his remarks and no one objected.

Dr. Gallinger's was one of the most eloquent tributes paid to the memory of General John A. Logan, and for which he received the personal thanks of the gifted wife of the dead soldier. In part he said:

“But it was not necessary for one to personally know him to gain a knowledge of his character and attributes. His record is written on every page of the history of his country, especially since the troublous times commencing in 1860. When the nation needed brave men to defend it Logan threw all his energy, strength, and heroism into the scale, and came out of that terrible struggle with a record for bravery and military skill equal at least to that of any man who fought on either side. Rapidly rising from a private to major-general, he was the pride and glory of the men whom he commanded.

“His battles were nearly all victories, and in them he was a conspicuous figure, inspiring his men by deeds of daring unexcelled in the military history of the world. What wonder that he was the idol of the veterans of our late war! What wonder that the common soldier, recalling the events of that great conflict, turned to John A. Logan as his best friend! What wonder that wherever soldiers congregated—around the camp-fire and at their reunions—the mention of Logan's name was always greeted with manifestations of delight. And surely this record alone—the love and honor of the men who left home and loved ones to do brave battle for the Constitution and the Union—is enough to immortalize the memory of one of the greatest generals of modern times.

“Logan was not only a great soldier—he was equally a great civil leader. Examine the long record of his public life, and not a blot is on the page. Earnest, aggressive, and eloquent, his words always reflected honest convictions and high pur-

poses. The arts of the demagogue were unknown to him, the tricks of the mere politician were antagonistic to his ideas of public duty. As so many have testified to-day, he loved truth for truth's sake, and despised pretense and shams of every kind. Loyal to his country, he was equally loyal to his convictions on all public matters, and wherever the finger of duty beckoned he followed fearlessly and triumphantly.

“In every department of life—whether as soldier, legislator, counselor, or friend—in the Army, in the Senate, or anywhere among his fellow-men, he was the circle of profound respect and loving admiration, while in the sacred precincts of his own home he was the light, the joy, and the inspiration; and the deep and overwhelming grief that to-day sweeps over the heart of the loving companion of his life-work is, after all, the most eloquent tribute that can be paid to his memory.

“Logan was a great man in the best meaning of that word. He was both physically and intellectually strong. He towered above the masses as some great tree towers above its fellows.

“In my own state, on a lofty mountain peak, is the perfect face of a man, formed by the rocks without the aid of human intelligence or human effort. Tourists from distant lands come to gaze upon “the great stone face,” and go away with feelings of awe and admiration. It is a grand face—grand in its dignity and its impressiveness—a face that haunts one in after years, and tells the story of nature's grandeur and glory. And so, too, there are men who tower to the mountain tops of human experience and acquirement, and look down upon their fellows in the valleys below. Such a man was Logan—a great, strong, noble soul—a natural leader of men, and utterly incapable of the petty meannesses that mar so many lives.”

The following is the close of his address in memory of Senator Austin F. Pike:

“Mr. Speaker, for the twelfth time in the life of this Congress we have paused from the business of legislation to speak words of loving appreciation of our dead associates. The vice-president of the

United States, three senators, and eight representatives have passed away since the beginning of the Forty-ninth Congress. The list is an unusually long one, and serves to call our thoughts vividly to the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, and the great question of immortality. They were all good and true men, and loving friends and associates have told, in fitting words, the story of their fidelity and worth. Among them all no man possessed a larger measure of unostentatious goodness and genuine graciousness than he in whose memory our words are spoken to-day.

"In this winter time of the North the grave of Austin F. Pike is covered with a thick mantle of snow, but soon the balmy days will come and the beautiful spring flowers will blossom over it—the anemone and the violet—shedding their fragrance on the air. In the hearts of the bereaved ones in the home he so recently left is the cold chill of poignant grief, but in the reunion in a better world will be compensation for the sorrow and the tears that death inevitably brings. They have to-day consolation in the thought that the life-work of him whom they mourn was made up of noble endeavor, honest effort, and conscientious fulfillment, and that among his associates in the senate he is remembered as a man of ability, industry, integrity, and spotless life.

"New Hampshire will greatly miss him, but his memory will be enshrined in the hearts of her people, and his fame be added to that of the galaxy of great names that adorn her history; and in the years to come the faithful service he rendered his state and the nation will be regarded as the most precious legacy that he could possibly have left behind him.

"The form and face of Austin F. Pike we shall see no more. His soft and plaintive voice is forever hushed. His anxieties and ambitions are alike over, and his busy life is exchanged for repose and rest. But it must not be forgotten that

'There is no death:

The stars go down to shine on a fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown they shine forever more.'

"When life has been truly lived; when we can look upon the grave of a dead friend and feel that the years he spent on earth were not in vain; when we know that to him 'life, death, and that vast for-

ever is a grand, sweet song,' it helps to lift us out of the rut of our own weakness, and to enable us to say, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' And happy will it be for us all if, when the dread summons comes, we can meet the great change with the same calmness and uncomplaining gentleness that marked the last days of the dead senator."

During the Fiftieth Congress Dr. Gallinger was a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, where he had an opportunity and did a vast amount of valuable work for the soldiers of New Hampshire. Largely through his instrumentality almost every bill presented to Congress in their favor was enacted into law. The following from the *Veterans' Advocate* of April 3, 1889, will give an idea of his labors in behalf of the men who fought for the country from 1861 to 1865:

"We have received a copy of the *Plymouth Democrat*, published at Plymouth, Indiana, by Daniel McDonald, who was clerk of the Committee on Invalid Pensions of the Fiftieth Congress. In this paper we find a table of the bills referred to that committee, and of the reports made by the several members.

"It appears that 5,068 bills were referred, and the following percentage of reports were made by the different members: Matson, of Indiana, 41½ per cent.; Pidcock, of New Jersey, 20 per cent.; Chipman, of Michigan, 30 per cent.; Yoder, of Ohio, 22 per cent.; Lane, of Illinois, 30 per cent.; Lynch, of Pennsylvania, 13 per cent.; French, of Connecticut, 25 per cent.; Walker, of Missouri, 17 per cent.; Thompson, of California, 18 per cent.; Morrill, of Kansas, 57 per cent.; Sawyer, of New York, 40 per cent.; Gallinger, of New Hampshire, 83 per cent.; Spooner, of Rhode Island, 21 per cent.; Thompson, of Ohio, 24 per cent.; Hunter, of Kentucky, 23 per cent. It will be seen that while Dr. Gallinger of this state reported on 83 per cent. of the bills referred to him, the next highest was 57

per cent., and several of them ran down below 20 per cent.

"This is a record of which the soldiers should take note, as it is in the line of all of Dr. Gallinger's work for the veterans. The amount of work involved in the special acts is enormous, as the congressman has to examine a great mass of papers in each case, to sift the evidence, and then write a report containing all the salient points covered by the affidavits. Dr. Gallinger made hundreds of these reports, and thus through his efforts as a member of that committee hundreds of soldiers or the widows or orphans of soldiers received pensions from the government, which had been denied them by the pension department. Who says that Dr. Gallinger has not been the soldiers' friend, as he is so frequently called?"

During the Fiftieth Congress an investigation was ordered into the conduct of the government printing-office at Washington. This is the largest printing establishment in the world, and the purpose of the investigation, on the Democratic side, was to make political capital for use in the presidential campaign then at hand. The Republican leaders in Congress demanded that Dr. Gallinger should be appointed on the committee to represent the minority, and he was so appointed by Speaker Carlisle. He had opposed to him two Democratic lawyers (Richardson, of Tennessee, and Gibson, of Maryland), and Amos Cummings, of the *New York Sun*, one of the brightest newspaper men of the country. For six months, single handed and alone, Dr. Gallinger battled for his side of the case. For a long time it was supposed that he was a lawyer, so skillfully did he examine witnesses and argue controverted points. It was a great battle, fought for big stakes, and the whole Republican

press of the country united in praise of the victory Dr. Gallinger won. The printed testimony of the investigation covered one thousand four hundred pages, while the minority report makes seventy-eight printed pages. In that document Dr. Gallinger riddles the majority report mercilessly, and for brilliant writing few reports ever made to Congress compares with it. Dr. Gallinger was especially strong in his defense of the mechanics and soldiers who had been discharged from the office of the Democratic public printer; and when the investigation closed they testified their appreciation of his services by presenting him with an elegantly executed and beautifully framed set of resolutions, the entire work costing over \$150.00.

Such is the synopsis of the work done by Dr. Gallinger in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses. It is a record, of which New Hampshire should be proud, which justly placed her representative among the leading men then in public life. It made him, too, an exceedingly popular man in Washington, outside of Congress, as every New Hampshire man will speedily learn who goes to that city. The people of Washington have watched his career with great interest; and if he is again called to enter the public service he will receive a most cordial welcome from all classes of people at the National Capitol.

Dr. Gallinger was a delegate to the Republican National Convention held in Chicago in June, 1888, and was chairman of the New Hampshire

delegation. It became his privilege, at the request of General Lew Wallace, Attorney-General Michener, General W. W. Dudley, Hon. Geo. W. Steele, and Hon. J. N. Huston, of Indiana, to second the nomination of Benjamin Harrison for president. This he did in a very graceful speech. It, at least, evinced considerable political foresight for the doctor to name the man, among so many candidates, who could not only unite the various factions of the convention, but to be able to lead a united party to victory at the polls in the election which followed.

In the Republican Senatorial caucus of June, 1889, Dr. Gallinger's name was presented. He received sixty votes, but the ballot resulted in

the nomination of Hon. William E. Chandler. It is safe to say that Mr. Chandler was the only man in the state at that time who could have beaten Dr. Gallinger, as the doctor was the second choice of many who voted against him. He is again an open and avowed candidate for the Senatorship. His friends believe that he possesses every necessary qualification to enable him to win distinction in that body, and they propose to use every honorable effort to secure his election. The indications now are that he will be successful, and if so, it is safe to prophecy that his career in the Senate will reflect honor alike on himself, his party, and the state.

THE MOFFATT-WHIPPLE MANSION.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

The rain-drops upon our roof and against our window-pane trip in elfin measure, the harsh voice of old Boreas melts into a gentle breathing, glad sunshine illumines the dark clouds, and the gleeful rainbow spreads her magic sceptre of peace over the earth, as we wet our pen this wintry morning to conjure up memories of the old mansion which sheltered for twenty years one of the heroes of our history, and still stands

in one of the busiest streets of the "city by the sea," like Nestor among the chiefs at Troy—aged and time-worn, but still the stateliest of them all—grand in its architecture, and surrounded by a halo of sacred associations which gives it a prestige second to no dwelling-place in our state. A little more than one hundred years ago Brig.-Gen. William Whipple, sailor, merchant, signer of the declaration, and military hero, was resting from the multifarious toils of an active and eminently useful life in the enjoyment of an ample competence and the secure love and confi-

dence of a generous public. At this time the saloon and the table of this mansion almost daily received guests from far and near, who came on business, as friends, or to pay their obeisance to the revered patriot and the honored judge. No other house in Portsmouth entertained so many and such noble visitors as this, with the single exception of Gov. Langdon's mansion on Pleasant street, for the reign of the Atkinsons, Warners, Jaffreys, and Wentworths were over. A new age had fairly begun, and the worth of men was no longer estimated by the number of crown offices they held, the value of their silver plate, or the grandeur of their equipage. Democracy had succeeded royalty, and the men great in the nation's eye were they who had fought its battles, endured sacrifices for its prosperity, and won victory by a stout heart, a strong hand, a glowing brow.

Now, for almost a hundred years the mortal remains of William Whipple have reposed under the mould in the beautiful north cemetery in the ancient city, but his home has been little marred by the tooth of time. No mansion in the city has a more hospitable guise, and pilgrimages thither have not entirely ceased. A laudable curiosity prompts the worshipper to visit the home of a dead hero and a whole-hearted patriot; and there is a melancholy interest in gazing at the haunts of greatness, and sometimes an elevating inspiration in breathing the air they breathed.

"For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor."

The Moffatt-Whipple mansion, now more generally known as the Ladd house, was built in 1760-'61, by John Moffatt for his son, Samuel Moffatt. It was the first three-story house erected in New Hampshire, and has always been a patrician residence—patrician in its grand aspect, and no less in the character of its illustrious occupants. John Moffatt, the founder, was born in England in 1692. He came to America in the year 1729 as the commander of one of the king's mast ships (so called) employed in carrying masts from the Piscataqua for the royal navy. One of his passengers was the celebrated Bishop George Berkeley, author of the oft-quoted line—

"Westward the course of empire takes
its way,"

and who resided during several years at Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. Moffatt became a distinguished and wealthy merchant, and from 1740 to 1770 was one of the most eminent private citizens of Portsmouth. In this latter year he paid a tax surpassed only by five or six other citizens of the vice-regal town. He was one of the twelve purchasers of Mason's patent, but never held any military or civil commission higher than that of justice of the peace.

His wife was Catherine Cutt, granddaughter of John Cutt, first president of New Hampshire under the royal government, and one of the four daughters of Robert Cutt, of Kittery. Their only son, Samuel Moffatt, was born September, 1738,

graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1758, and married, January 30, 1765, Sarah Catherine Mason, one of the two daughters of John Tufton Mason, proprietor, by inheritance, of New Hampshire. Her sister, Anna Elizabeth, married Councillor Peter Livius, one of the nabobs of ante-revolutionary days, and a famous tory, who fled to England after the commencement of hostilities. Miss Mason was born in London in 1742. He brought his bride to this country and to this house in 1764, where they lived in the old-time style until he met with reverses. In 1768 he emigrated, with a part of his family, to St. Eustatius, one of the West India islands, where he died in 1780. His oldest daughter, Mary Tufton Moffatt, he left in the care of her Aunt Catherine, wife of Gen. William Whipple.

On the departure of Samuel Moffatt to the West Indies, his father, John, who had built the house, moved into it with his son-in-law, Whipple, and both resided there until their respective deaths. John Moffatt died January 22, 1786, aged ninety-four years. Catherine Moffatt, his daughter, who married Gen. Whipple, was born in 1741. She outlived her husband many years, dying at an advanced age in 1826. The mansion at her death passed into the possession of her niece, Mary Tufton Moffatt, who married Dr. Nathaniel A. Haven, who was a member of congress from New Hampshire from 1809 to 1811. Their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ladd, inherited

the property, and at their death it passed to A. A. Ladd, Esq., who is the present owner and occupant.

The mansion was built and furnished in the grand days before the Revolution. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements, and ornaments, it accords well with the splendor of the age and the fortune of its builder and after occupant. It stands on the left side of what is now Market street, formerly Fore street, surrounded by stores and shops. At the time of the Revolution the aspect of the neighborhood was as different as possible from the present. The whole eastern side of the street, as far back as Chapel and Bow streets, was occupied by gardens and orchards, with a few mansions scattered here and there. Only a few feet away, where the stone store now stands, was the site of John Cutt's house, the first governor of New Hampshire as a separate province in 1679-81. Near by, stood, also, at the time of the Revolution, the custom house and the post-office, kept by Eleazer Russell from 1778 till his death, in 1798. For several years this was the only post-office in New Hampshire.

The Whipple house is a lofty three story edifice, with a platform on the roof between the two huge chimneys. It presents a stately appearance from the street, and has an air of old-time dignity and grandeur that accords well with its history. Over the front door is a porch of the Grecian style, to which you ascend by a flight of three steps. At the right hand of the gateway stands the porter's lodge,

a small, square building with door and windows looking out upon the street. As the door swings open—the same door which opened to admit the patricians and dames of the old *regime*, and through which a hero had gone forth to the council halls of the nation, and to lead her armed legions to victory—you are ushered into a spacious and elegant hall, the finest, I think, in Portsmouth. It is nearly square, twenty-four by thirty feet, and very lofty. The floor is of oak painted to represent tessellated marble. The mats are costly tiger skins. Moose antlers, swords, and muskets that have a history each one, adorn the walls; and from the ceiling there is suspended a costly chandelier with silver candelabra. At the foot of the broad stairway are two family portraits in wide gilt frames, and others look down upon you from the staircase head. There are no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments, but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of real worth and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect.

We ascend the grand baronial stairway, pausing only long enough to study the two portraits in oil at the broad stair. They represent the first master and mistress of the mansion, John Moffatt, Esq., and his wife, Catherine Cutt. The ancient merchant and aristocrat looks like the well-to-do Englishman. His merry eyes show humor; his nose and brow, character; and his ruddy face and portly presence, good living and generous draughts of St. Croix and

Antigua. Mrs. Moffatt is a fair, matronly looking dame, looking somewhat haughty in her bodice of purple brocade silk, and her dark hair strained over an immense cushion that sat on her head *a la pompadour*. Both portraits are by Copley.

There are portraits of seven generations in the house. They include those of Samuel Moffatt and his wife Sarah Catherine Mason, Col. Eliphallet Ladd and his wife, who afterwards married Rev. J. Buckminster, Hon. N. A. Haven, and Alexander Ladd and his wife, Mary Tufton Haven. There are no portraits of General or Madame Whipple in the house. It is well to remember that the present proprietor is a direct descendant of Captain John Mason, the original grantee of all New Hampshire, being the tenth in straight descent. This combined blood of Mason, Tufton, Moffatt, Cutt, and Haven gives luster even to the lineage of the Ladds who boast the genealogy and the coat of arms of an illustrious Welsh descent.

There are ten sleeping-chambers in the house. The one occupied by the Whipples is on the second floor on the east side. It has remained nearly unaltered since Madame Whipple's death. The sun shone in there mornings; and one looking from the window can view the harbor, with Kittery at a distance, and the old home and birthplace of General Whipple on the green Maine coast.

Adjoining the hall is the parlor where the old proprietors entertained their visitors, and which is used for the same purpose to-day. It is a superb room, about the size of the

hall, with a very high ceiling, and heavy, richly wrought cornice. Here are some more paintings, ancient and historic chairs, rich Gobelin tapestry, and many articles of vertu, all with a memory connected with them. The fire-place has the finest mantle-piece in the country. It was brought from Mason Hall in England, and was designed and executed by Grinling Gibbons, the famous English woodcarver and sculptor, who flourished 1650-1721. Gibbons was employed to ornament the chapel of Windsor Castle, for which he carved the foliage, and in the choir of St. Paul's, and the great room at Petworth, the decorations of the latter being regarded as his masterpiece. His touch, as indicated by this mantle, was so graceful and delicate that his carved features can hardly be distinguished from real ones. It would adorn a palace.

On the left of the hall is the library, a sumptuous apartment, with two sides lined with book shelves filled with richly bound volumes. This room was the office of Gen. Whipple, and we could not count, if we could, the number of cocked hats who have there been welcomed. Modern furnishing has changed the aspect of the room very much, and probably, if the hero could come back to his old home, the only rooms that would look at all familiar would be his sleeping-chamber and the great hall. But few of his relics have been preserved in the mansion.

The garden attached to the mansion is of large extent and old-fashioned appointments. The shade trees are magnificent specimens of

their class, and close about the house, with a fraternal, protecting air, like that of loving sentinels. Among them, standing at the lower end of the yard, is a majestic horse-chestnut, which was planted there by the patriot himself. It has flourished there for more than a hundred years, and, unlike many of its descendants, appears to retain the vigor of its youth.

At the foot of the garden, facing on High street, there stood for many years the house in which the families of two of his slaves resided—Prince and Cuffee Whipple. These two negroes are said to have been the sons of an African king, who sent them over to this country for an education, but they were retained in slavery. They were brought to Portsmouth in 1765, being then ten or twelve years old; and they were purchased by Captain Whipple. At the time of Burgoyne's invasion General Whipple, who had been appointed to the command of the First State Brigade, took Prince with him on the expedition. On the march Whipple addressed himself to his slave somewhat in this fashion: "Prince," said he, "we shall very likely be called into action; in this case I trust you will behave like a man of courage, and fight bravely for the country."

"Sir," replied the young African, in a manly tone, "I have no wish to fight, and no inducement; but had I my liberty, I would fight in defense of the country to the last drop of my blood."

"Well," said the general, "do your duty, Prince, and you are a free man from this hour."

The noble black man needed no other incentive. He acted the part of a brave soldier throughout the campaign, and, upon his return, Whipple formally manumitted him. The general intended to erect a house on the premises for Prince, Cuffee, and their families; but he died before the accomplishment of his plan. Madame Whipple, however, gave them the land; and the two negroes erected a small two-story house on the lot, in which both families lived and died. Dinah, Prince's widow, resided there till 1832.

Prince and Cuffee Whipple were almost as well known in Portsmouth as their master. The former was a very handsome negro, tall, well proportioned, and of gentlemanly manners. He was the Caleb Quotem of the neighborhood, and, like the character in Colman's play, always had a place at all the large weddings, dinners, balls, and evening parties. He was very popular among both black and white citizens, and his death, in 1797, was much regretted. His brother Cuffee died in 1820.

We have considered the *home* of the patriot and hero, let us contemplate briefly the *man* and his career.

General William Whipple was the eldest son of William Whipple, and was born at Kittery, Maine, January 14, 1730. His father was a native of Ipswich, and was bred a maltster; but for several years after his removal to Kittery he followed the sea. His mother was Mary, daughter of Robert Cutt, who, with her three sisters, were the richest heiresses of Kittery. The education of young Whipple was limited to a public school in his

native town. It was respectable, but did not embrace that variety and extent of learning which is generally obtained at larger institutions. At an early age he went to sea in one of his father's vessels, and so kindly did he take to this life that before he reached the age of twenty-one he had command of a ship. His voyages were chiefly confined to the West Indies, but he made two successful trips to Europe, and one to the coast of Africa, his cargo in the latter instance consisting of living freight. His ventures seemed to have resulted profitably, for in 1759 he relinquished sea-faring life, and commenced business in company with his brother Joseph at Portsmouth, where they continued in trade until within a few years of the Revolution.

In 1767 Capt. Whipple married his cousin, Catherine Moffatt. He had previously been engaged to another cousin, but the engagement had been broken by mutual consent of the parties. The particulars are related in full by the gossip author of "Rambles about Portsmouth;" and as the affair is illustrative of the decision and independence of the subsequent "signer," we give the story here:

"Among the daughters of Hon. Jothan Odiorne (he married Mehitabel, eldest of the four daughters of Robert Cutt) was Miss Mehitabel, who bore her mother's name, and was the pride of the family. Among the suitors in cocked hats, small clothes, and ruffles, William Whipple received her especial favor. In due time the wedding was arranged, and one joyous evening there was especial illumination of the Odiorne premises. The Rev. Samuel Langdon, in his flowing wig, might have been seen entering the house, and

two shiny faced negro boys, Prince and Cuffee, in attendance. The parlor fireplace was dressed with fresh spruce; bouquets ornamented the mantel; and the white scoured floor was freely sanded. The father, mother, and children were gathered; the bride with her maids, and the groom with his attendants, were all arranged, when the chief personage of the occasion suddenly leaves the circle for another room.

"After waiting nearly half an hour, a message is received by the anxious bridegroom. He goes to another room, and there finds his lady divested of her wedding suit, and in her common dress. She told him she had come to the conclusion not to be married that evening. He pleads, but in vain; he remonstrates, but with no effect. The wedding, she said, must be delayed to some other occasion. 'We must be married now or never, was his decisive reply. It was unavailing; so with a determination no less heartfelt than that of some years after placing his name to the immortal Declaration, he here declared his personal independence, retired from the scene, and never afterward made a call upon his cousin Mehitable. She was afterwards married to William E. Treadwell, who was the father of Capt. Robert Treadwell."

Capt. Whipple made no mistake in his second choice. Catherine Moffatt was an heiress and a belle. She was a lady of accomplishment and character, and few of the grand dames of Portsmouth are remembered with so much respect and reverence as is given to the memory of Madame Whipple. For a long period she was one of the leaders of society in the city, and her grace and charming manners recalled the glory of the old *regime*, whose lingering splendors were reflected in her mein and hospitality.

Capt. Whipple early entered with spirit into the controversy that was beginning between the colonies and the mother country; and on account

of his well known probity and his decisive character, as well as his wealth and social rank, he was elected to numerous offices of trust and responsibility by his townsmen. In the Provincial Congress, which met at Exeter January, 1775, for the purpose of electing delegates to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, he represented Portsmouth. He also represented that town at the General Assembly at Exeter the following May, and by that body was appointed one of the Provincial Committee of Safety. In 1776 he was appointed one of the delegates of New Hampshire to the third General Congress. He labored assiduously in that body, and was particularly active as one of the superintendents of the commissary's and quartermaster's departments, in which he was successful in correcting many abuses, and in giving to those establishments a proper correctness and efficiency.

"The memorable day which gave birth to the Declaration of Independence afforded in the case of William Whipple," a writer acutely observes, "a striking example of the uncertainty of human affairs and the triumphs of perseverance. The cabin boy who thirty years before had looked forward to a command of a vessel as the consummation of all his hopes and wishes, now stood amidst the congress of 1776, and looked around upon a conclave of patriots such as the world had never witnessed. He whose ambition once centered in inscribing his name as commander upon a crew list, now affixed his signature to a document which embalmed it for posterity."

The 4th of July is the day usually regarded as the anniversary of the Declaration. It is well to know the true facts of the case. The resolution of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, which declared the colonies "free and independent states," was adopted July 2d. The precise form of declaring it to the world was that adopted on the 4th. Hancock was the only one of the delegates who signed the instrument that day. The others, with two exceptions, attached their signatures August 2d.*

The following year, 1777, Capt. Whipple was again elected to a seat in the Continental Congress. Soon after his return home, he received the appointment of brigadier-general of the First Brigade of New Hampshire, which had been formed by order of the State Assembly to resist the advance of Burgoyne. Another brigade was organized and placed under Stark, who proceeded to the field at once with a portion of both brigades. The remainder, under Whipple, remained in quarters until their commander had received his commission as brigadier-general from Congress, when they, too, marched for the seat of war. Whipple served with his men under Gates at the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga, doing good service in both, establishing his own reputation as a soldier and that of his troops. When the British general, defeated, hemmed in, harrassed beyond measure, was forced to surrender, Gen. Whipple was jointly appointed with Col. Wilkinson as the representative of Gen. Gates to meet two officers from

Gen. Burgoyne, and settle the articles of capitulation. He was also selected as one of the officers, who were appointed to conduct the surrendered army to their destined encampment on Winter Hill, in the vicinity of Boston.

His military services were not yet over, for the next year he was engaged, with a detachment of New Hampshire militia under Gen. Sullivan, in executing a plan which had for its object the retaking of Rhode Island from the British. By reason of the failure of Count D'Estaing, the admiral of a French fleet, who had been sent to aid the Americans, to co-operate with him, Sullivan was forced to retreat from Newport, the siege of which he had commenced, and the campaign came to nothing. Whipple had little military skill, and probably would not have succeeded as the leader of any warlike enterprise; but he rendered valuable service in his way. He was brave to a fault, decisive in action, and a strict disciplinarian. Had he continued in the field he would have rendered efficient service as a subordinate. Gates and Sullivan alike held his talents in high estimation, and he is enrolled in the list of the gallant soldiers of our state. He resigned his military commission June 20, 1782.

Gen. Whipple had in 1778 been elected the third time as a delegate to Congress, but he did not take his seat till some time after the opening of the session, on account of his absence in Rhode Island; and he declined all further re-elections which were tendered him. But he was not

*See "Bartlett Mansion" in *GRANITE MONTHLY* of June, 1833.

permitted to retire to private life. In 1780 he was elected a representative to the General Assembly of New Hampshire from his adopted town, and was repeatedly re-elected. In 1782 he received the appointment of receiver of public moneys for the state from Robert Morris, the superintendent of finance. The duties of this office were both arduous and unpopular. The collection of money at that time was extremely difficult; but Gen. Whipple was the right man in the right place. He experienced, indeed, some vexations, but he performed his duties faithfully, without exasperating any one, and to the satisfaction of the government, until failing health obliged him to resign his commission. At the same time that he received the above appointment he was created a judge of the state Supreme Court. He had little knowledge of law, and was not authority in decisions; but he had qualifications which were no less essential, namely, a discerning mind, sound judgment, and unquestioned integrity.

The general's health had always been firm and robust, but about this time he began to be troubled with strictures in the breast, which were at times exceedingly painful to him. Even slight exercise would cause violent palpitation of the heart, and extra exertion would induce syncope. He was able, however, to ride the circuit of the courts for two or three years. In the fall of 1785 his disease assumed such a formidable character that he was obliged to return home before the circuit was completed. From this time he was con-

fined to his room until the 28th day of November, when he expired, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that his death had been caused by ossification of the heart. The valve was united to the aorta. Only a small aperture, the size of a large knitting-needle, was open, through which the blood flowed in its circulation; and when any sudden emotion gave it new impulse it produced the palpitation and faintness which had disturbed him.

Gen. Whipple, in person, was above the middle height, erect, and stately in appearance. His features were bold and prominent; his face in repose was stern, and his manners were pleasantly dignified. His portrait, as we look at it, is that of a handsome, ardent, self-possessed gentleman of the old school; and what we know of him coincides with this representation.

Nathaniel Adams in his "Annals of Portsmouth," published in 1824, speaks thus eulogistically of this worthy: "Gen. Whipple enjoyed through life a great share of public confidence, and, although his early education was limited, his natural good sense and accurate observation enabled him to discharge the duties of the many offices with which he was entrusted with credit to himself and benefit to the public. He was possessed of a strong mind, a quick discernment, was easy in his manners, courteous in his deportment, correct in his habits, and constant in his friendships."

The home life of a public man of such prominence as Gen. Whipple

must always be interesting and instructive. He was fond of social life, and had strong domestic tastes; but circumstances conspired to rob him of the ease and enjoyments of the home circle which would have been so acceptable to him. During the stormy days of war there could have been little time to attend to the duties of the fireside; but when the conflict was past, we can imagine the degree of satisfaction with which he rested from his toil, and how gratefully he worshipped in the old North church. Whipple lived in luxurious style, and the hospitality within his walls gave tone to society in the city of Portsmouth, where Mrs. Whipple, or the "Madame," as she was called, was the presiding genius of the house.

Madame Whipple was acknowledged to possess considerable beauty. She was also thoroughly high bred, had a courtly manner, and a high-toned spirit that showed itself on all occasions. She was always dressed with care, and a dignified propriety, rather than a wish to display, was evident. She went little into society for some time previous to her death, her last public appearance being at the occasion of the bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Portsmouth, in 1823, in which she was a prominent figure. Her remains rest beside her husband and her kindred in the old North cemetery of the ancient seaport town.

Long ago the compatriots of Whipple in the congress of 1776 have, one

by one, gone down into the grave, like stars in the western sky. The last bright luminary of the constellation that lingered above the horizon was Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who left our firmament more than fifty years ago. They have set, never to rise again in the heavens of our national destiny, except by the refractive power of memory. We cannot too often revive the recollection of their glorious deeds and manifold virtues; and if by this brief and by no means satisfactory picture of the home of one of those patriots I have recalled our obligations to them, I am amply paid. To me it was something to visit the ancient mansion where the hero lived, and to surround myself with the associations that each door and window and rod of ground summoned up like the fairy structures which the invisible wands of potent genii raised in the stories of "Arabian Nights." It was like enchanted ground to me, and

"Fairer seemed the ancient city, and the
sunshine seemed more fair,
That he once had trod its pavement, that
he once had breathed its air."

Long may the plain, comfortable, noble old dwelling remain, with its splendid chestnuts and elms, its beautiful vistas of garden shrubbery, and its air of old-time comfort and repose. It furnishes a quaint and imposing landmark of the past, whereby we may note how pleasantly they lived in those days, and how they builded, not for a day or a year, but for centuries of use and habitation.

WHITE PARK, CONCORD.

BY CHARLES ELIOT, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT.

The capital of New Hampshire is a pleasant city of some seventeen thousand inhabitants. Its main street lies near the bank of the River Merrimack, and its residence streets stretch along the slopes of hills which rise irregularly west of the stream. Beyond the older streets, but surrounded by modern ways, is a small tract of land which is in part so precipitous and in part so swampy that all the new roads have avoided it. On this rough land is a fine growth of large trees of many sorts, and, although it lies only half a mile from the centre of the town, many of the most interesting New England wild flowers bloom in the shelter of its woods and hollows.

This tract of about twenty-five acres has been presented to the city of Concord, and is called White Park, for the donor. A commission of well known citizens has been placed in charge of the work of fitting the ground for the use and enjoyment of the people, and they have wisely begun their labors by devising and adopting a general plan.

The commission intends to make the park a place of quiet resort for people who cannot take the time or who have not the strength to go often to find refreshment in the open country. No carriages are to be admitted, not only because the acreage is small and the slopes steep, but also because it seems unfair to injure the

park for the use of children and pedestrians while innumerable pleasant country drives are close at hand. No elaborate gardening will be admitted, not only because it is costly, but also because it would be incongruous. Every city of the new West may have its carpet-bed "park" if it so wishes, but Concord proposes to seize her opportunity to provide for her citizens and their posterity something very much more valuable. She will set aside and preserve, for the enjoyment of all orderly townspeople, a typical, strikingly beautiful, and very easily accessible bit of New England landscape. Would that every American city and town might thus save for its citizens some characteristic portion of its neighboring country! We should then possess public places which would exhibit something more refreshing than a monotony of clipped grass and scattered flower-beds.

The plan adopted by the commission provides for the enhancement of the natural beauty of the park by spreading water in the lowland where nature made a marsh, by making grassy glades in two or three hollow parts where nature grew alders and birches, by planting a thicket of mountain laurel here, and opening a vista to the Merrimack there; and then the plan leads paths in such directions and by such routes as will best display the beauty of the place while injuring it least. In the opin-

ion of the Concord commission, a path, far from being a chief beauty of a park, is only an instrument by means of which it is possible for large numbers of people to pass through the midst of beautiful landscape without seriously injuring it.

The variety of limited scenery which White Park will present when it is finished is great. Just within the main gate will be a level of green sward, bounded on three sides by rising banks, from which hang thick woods of deciduous trees. At one end the banks draw close together, and here is a deeply shaded dell, from the head of which a path climbs by steps to the street. Two other paths lead up from the green, by little hollows in the skirting bank, to a plateau where pitch pines stand in open order, and the ground is carpeted with their needles. A steep-sided, curved, and densely wooded ridge in turn bounds this plateau, and beyond it, and nestled in the curve at its base, is a tiny pond, fed by strong springs, and overhung by tall white pines. Its waters overflow, by way of a steep and stony channel, into a much larger pond, with shores but little raised above the water, which occupies the southern third of a long level, through which a slow brook meanders. The shore of this pond and all the flat land near the brook, is scatteringly wooded with large deciduous trees. Paths reach little beaches on the shore at several points. Beyond the head of the pond a path leads to a "shelter" on a knoll in the midst of deep woods, and thence by a sharp ascent to a high point on the very edge of the park, whence a

pretty view will be had of the pond at one's feet, and the Merrimack valley beyond, with the state house dome in the middle distance, and near the middle of the picture. All things considered, Concord is in a fair way to possess one of the most charming small parks in America.

Why are gifts like this of Mrs. White to Concord not more common? Can any more valuable present to posterity be imagined? Perhaps they may be commoner when it comes to be known that there are now several park commissioners in this country who do *not* consider it their first duty to destroy the beauty which nature provides. Real landscape art is nothing if it is not broad, simple, and conservative of natural beauty. It is elaborate and gardenesque only in special circumstances. Its old name of "landscape-gardening" must be discarded at once, if the definition in the new "Century Dictionary" is correct. Landscape art does not consist in arranging trees, shrubs, borders, lawns, ponds, bridges, fountains, paths, or any other things "so as to produce a picturesque effect." It is rather the fitting of landscape to human use and enjoyment in such manner as may be most appropriate and most beautiful in any given spot or region. When this is generally understood by the public and practiced by the profession, parks and country-seats will be so designed as to be not only well arranged and beautiful, but beautiful in some distinctive and characteristic way, as is White Park at Concord.

pretty view will be had of the pond at one end, and the Merrimack valley beyond, with the state house dome in the middle distance, and near the middle of the picture. All things considered, Concord is in a fine way to possess one of the most charming small parks in America. "Why not give like this to Concord?" Can any more valuable present be made to posterity by the municipality? We hope they will be so generous when it comes to be known that there are now several park commissioners in this country who do not consider it their duty to destroy the beauties which nature provides for them, except as it nothing if it is not done in a simple and conservative manner. It is a pleasure and a good reason only in special circumstances. In old times of landscape gardening must be described at least. The definition in the new "Concord Dictionary" is correct. "Landscape art does not consist in arranging trees, shrubs, flowers, lawns, ponds, bridges, fountains, paths, or any other things," as we produce a picturesque effect." It is rather the fitting of landscape to human use and enjoyment in such manner as may be most appropriate and most beautiful in any given spot or region. When this is generally understood by the public and practiced by the profession, parks and country seats will be so designed as to be not only well arranged and beautiful, but beautiful in some distinctive and characteristic way, as in White Park at Concord.

One of the Concord commissioners, a party far from being a chief beauty of a park, is only an instrument by means of which it is possible for large numbers of people to pass through the midst of beautiful landscape without seriously injuring it. The variety of limited scenery which White Park will present when it is finished is great. Just within the main gate will be a level of grassward, bounded on three sides by rising banks, from which hang thick woods of deciduous trees. At one end the banks draw close together, and here is a deeply shaded dell from the head of which a path climbs by steps to the street. Two other paths lead up from the green, by the hollows in the shrubby bank, to a plateau where pitch pines stand in open order, and the ground is carpeted with their needles. A steep-sided, curved, and densely wooded ridge in turn bounds this plateau, and beyond it, and nestled in the curve at its base, is a tiny pond fed by strong springs, and overflowing by white pines. Its waters overflow into a way of a steep and rocky channel, into a much larger pond, with shores but little raised above the water, which occupies the southern third of a long level, through which a slow brook meanders. The shore of this pond and all the flat land near the brook, is scatteringly wooded with large deciduous trees. Farther reach little beaches on the shore at several points. Beyond the head of the pond a path leads to a "shelter" on a knoll in the midst of deep woods, and thence by a sharp ascent to a high point on the very edge of the park, whence a

HON. FREDERIC CHASE.

BY PROF. E. R. RUGGLES.

Within a generation what a long list of our best and choicest citizens have been laid to rest in the old cemetery at Hanover. One of the noblest and most loved, the last to leave us, is Fred. Chase, who died on Sunday morning, January 19, of influenza, after a brief illness.

He was born September 2, 1840, in the old Dartmouth hotel, then kept by Mr. J. G. Currier, and was the son of Stephen Chase, professor of mathematics in Dartmouth College, and of Mrs. Sarah T. Chase, daughter of Gen. Ichabod Goodwin, of South Berwick, Me.

On the death of Professor Chase in 1851, at the early age of thirty-seven, Mrs. Chase was left with very limited means, Fred., the eldest of her two sons, being eleven years old, and Walter but seven. In 1860 Fred. graduated from Dartmouth College, and then the hard struggle in which his devoted mother had been engaged for nine years was practically ended. He was fitted for college partly in Hanover, and partly at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Among his classmates, who have reached positions of prominence, may be named Rev. Dr. Little, of Dorchester, Mass., who, at the funeral services in the college church, paid a beautiful tribute to his memory; Prof. A. S. Bickmore, of New York; Ira G. Hoitt, of San Francisco; Dr. L. B. How, of the Dartmouth Medical College; Gen. J. N. Patterson,

of Washington; D. G. Rollins, of New York; C. F. P. Bancroft, of Phillips Academy, and many more.

After graduation, Mr. Chase spent some months in the law office of Hon. Daniel Blaisdell, of Hanover, and then, through the influence of Hon. J. W. Patterson, secured an appointment as clerk in the second auditor's office in Washington. Three years later he was transferred to the office of the secretary of the treasury, where he soon became chief clerk, and as such was entrusted with many delicate and responsible duties. During this period his spare time was devoted to legal study; and in 1867 he graduated from the Columbia College Law School, and soon after resigned his position in the treasury department to become a member of the legal firm of Chase, Hartley & Coleman, of Washington and New York. The business of the firm soon became very large, and was so lucrative that when in 1874, on account of ill health, Mr. Chase dissolved his connection with it, he had already acquired a modest competency. About this time he sold the house next to the Dartmouth hotel, where his boyhood had been spent, to Mr. D. B. Currier, and purchased the home where he has since resided. In 1871 Judge Chase married Miss Mary F. Pomeroy, of Detroit, who is left with five children to mourn his loss.

In 1875 he was elected treasurer of Dartmouth College, a position for

which his legal training and practice and his long connection with the U. S. Treasury Department had admirably qualified him. The next year he was appointed judge of probate for Grafton county, holding both positions at the time of his death. Throwing himself heartily into his work as treasurer, he soon mastered all the complicated financial details; and his care of the funds of the college has been minute, unwearied, and eminently successful. One of the college trustees says: "It will be impossible for us to fill Judge Chase's place." This we believe to be literally true, and the best man who can be found will only be able to fill it adequately after some years of experience.

A rapid and accurate accountant, he turned off probate business with great dispatch; and so minute and thorough was his knowledge of probate law that I believe not a single one of his decisions has been reversed on appeal to a higher court.

For fourteen years he has been the president, and for most of that time the active superintendent of the Hanover Aqueduct Association, laboring in season and out of season with rare fidelity and devotion, that the village might have an adequate supply of pure drinking water; and for all his thought and labor the compensation he has received has been merely nominal.

For the past seven or eight years Judge Chase has devoted all the time not demanded by his other duties to collecting material for a history of Dartmouth College and the town of Hanover. No one not fully conver-

sant with the facts can form any adequate idea of the immense labor which this work has entailed. In carrying it on, a very large correspondence has been maintained, several journeys made,—in fact, no possible source of information has been overlooked or neglected. The amount of material collected is exceedingly large, and much of it of almost priceless value. The first volume, making about seven hundred pages, is wholly written; a part of it is in the hands of the printer, and the first chapter already in type. The second volume, which is largely independent of the first, is mainly prepared, needing only correction and revision. Had he lived to publish the work, it could hardly have failed to establish his reputation as an accurate, thorough, and painstaking historical scholar, though it would probably not have brought pecuniary gain; but this he did not expect. It was undertaken as a labor of love. There is no one who has a tithe of the knowledge on these matters that Judge Chase possessed, and it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made at once for the publication of the first volume, at least. Unless some one else claims the privilege it would seem that the college would not fail to undertake it.

For many years Judge Chase was a valuable and consistent member of the college church, always ready to devote his time, his strength, and his money to advance its interests. No man had a livelier sympathy for poverty, misfortune, and distress; and no man was readier to give and work for its relief. There are many among

us who owe Judge Chase a large debt of gratitude—many more than is generally known, for he was as modest in his benefactions as he was generous.

We all know what a loving, devoted son he has been, and how tenderly he cared for that mother, still left to bear the heavy burden of her four score years. What a brother he was that brother's widow and fatherless children only fully know. No husband was ever more loyal, no father ever more wisely kind and loving; and the home life, in which he sought his chiefest pleasure, was especially happy and beautiful.

Those who enjoyed his intimate friendship know what an unselfish,

devoted, royal friend he was. To no call, in the name of a recognized friendship, though it involved time, money, self-sacrifice, did he ever turn a deaf ear. Generous, warm-hearted, impulsive, he sometimes spoke hastily; but I never knew him to do an unworthy, or even an ungenerous act.

His loss is a very serious one to Hanover, and still more serious to the college, whose every interest was dear to him, and which he served so earnestly and loyally. This and the various other public positions which he occupied may be filled, though to do so adequately will be by no means easy. To his family and intimate friends the loss is irreparable.

EDITORIAL.

There has been some delay in issuing the numbers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* during the year 1890. This delay is due to negligence on the part of so many subscribers in forwarding their subscriptions. Now, gentlemen, please pay up promptly. The bills for paper and printing have to be paid regularly. Your remissness in the aggregate amounts to many hundred dollars. The publisher would take it kindly if everybody would send in their subscriptions for 1891 at this time. It would hasten the publication of the delayed numbers for 1890.

The publisher would remind the patrons of the magazine that it is a local historical publication of limited circulation; that if every body paid promptly when notified there would be a very slender margin of profit after the necessary bills are paid—so small, in fact, that he is sometimes discouraged in his efforts to carry on the publication; that he has no selfish ends whatever in publishing the *GRANITE MONTHLY* save the desire of keeping alive the interest in local and state history, and affording a medium for the exchange of thought and research on historical subjects.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" HAS DONE FOR
BOYS-AND GIRLS.

Victor Hugo calls this "the woman's century," and he might have added that it is the children's century as well, for never before in the world's history has so much thought been paid to children—their schools, their books, their pictures, and their toys. Childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery.

Up to the time of the issue of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, seventeen years ago, literature and children's magazines were almost contradictory terms, but the new periodical started out with the idea that nothing was too good for children; the result has been a juvenile magazine genuine with conscientious purpose,—the greatest writers contributing to it, with the best artists and engravers helping to beautify it,—and everything tuned to the key-note of youth.

It has been the special aim of *St. Nicholas* to supplant unhealthy literature with stories of a living and healthful interest. It will not do to take fascinating bad literature out of boys' hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or the work of writers who think that any "good-y" talk will do for children, but they must have strong, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it,—reading that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things about them.

In the seventeen years of its life, *St. Nicholas* has not only elevated the children, but it has also elevated the tone of contemporary children's literature as well. Many of its stories, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," have become classic. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story now produced in America first seeks the light in the pages of that magazine.

The year 1891 will prove once more that "no household where there are children is complete without *St. Nicholas*." J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner and many well-known writers are to contribute during the coming year. One cannot put the spirit of *St. Nicholas* into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full announcement of the features for 1891 and a single sample copy to the address of any per-

son mentioning this notice. The magazine costs \$3.00 a year. Address The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

A GREAT AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

THE SUCCESS OF "THE CENTURY" AND
ITS PLANS FOR 1891.

The Century Magazine is now so well-known that to tell of its past success seems almost an old story. The N. Y. *Tribune* has said that it and its companion, *St. Nicholas for Young Folks*, issued by the same house, "are read by every one person in thirty of the country's population,"—and large editions of both are sent beyond the seas. It is an interesting fact that a few years ago it was found that seven thousand copies of *The Century* went to Scotland,—quite a respectable edition in itself. The question in England is no longer "Who reads an American book?" but "Who does not see the American magazines?"

A few years ago *The Century* about doubled its circulation with the famous War Papers, by Gen. Grant and others, adding many more readers later with the Lincoln History and Kennan's thrilling articles on the Siberian Exile System. One great feature of 1891 to be

"THE GOLD HUNTERS OF CALIFORNIA,"

describing that remarkable movement to the gold fields in '49, in a series of richly illustrated articles *written by survivors*, including the narratives of men who went to California by the different routes, accounts of the gold discoveries, life in the mines, the work of the vigilance committees (by the chairman of the committees) etc., etc. General Fremont's last writing was done for this series. In November appears the opening article, "The First Emigrant Train to California,"—crossing the Rockies in 1841,—by General Bidwell, a pioneer of pioneers. Thousands of American families who had some relative or friend among "the Argonauts of '49" will be interested in these papers.

MANY OTHER GOOD THINGS ARE COMING; the narrative of an American's travels through that unknown land Tibet (for 700 miles over ground never before trod by a white man); the experiences of escaping War-Prisoners; American News-

papers described by well-known journalists; accounts of the great Indian Fighters, Custer and others; personal anecdotes of Lincoln, by his private secretaries; "The Faith Doctor," a novel by Edward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by most of the leading writers, etc., etc.

It is also announced that *The Century* has purchased the right to print, before its appearance in France or any other country, extracts from advance sheets of the famous Talleyrand Memoirs, which have been secretly preserved for half a century—to be first given to the world through the pages of an American magazine. All Europe is eagerly awaiting the publication of this personal history of Talleyrand—greatest of intriguers and diplomats.

The November *Century* begins the volume, and new subscribers should commence with that issue. The subscription price (\$4.00) may be remitted directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York, or single copies may be purchased of any newsdealer. The publishers offer to send a free sample copy—a recent back number—to any one desiring it.

1891.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Twelfth Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE begins November 4, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "Campmates: A Story of the Plains," by KIRK MONROE; "Men of Iron," a romance, by HOWARD PYLE, with illustrations by the author; "Flying Hill Farm," by SOPHIE SWETT; "The Moon Prince," by K. K. MUNKITRICK; and "Yellowtop," by ANNIE BRONSON KING. In addition to these five serials, there will be stories in two or three parts by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, MARY E. WILKINS, NORA PERRY, and others. Short stories, and articles on science, history, travel, adventure, games and sports, with hundreds of illustrations of the highest character, will render HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1891 unrivalled as a miscellany of the best reading for boys and girls.

"The best weekly publication for young people in existence. It is edited with scrupulous care and attention, and instruction and entertainment are mingled in its pages in just the right proportions to captivate the minds of the young, and at the same time to develop their thinking power."—*N. Y. Observer.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, \$2.00 per Year.

Vol. XII begins November 4, 1890.

Volumes VIII, X and XI of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound in cloth will be sent by mail, post-

age paid, on receipt of \$3.50 each. The other volumes are out of print.

Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

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J. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

1891.

Harper's Magazine ILLUSTRATED.

The important series of papers on South America, by THEODORE CHILD, will be continued in HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the greater part of the year 1891. The articles on Southern California, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER will also be continued. Among other noteworthy attractions will be a novel by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK; a collection of original drawings by W. M. THACKERAY, now published for the first time; a novel written and illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER; a novelette by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS; and a series of papers on London by WALTER BESANT.

In the number and variety of illustrated papers and other articles on subjects of timely interest, as well as in the unrivalled character of its short stories, poems etc., HARPER'S MAGAZINE will continue to maintain that standard of excellence for which it has been so long distinguished.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.....	4 00
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1891.

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Special Supplements will be continued in 1891. They will be literary, scientific, artistic, historical, critical, typographical, or descriptive, as occasion may demand, and will continue to deserve the hearty commendation which has been bestowed on past issues by the press and public. As a family journal, HARPER'S WEEKLY will, as heretofore, be edited with a strict regard for the qualities that make it a safe and welcome visitor to every home.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR:

HARPER'S WEEKLY.....	\$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

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1891.

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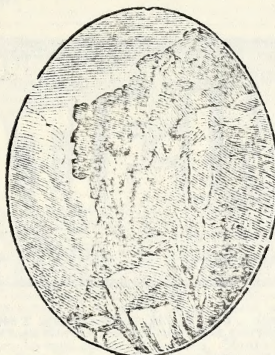
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STATEMENT, JULY 1, 1890.

Cash Capital,	\$600,000.00
Reserve for Re-Insurance and other Liabilities.	665,873.34
Net Surplus,	350,567.57
Total Assets,	\$1,616,440.91

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COMPARATIVE STATEMENT EACH YEAR SINCE ORGANIZATION.

YEAR.	ASSETS.	NET SURPLUS.	NET PREMIUMS RECEIVED.	CAPITAL.
1870	\$134,586.24	\$8,029.82	\$40,123.00	1870
1871	150,174.60	10,338.82	51,360.96	\$100,000.00
1872	316,435.52	15,530.52	58,270.20	
1873	346,338.25	32,038.44	114,548.34	1872
1874	393,337.12	50,141.87	143,741.50	\$200,000.00
1875	429,362.00	77,123.09	156,979.68	
1876	453,194.87	94,924.83	162,970.47	1874
1877	482,971.65	113,478.14	171,091.22	\$250,000.00
1878	507,616.90	127,679.39	171,492.06	
1879	537,823.59	147,133.04	206,515.72	1882
1880	585,334.20	171,249.88	248,220.00	\$500,000.00
1881	618,192.98	183,108.52	265,660.31	
1882	915,132.37	204,407.96	346,951.90	1888
1883	963,147.93	206,162.65	437,792.07	\$600,000.00
1884	1,014,579.95	214,060.50	464,775.78	
1885	1,101,451.03	219,983.34	551,153.76	Dividends paid
1886	1,191,863.33	237,759.15	615,300.28	from the re-
1887	1,269,088.39	264,744.03	645,596.72	ceipts from
1888	1,505,101.00	304,351.79	682,019.43	interest.
1889	1,588,816.66	323,479.81	731,395.67	
1890	1,616,440.91	350,567.57	July 1.	

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The following statistics are taken from the Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the state of New York for the year ending Dec. 31, 1888. They are based upon the sworn reports of Life Insurance Companies authorized to transact business in that state.

NEW YORK STATE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Percentages to mean amount of Insurance in force 1888.

Companies.	Am't of Net Assets for every \$100 of reserve liability.	For Expenses.	For Death Claims.	Death Claims and Expenses.
Brooklyn,	111.59	1.41	1.83	3.24
Equitable,	125.91	0.96	1.23	2.19
Germania,	109.00	1.02	1.57	2.59
Home,	127.90	1.08	1.53	2.61
Manhattan,	113.09	1.28	2.23	3.51
Mutual,	106.74	1.09	1.59	2.68
New York,	117.34	1.13	1.13	2.26
Provident Savings,	203.17	0.47	0.82	1.29
United States,	111.81	1.53	1.64	3.17
Washington,	101.03	1.28	1.48	2.76

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF OTHER STATES.

Percentages to mean amount of Insurance in force 1888.

Companies.	Am't of Net Assets for every \$100 of reserve liability.	For Expenses.	For Death Claims.	Death Claims and Expenses.
Aetna,	127.01	0.86	1.51	2.37
Berkshire,	113.76	0.92	0.99	1.91
Connecticut General,	135.15	1.05	1.04	2.09
Connecticut Mutual,	110.99	0.87	2.12	2.99
Massachusetts Mutual,	108.74	1.03	1.08	2.11
Mutual Benefit,	108.45	0.62	1.91	2.54
National Vt.,	120.88	1.13	1.03	2.15
N. E. Mutual,	113.89	0.72	1.68	2.40
Northwestern,	116.99	0.92	0.81	1.76
Penn. Mutual,	115.54	0.91	1.27	2.21
Phoenix,	114.81	0.91	2.31	3.25
Prov. Life & Trust,	117.97	0.78	0.99	1.77
State Mutual,	118.71	0.87	1.23	2.15
Travelers',	111.23	0.67	1.13	1.80
Union Central,	107.89	1.79	0.59	2.38
Union Mutual,	104.75	1.16	1.73	2.88

THE GRANIT MONTHLY NEW-HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Devoted to Literature, History, and State Progress.

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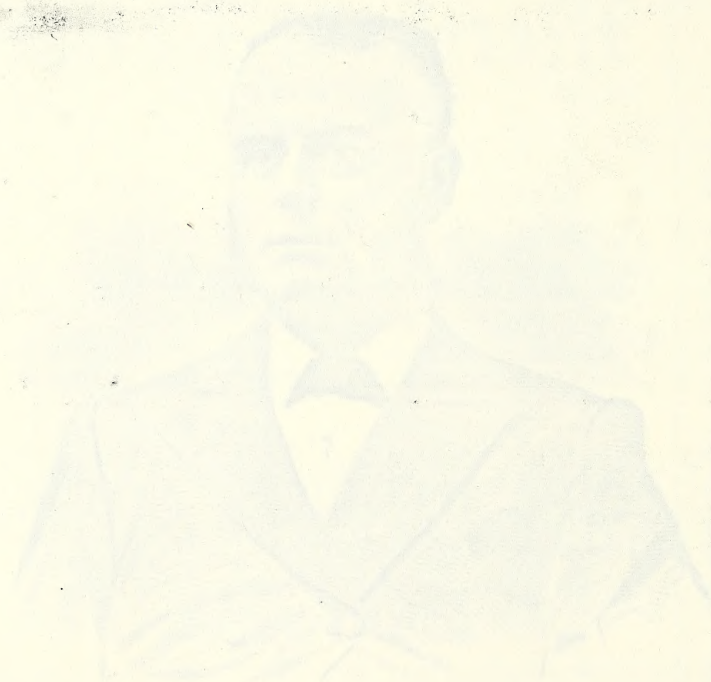
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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

VOL. III. (NEW SERIES.)

VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, }
DECEMBER, } 1890.

Nos. II, 12.

GOV. HIRAM A. TUTTLE.

The settled part of New Hampshire was for a number of years divided into four townships—Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, and Hampton. Of these original settlements, the two last were considered Massachusetts colonies. As chief executives of the state, Hampton has furnished Meshech Weare; Exeter, John T. Gilman; Portsmouth, John Langdon. The Massachusetts settlers, who peopled the state by the way of the Merrimack and Connecticut valleys, have given Josiah Bartlett, William Plumer, William Badger, David L. Morrill, Isaac Hill, Anthony Colby, Jared N. Williams, N. B. Baker, N. S. Berry, William Haile, and others; the Scotch-Irish, so called,—John Sullivan, Samuel Bell, John Bell, Charles H. Bell, Samuel Dinsmoor, Samuel Dinsmoor, Jr., John H. Steele, and Noah Martin. Of the settlers of New Hampshire in 1640, from William Wentworth, of Exeter, descended a line of royal governors; from John Tuttle, of Dover, Hiram A. Tuttle, the only male descendant of one of the original colonists who has been raised to the chief magistracy of the

state. From the story of certain successful New Hampshire men, which first appeared in 1882, we select the following, for which Dr. John Wheeler of Pittsfield, is responsible:

Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle was born in Barnstead, October 16, 1837, being the elder of a family of two sons. His father, George Tuttle, and his grandfather, Col. John Tuttle, were also natives of the same town. His great-grandfather, John Tuttle, settled in Barnstead in 1776, coming there from that locality in Dover known as "Black River," where a part of the Tuttle family had resided since the settlement there of their emigrant ancestor, John Tuttle, who came from England before 1641.

His mother, Judith Mason Davis Tuttle was a descendant from Samuel Davis, a soldier of the Revolution, and one of the primeval settlers of Barnstead. Brave soldiers of the Davis family from four generations have represented that town in the four great wars in which the country has been engaged.

When Mr Tuttle was nine years of age he moved, with his father's family,

to the adjoining town of Pittsfield, where he attended the public schools and Pittsfield Academy, while the latter was under the charge, successively, of I. F. Folsom, Lewis W. Clark, and Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn.

After having been engaged in several vocations, in all of which he showed industry and faithfulness, at the age of seventeen years he became connected with the clothing establishment of Lincoln & Shaw, of Concord, where he remained several years. The ability and zeal which he exhibited while there won for him the confidence and respect of his employers, who established him in the management of a branch store in Pittsfield, of which he soon became the proprietor. His business increased gradually at first, and then rapidly, till his establishment had gained an extensive patronage, and ranked among the largest clothing-houses in the state. It is so favorably remembered by former residents and patrons that orders are received for goods from distant states and territories. Mr. Tuttle has also been interested in real estate. He has built many dwelling houses, including a fine residence for himself, and the best business buildings in the village.

He was one of the prime movers in organizing the Pittsfield Aqueduct Company, which furnishes an abundance of pure water to the village for domestic and fire purposes, and subscribed for a large part of its capital stock. In many ways he has promoted the growth, social and business interests, and general prosperity of his adopted town. He is a trustee of the savings bank, a director of the national bank, a trustee of

the academy in Pittsfield, and a director of the Suncook Valley railroad.

When he had attained his majority, in 1859, he expressed his intention of casting his first vote with the Republicans, although all his relatives belonged to the Democratic party. The Democrats of Pittsfield had been victorious and powerful since the days of Jackson, under such distinguished leaders as Moses Norris, Jr., Charles H. Butters, and Lewis W. Clark, all being able lawyers, impressive public speakers, and having popular manners. Mr. Norris, a native of the town, represented it repeatedly in the legislature, was speaker of the house twice, a councillor, representative in congress four years, and was elected to the United States senate for six years while residing here. The ability and courteous manners of Mr. Clark (now Judge Lewis W. Clark of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire) made him no less popular than Mr. Norris with all classes, during the shorter time he was in business life in town. Seeing in young Tuttle qualities that might make him troublesome if opposed to them, but useful if in accord with their party, the Democrats used their most eminent persuasive powers to induce him to cleave to the party of all his kindred, and vote with the hitherto victorious; but he obeyed his convictions, and remained true to the Republican party. In 1860 the Republicans, though so long hopelessly beaten, made a sharp contest. When the day of election came, Mr. Clark was elected moderator, having been a most acceptable

presiding officer for several years. The election of town-clerk was made the test of the strength of the two parties. After a very exciting ballot, Mr. Tuttle was elected town-clerk, and the Democrats were beaten for the first time in thirty-three years. Although Pittsfield has a Democratic majority under normal circumstances, Mr. Tuttle has received the support of a large majority of its voters at times when his name has been presented for position. In 1873 and 1874 he was representative to the legislature. In 1876 he received an appointment, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Cheney, and with the governor and staff visited the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. He was elected a member of the executive council from the second district in 1878, and was reelected in 1879, under the new constitution of 1878, for the term of two years.

Mr. Tuttle has been very successful in all that he has undertaken; but his thrift has never made him arrogant or indifferent. He has cheerfully shared with others the results of the good fortune that Providence has granted him. He is an agreeable and companionable gentleman in all the honorable relations of life. As a citizen, neighbor, and friend, he is held in the highest estimation. He has furnished employment for many, and has been kind to the poor, very respectful to the aged, charitable to the erring, and a sympathizing helper of the embarrassed and unfor-

tunate. Few men have more or firmer personal friends whose friendship is founded on kindness and substantial favors received. He gives with remarkable generosity to all charitable objects presented to him, and is very hospitable in his pleasant home. Mr. Tuttle accepts the Christian religion, and worships with the Congregational church. While he contributes very liberally for the support of the denomination of his choice, he does not withhold a helping hand from the other religious sects in his town. In his domestic relations he has been very fortunate. He married, in 1859, Miss Mary C., the only child of John L. French, Esq., formerly cashier of the Pittsfield bank. Their only child—Hattie French Tuttle, born January 17, 1861—was educated at Wellesley College, and travelled extensively abroad. She is the wife of Frederic King Folsom of Boston, Mass. They have one son, Hiram Tuttle Folsom.

In the Republican State Convention of 1888, Mr. Tuttle was brought forward by many enthusiastic friends as a candidate for the nomination as governor, and came very near being the leader in that campaign. In the fall of 1890 he was nominated, and at the ensuing election received more votes than any other candidate, running ahead of his party ticket, but failed of a popular election. He was elected governor by the New Hampshire legislature.

[NOTE. George Tuttle, father of Governor Tuttle, served in the Seventh Regiment N. H. V. during the rebellion, and the Governor's only brother, Henry F. Tuttle, also served in the Eighteenth Regiment.—ED.]

HON. CHARLES H. AMSDEN.

The candidate of the Democratic party for governor of New Hampshire in the election of 1890 was Hon. Charles H. Amsden, of Concord.

Mr. Amsden is a descendant of,—

1. Isaac Amsden, of Cambridge, Mass., who was married there June 8, 1654, to Frances Perriman. He died April 7, 1659, leaving two sons.

2. Isaac Amsden, born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1655, married Jane Rutter May 17, 1677: died May 3, 1727: she died Nov. 22, 1739, leaving six children.

3. John Amsden, born at Marlborough, Mass., Dec. 28, 1683; married Hannah, daughter of Isaac and Frances (Woods) Howe, of Marlborough (born June 17, 1688), and died at Southborough, Mass., Nov. 12, 1761, leaving twelve children.

4. Jesse Amsden, born at Southborough, Mass., May 31, 1729; married Bettie Ball. Nov. 10, 1748, and had twelve children.

5. Jonas Amsden, born at Southborough, April 24, 1749: married Hannah Rice, Aug. 9, 1770: died at Mason, March 20, 1802: she died at Mason, Feb. 27, 1809. They had nine children.

6. Hubbard Amsden, born 1790; married Annie Saunders, of Mason, March 8, 1814; died Sept. 16, 1817. They had two children.

7. Henry Hubbard Amsden, born Sept. 14, 1816; married Mary Muzey, of New Ipswich, Aug. 6, 1840; died at Fisherville, Dec. 6, 1869. They had three children.

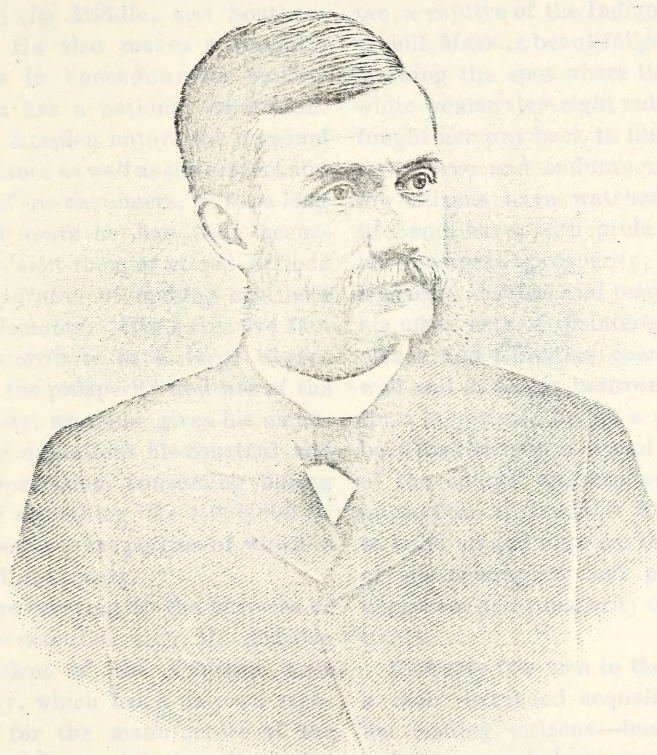
8. Charles Hubbard Amsden, born July 8, 1848; married, Oct. 29, 1870,

Helen A., daughter of David A. and Martha A. (Daggett) Brown, of Penacook.

9. Henry Hubbard Amsden, born July 15, 1872. Mary Ardelle, born January 31, 1878, died Oct. 20, 1883. Ardelle Brown, born Dec. 3, 1885, died June 9, 1887.

Charles H. Amsden was born in Penacook, which now comprises Ward 1 of the city of Concord, in 1848, and has always resided there. He attended the common schools, and finished his school education at Appleton academy, New Ipswich. His father, the late H. H. Amsden, was engaged in the furniture manufacturing business at Penacook. On leaving school, Mr. Amsden was placed in charge of his father's counting-room, having during the Saturdays and the vacations of his school-days passed his time in the factory, where he became familiar with the trade in all its branches, as well as the difficulties and annoyances under which the workmen labored—an experience that has since served him in good stead, and enabled him to fully sympathize with the workmen and understand completely their position. In time the father took his two sons into partnership with him, forming the firm of H. H. Amsden & Sons, which has continued to this day, although the father and brother have both passed on to the silent beyond, leaving Charles H. as the sole survivor of the firm, and the sole owner and manager of the business and the property invested.

248a



Engraved by Cornelia Corwin Phillips

Charles H. Amosden

He employs a large number of men, and recent extensive additions make his the largest manufacturing establishment of the kind in New England. The principal products are ash, oak, and pine chamber furniture, which is disposed of to wholesale dealers throughout New England, the Middle, and Southern States. He also makes a specialty of goods in knockdown for export. The firm has a national reputation, and Mr. Amsden enjoys the personal acquaintance as well as the respect and esteem of his customers, as for a long series of years he has been accustomed to visit them at stated periods for the purpose of making contracts and settlements. His extensive factories contribute in a large degree towards the prosperity and life of the community, where he gives his manufacturing operations his constant and daily supervision, consuming during the year something like 4,000,000 ft. of lumber, a great portion of which is obtained in Canada.

Besides carrying on the business of furniture manufacturing, Mr. Amsden is president of the Concord Axle Company, which has a national reputation for the manufacture of the celebrated Concord Axles; he is also a director of the Mechanics National Bank of Concord, the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, and the Granite State Fire Insurance Co., where his experienced judgment and conservative, moderate tendencies and fair-minded disposition have often proved of much value. He is a prominent member of the New Hampshire club, which holds monthly meetings in Boston; also a member of Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar, of

Concord. In religious belief he is a consistent Baptist.

He has thus grown up from boyhood in the beautiful and picturesque village of Penacook, the ancient camping-ground of the Indians, and the scene, on an island near his residence, of the heroic exploit of Hannah Dustan, a captive of the Indians from Haverhill, Mass., a beautiful granite shaft marking the spot where this resolute white woman slew eight red-skins, and fought her way back to liberty by her own nerve and endurance. His fellow-citizens have watched his daily life, and have, with pride, witnessed his business prosperity, and have learned to esteem and respect him for his many acts of disinterested benevolence and Christian charity, always well and modestly bestowed. He has for a long time, though a young man, been looked upon as one of the fathers of the village, and has ever exerted himself in all laudable undertakings to build up and improve the condition of the community and promote the happiness and prosperity of its inhabitants.

Probably few men in the state have a more extended acquaintance with her leading citizens—business men, politicians, scholars, teachers, and clergy—than Mr. Amsden, and certainly there is not a more popular, thoroughly honest and honored man in the whole state. He has mingled with all classes, possesses the respect and esteem of all, and those who know him best admire the man most. Naturally of a modest disposition, he has never sought political office, nor pushed himself to the front of the party primaries. He has served the people in his ward in various offices of trust

and responsibility. In 1874 he was chosen to represent his ward in the Board of Aldermen, and was unanimously reëlected the following year, having received the entire vote of the ward cast for that office. In 1882 he was elected a member of the state senate, in District No. 9. Although the district gave a plurality of 335 for the Republican candidate for governor, Mr. Amsden was elected senator by 376 plurality, showing a net gain of 711 votes in a total of 3,500. He served the district faithfully and well, but declined a renomination.

The outcome of the campaign of 1890 is familiar to all, and will pass into history as the most momentous, in many respects, of any ever waged in the state. It goes without saying, as a fact admitted by all parties, that there has never been a more manly, systematic, and business-like campaign waged on the part of the candidates for governor. This has been the case with Mr. Amsden in the last two

campaigns, which contributed in no small degree to the increased success of his party. He has no particular liking for the excitement and turmoil incident to a political campaign in New Hampshire. His popularity and complete equipment for the gubernatorial candidacy and office, caused his nomination in 1888, when he made a splendid run, and his renomination came as a matter of course.

Having been chosen to lead the Democracy in the campaign of 1890, he assured the party representatives immediately after his nomination of the acceptance of the same and of his determination to make a sharp, vigorous, manly, and business-like effort to carry the party's flag to victory. This said from a man like Amsden meant a great deal, and his opponents found that every inch of New Hampshire ground was contested as it has not been before in the last decade.

EVENING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MARY H. WHEELER.

Now sleep the young birds in their nest,
Now slumber the blooms on the bough;
And the winds that blew out of the west—
Hush! hush! they are slumbering now.

But bright stars keep watch in the sky,
And sing their unceasing refrain;
The music—so distant, so high—
Our earth softly echoes again.

And He who the whole shining band
Called in the beginning to be,
And moulded the earth in his hand—
He loveth and careth for thee.

He blesseth the bird and the flower,
Commandeth the winds, and they cease:
And, guarded from harm through His power,
Rest thou, too, in quiet, in peace.

THE GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.

Governor Tuttle will have the benefit, through his term of office, of the advice and assistance of a council of able and experienced men. First on the list is a physician of recognized financial ability; next, a manufacturer; third, a lawyer of wide experience and great learning; fourth, a business man; and lastly an editor. The state has entrusted to this body of men the executive branch of the state government for the ensuing two years and reposes in them the utmost confidence, for they are all of tried ability and undoubted honesty.

HON. JAMES FARRINGTON, Councillor from the first district, was born June 10, 1822, in Conway. He is the son of Elijah and Lois L. (Farrington) Farrington. Their ancestors came to Conway from Massachusetts, having tarried for two generations in Concord. He was educated at the common schools of Conway and at Fryeburg, Me., academy, fitting for college. Studied medicine with Dr. Ira Towle of Fryeburg, and at Dartmouth Medical College, and graduated at the University Medical College of New York, and also at Dr. Whittaker's School, New York, taking his degree in March 1847. He settled in May of the same year in Rochester, where he has practised medicine and surgery ever since. His practice has been very extensive, covering a circuit of fifteen miles.

He went into practice at first with his uncle, Dr. James Farrington, who had been established in the town for forty years, and continued with him until his uncle's death thirteen years later. There has been a Dr. James Farrington in Rochester since 1807.

In politics, Dr. Farrington has always been a Democrat. He was moderator several years before the war, a representative in 1863, member of the constitutional convention in 1889.

He has been trustee of the Norway Plains Savings Bank for several years, director of the Rochester National Bank for fifteen years, and is now president of the bank.

He married in Feb. 1853, Harriet L., daughter of Simon and Sarah (Meserve) Chase, of Rochester, who died in March 1888. He has two daughters,—Nellie F., who married George McDuffee, a merchant of Rochester; and Josephine C. who married Arthur V. Sanborn, also a merchant of Rochester.

Dr. Farrington attends the Congregational church, is an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias, and a member of Humane Lodge, F. & A. M., charter member of Temple Chapter and High Priest for eight years, and a member of St. Paul Commandery, Dover.

HON. HENRY B. QUINBY,

The Councillor from District No. 2, was born in Biddeford, Maine, June 10, 1846, and is the son of Hon. Thomas, and Jane E. (Brewer) Quinby. He was educated in the public schools of Biddeford, fitted for college at the Nichols Latin School in Lewiston, and graduated from Bowdoin college in 1869 (Psi Upsilon). He received his A. M. from Bowdoin in 1872, and M. D. at Columbian Medical College in Washington, D. C., in 1880.

Soon after graduation he settled in Lake Village, where he became associated in business with his father-in-law, Hon. B. J. Cole, manufacturer of ma-

chinery, car axles, etc. Mr. Quinby is one of the leading men in the thriving village of Lake Village, and is foremost in promoting all enterprises tending to improve the town. He is a Republican, and a Unitarian.

He has had a very successful masonic career,—master of Mt. Lebanon Lodge in 1889, was the first eminent commander of Pilgrim Commandery, Knights Templar, both of Laconia, took his Scottish Rites degree at Nashua, in 1876, and received the 33d and last degree, Sept. 16, 1890, at Cleveland, Ohio.

He served on the staff of Gov. E. A. Straw, and was a member of the legislature in 1887-'88, and was chairman of the finance committee, and a member of other committees. In 1889-'90 he was a member of the state senate, and chairman of the committee on towns and parishes. In the council he is chairman of prison committee.

He married, June 22, 1870, Octavia M., daughter of Hon. Benjamin J. and Mehitabel (Batchelder) Cole. Children: Harry Cole, born July 9, 1872, fitted at Chauncy Hall, and is a freshman in Harvard University; Candace E., born June 4, 1875, now at the Capen School at Northampton, Mass.

Mr. Quinby comes from good old New England stock, on both sides of his family. Through his father, he is a direct descendant of John Rogers, fifth president of Harvard college, of Maj. Gen. Daniel Dennison the famous colonial officer, of governor Thomas Dudley of the Massachusetts colony, and of many other colonial celebrities. On his mother's side, Mr. Quinby is descended from Major Charles Frost, the famous Indian fighter, and numbers among his great-great-great-grandmoth-

ers two sisters of Sir William Pepperell, the colonial baronet, who won renown at the siege of Louisburg, and is a direct descendant of the Rev. Jose Glover, in the ninth generation, at whose charge the first printing press was established in America.

HON. GEORGE A. RAMSDELL.

Councillor from the third district, is a resident of Nashua. He is the son of William and Maria A. (Moore) Ramsdell, and was born in Milford, March 11, 1834. Received his early education in the public schools of Milford, attended three years at McCollum Institute at Mont Vernon, entered Amherst college, class of 1857, and on account of ill health withdrew from college during his sophomore year, and afterwards, in 1871, received the degree of A. M. from Dartmouth college. He studied law with Hon. Brainbridge Wadleigh, Hon. Daniel Clark, and Hon. Isaac W. Smith, was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in Peterboro in 1858, remaining there in active practice six years. In 1864 he settled in Nashua, and was appointed clerk of the supreme judicial court for Hillsborough county, holding the office twenty-three years. In 1887 he resumed the practice of the law in Nashua. During the past thirty-three years he has been appointed by the court, auditor, referee, or master in chancery in nearly one thousand cases; and has been called, in the execution of these commissions, into nearly every town in the state. He was treasurer of Hillsborough county in 1861 and '62; member of the house in 1869, '70, and '71; member of the constitutional convention in 1876; member of the Board of Education ten years; trustee of the City

library since 1876; president of the Board of Trustees of the State Industrial School in 1881, '82, '83, and '84; trustee of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home many years; director of the Wilton Railroad, of the Peterborough Railroad; and president of the First National Bank of Nashua. He is a Congregationalist and a Mason.

He married, Nov. 29, 1860, Eliza D., daughter of David and Margaret (Dinsmore) Wilson, of Deering. Children,—Harry W., born Feb. 1, 1862, tax collector of the city of Nashua; Arthur D., born Aug. 2, 1863, in the carriage business in Nashua; Charles T., born July 6, 1865, bank clerk. Annie M., born Dec. 8, 1873, at school in Worcester.

Mr. Ramsdell's life work, aside from the performance of his duty as clerk of the court, has consisted largely in the trial of causes as arbitrator, having probably settled more controversies as referee and otherwise than any other man in the state.

The *Nashua Telegraph* said, at the time of his election,—

“It is not alone, however, in public affairs that Mr. Ramsdell has been conspicuous. He has been a lifelong and ardent temperance man; he has been one of the foremost citizens in all things for the benefit of his fellow-men; has sought to advance the interests of the church, good fellowship, good living, education, and all things that contribute to the ideal home. He is a courteous man,—a man who carries himself as not above the humblest citizen; a man who seeks to be right and to do right in all the affairs of life, and therefore his fellow-citizens will join with us in the hope that his days on earth may extend far into the twentieth century.”

HON. JOHN M. WHIPPLE,

Councillor for the fourth district, was born in Lyme, Sept. 16, 1834. Was educated in Lyme and Orford: settled in Claremont in April, 1856: was paymaster and book-keeper at the Monadnock Mills from Feb. 1857 to March 1875, when he was appointed postmaster. He was twice reappointed, serving in all twelve years. He has also served as town treasurer. He was a member of the House in 1889-'90. He is a Republican, a Congregationalist, and married.

HON. EDWIN C. LEWIS,

Councillor from the fifth district, was born Nov. 28, 1835, in the village of New Hampton. He is the son of Rufus G. and Sally (Smith) Lewis. His maternal grandfather was Daniel Smith of Exeter, who married Mary Pickering. His paternal grandfather was Moses Lewis, of Bristol, who married Sally Martin, and who came originally from Billerica, Mass. Mr. Lewis graduated at New Hampton Institution in 1854, and at Harvard College in 1859: read law with Sweetzer & Gardner at Lowell: settled in New Hampton where he remained until 1880, when he removed to Laconia, having purchased the *Laconia Democrat* in July 1878. “He is a conscientious journalist, and wields a trenchant pen.” He has served as moderator, and town and county treasurer, member of the school board for years, and for years a trustee of the New Hampton Institute. Col. Lewis has never sought political office for himself. Brought up a Whig, he allied himself with the Democracy before coming of age, and has adhered loyally to the party ever since. He was elected to the senate by a large majority.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SENATE.

HON. JOHN McLANE,

Senator from the Amherst district, No. 16, and president of the senate, was born in Lenoxtown, Scotland, Feb. 27, 1852. He is the son of Alexander and Mary (Hay) McLane. They came to this country in 1854, and settled in Manchester, where the father died about two years later. Mr. McLane received his education at the public schools in Henniker and Manchester. He became a skilled mechanic, and is employed in the manufacture of post-office supplies in Milford. He bought the establishment out in 1878; then his executive ability had full sway and he has built up an extensive business. He employs from twenty-five to fifty men. Always a Republican, he was elected a member of the house in 1885 and 1887, rendering his party efficient service on the stump in the election of 1890. He is director and vice-president of the Souhegan National Bank, and trustee of the Milford Savings Bank. He attends the Congregational church, is master mason in Benevolent Lodge, a member of the King Solomon Chapter, St. George Commandery, Edward A. Raymond Consistory, Scottish Rites, and a member of Custos Morum Lodge, I. O. O. F.

He married, March 10, 1880, Ella L., daughter of Eben Tuck, of Milford. Three children,—Clinton A., Hazel E., Roy J.

As presiding officer of the senate, President McLane is cool, level-headed, and impartial. If any doubt arises, he never hastily decides, thereby putting himself in a position from which he is obliged to recede, but with characteris-

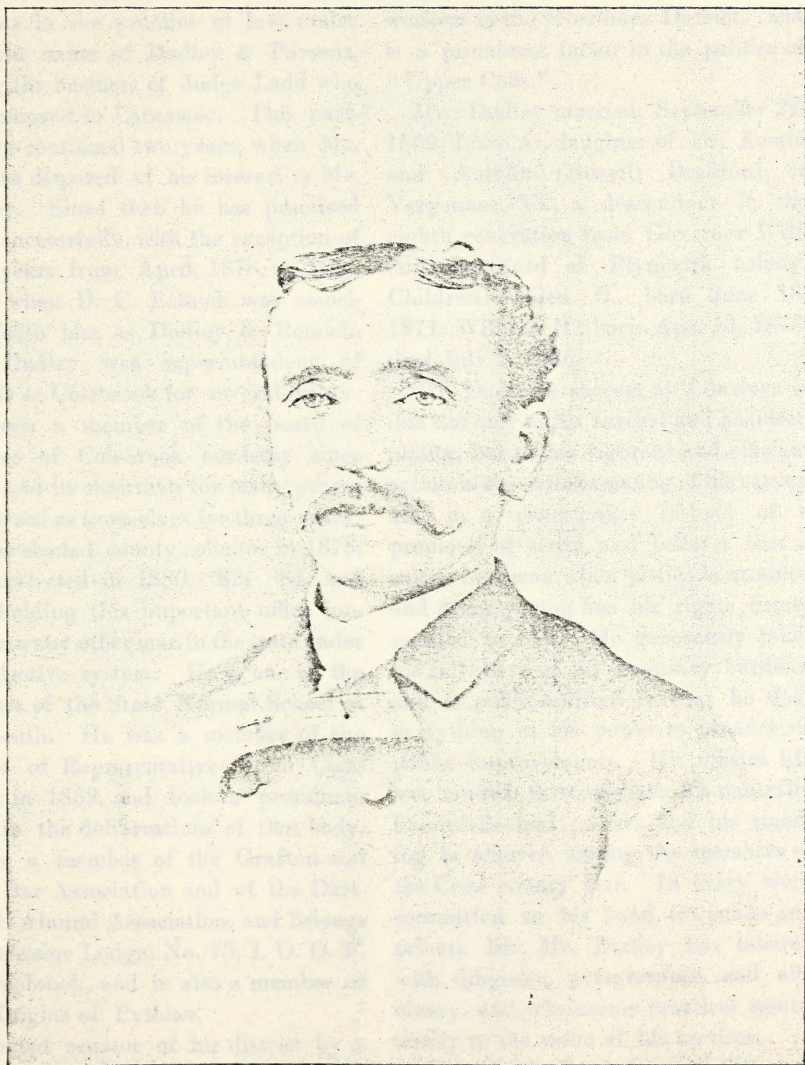
tic caution makes sure of his ruling, and when made, it stands. He has made no enemies, but many warm friends, and his political opponents have no less to say in his praise than have his party associates.

HON. JASON HENRY DUDLEY,

Senator from District No. 1, son of Jonathan and Minerva (Armstrong) Dudley, was born at Hanover, Nov. 24, 1842. He is a descendant in the eighth generation from Governor Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts.

Jason H. Dudley's early education was acquired in the Hanover common schools: this was supplemented by private tutors. In the fall of 1858 he entered the Chandler Scientific School, and in 1859, became a member of the freshmen class of Dartmouth college, and graduated in the class of 1862. During his collegiate course he taught a select school at Cornish Flat, in the fall of 1861. After graduating, he went to Colebrook as principal of Colebrook academy, which he did not find in a very prosperous condition. For three years he threw into the development of this school all the forces of his energetic nature, and brought up the attendance from forty to nearly one hundred pupils, by his fidelity, enthusiasm, and thorough fitness for his work. During this time he became a student of law under Hon. William S. Ladd. In the fall of 1865 he went to Danville, Vt., and had charge of Phillips academy for a year, continuing his legal studies with Hon. Bliss N. Davis. In the fall of 1866 he conducted the academy at West Randolph, Vt., pursuing the study

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John W. Lawrence

of law with Hon. Edmund Weston while there. In December, 1867, he was admitted to the bar at Chelsea, Vt. He then settled in Colebrook, and entered into partnership with Mr. James I. Parsons in the practice of law, under the firm name of Dudley & Parsons, taking the business of Judge Ladd who had removed to Lancaster. This partnership continued two years, when Mr. Parsons disposed of his interest to Mr. Dudley. Since then he has practised alone successfully, with the exception of four years, from April, 1878, to May, 1882, when D. C. Remich was associated with him as Dudley & Remich. Mr. Dudley was superintendent of schools at Colebrook for several years; has been a member of the board of trustees of Colebrook academy since 1872, and its chairman for many years; has served as town-clerk for three years; he was elected county solicitor in 1878, and reelected in 1880, '82, '84, and '86, holding this important office longer than any other man in the state under the elective system. He is one of the trustees of the State Normal School at Plymouth. He was a member of the House of Representatives from Colebrook in 1889, and took a prominent part in the deliberations of that body. He is a member of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association and of the Dartmouth Alumni Association, and belongs to Excelsior Lodge, No. 73, I. O. O. F. of Colebrook, and is also a member of the Knights of Pythias.

Elected senator of his district by a handsome majority in Nov., 1890, he was made chairman of the committee on the Revision of the Laws, although a member of the minority party, and does his full share in looking after the public interests as a senator.

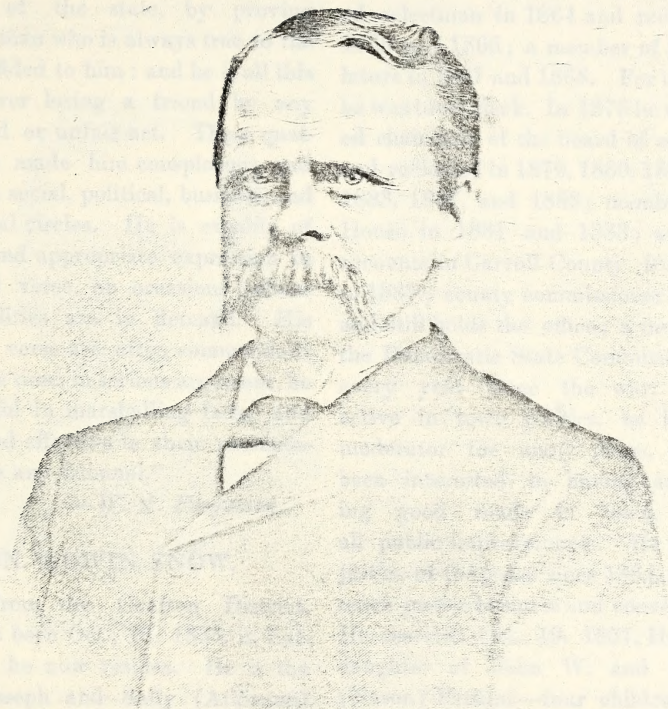
Believing fully in the principles of the Democratic party, he has been, and is, energetic, fearless, and zealous in maintaining its integrity and influence; stands in the front rank of its active workers in the "Northern District," and is a prominent factor in the politics of "Upper Coös."

Mr. Dudley married, September 22, 1869, Lucy A., daughter of Dr. Austin and Aurelia (Bissell) Bradford, of Vergennes, Vt., a descendant in the eighth generation from Governor William Bradford of Plymouth colony. Children,—Allen B., born June 18, 1871; William H., born Apr. 13, 1873, died July 2, 1876.

Mr. Dudley's success as a lawyer is due not only to his natural and acquired ability, but to his vigorous and efficient action in the understanding of his causes. He is a peacemaker instead of a promoter of strife, and believes that a suit is best won when justice is attained and every person has his rights firmly secured to him. He generously takes his full share of all necessary burdens, and is public-spirited in that he does everything in his power to advance all public improvements. His official life has tended to strengthen his naturally fine intellectual powers, and his standing is assured among the members of the Coös county Bar. In every work committed to his hand, in public and private life, Mr. Dudley has labored with diligence, perseverance, and efficiency, and wholesome practical results testify to the value of his services.

Hon. A. S. Batchellor, of Littleton, thus characterizes his friend:

"Mr. Dudley is square, genial, approachable, faithful to his friends, one who has made the best of his opportunities, a man of sagacity in affairs, a



J. A. Smith -

wise judge of character. These qualities he has combined with well directed industry. He has taken a prominent position in public affairs on his merits: and he has maintained himself in prominent positions in northern New Hampshire, and more recently in the general concerns of the state, by proving himself a man who is always true to the trusts confided to him: and he is all this without ever losing a friend by any false word or unfair act. These qualities have made him conspicuous and popular in social, political, business, and professional circles. He is capable of graceful and appropriate expression in prose and verse, on occasions where these qualities are in demand. His efforts in verse are often commended; at the same time, in serious argument, he is skilful in marshalling facts, and forcible and effective in their presentation before any tribunal."

—*W. A. Fergusson.*

HON. EDWIN SNOW,

Senator from the Grafton District, No. 2, was born Oct., 15, 1836, in Eaton, where he now resides. He is the son of Joseph and Sally (Atkinson) Snow, and is the youngest of nine living out of a family of eleven children. He was educated at the common schools of Eaton, and at the Parsonsfield (Maine) academy. At the age of twenty years he went into business for himself in the firm of Brooks & Snow, general merchants. At the same time he embarked in the lumber business. In 1859 Mr. Brooks retired from the firm, and afterwards Mr. Snow was alone until 1873, when he took into partnership, in the stock business, Mr. C. A. Brooks. This firm continued until 1878, at which time he took his son into the business,

with the firm name of E. Snow & Son. He has continued dealing in stone and lumber, since his first starting in business. Since 1875, he has done considerable business as pension attorney before the Department.

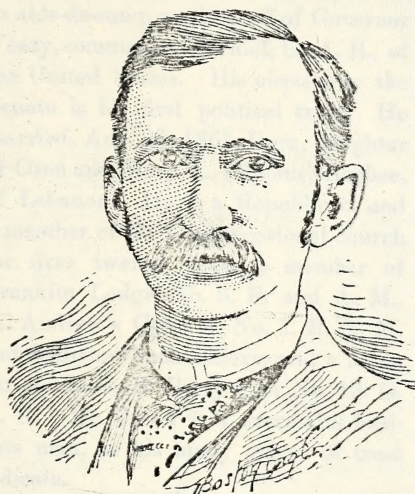
Always a Democrat, he was first elected selectman in 1864 and reelected in 1865 and 1866; a member of the legislature in 1867 and 1868. For two years he was town-clerk. In 1878 he was elected chairman of the board of selectmen, and reelected in 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1887, and 1888; member of the House in 1881 and 1883; auditor of accounts in Carroll County from 1881 to 1887; county commissioner in 1887, and still holds the office; a member of the Democratic State Committee nearly every year since the war. Always active in town politics, he has been moderator for many years, and has been interested in having and making good roads in town, and in all public improvements. He has been justice of the peace since 1864, and does much justice business and conveyancing. He married Oct., 19, 1857, Helen M., daughter of John W. and Caroline (Nason) Perkins—four children. One son, Leslie P., was a member of the House in 1887, a graduate of Dartmouth College class of 1886, and a special examiner in the Pension Department under Cleveland's Administration, holding the office until the fall of 1890. He graduated at Columbia Law School in June, 1890, with highest honor, and was admitted to the bar soon after.

The eldest daughter, Nellie H. Snow, married A. J. White, a contractor, and resides in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The second daughter, Isabelle Snow, married Dr. Atkinson, and resides in Worcester, Mass.

The third daughter, Bertha C. Snow, unmarried, resides with her parents.

Mr. Snow is a life-long Democrat, attends the Baptist Church, and is a master mason of the Ossipee Valley Lodge and was a member of Pigwacket Lodge I. O. O. F., of Brownfield, Maine in 1878, and was a charter member of Trinity Lodge, No. 63, in Eaton, founded in 1880.



HON. CHARLES S. COLLINS,

Senator from the Nashua district, No. 17, was born in Grafton, Feb. 21, 1853. He is the son of William S. and Harriet W. (Colby) Collins. He was educated at New London academy, and graduated at the medical school of the Boston University, in 1875, and has resided in Nashua since. He is a physician and surgeon. He has served as chairman of the board of selectmen six years. He was a member of the house in 1889-'90. He is a Republican, unmarried, and attends the Universalist church. He is an Odd Fellow, Mason, and charter member of the Golden Cross. Of late years he has devoted the most of his time to business enterprises,

having won a reputation for energy and financial sagacity. He is a director in the Security Loan and Trust Company of Nashua, the Lowell Electric Light company, Londonderry Lithia Water Co., and many other industrial business corporations. He is popular in business, political, and social circles.

HON. WILLIAM S. CARTER,

Senator from the Lebanon District, No. 3, was born in Warner, Sept. 28, 1842, where he lived until the age of nineteen years. He was the son of William, Jr., and Hannah (Badger) Carter, his father being a merchant in the village. He was educated at the common schools. Fitted for college at Henniker academy, at the time Thomas Sanborn was principal, and Hon. Wm. M. Chase was professor of mathematics. He entered Dartmouth college in 1862. Overcome with the war fever, he enlisted, in Aug., 1862, in Company D. 11th N. H., Vols., of which Col. L. W. Cogswell was captain, and Walter Harriman colonel. He was appointed regimental commissary, and served with the regiment until May 27, 1865. At the close of the war he took charge of his uncle's (Henry W. Carter's) store at Lebanon, where he has ever since resided. He remained five years with his uncle. In 1877 he formed a partnership with Col. Frank C. Churchill, which continues to this time. They have built up a large business, wholesale in gentlemen's furnishing goods and small wares, and manufacturing pants, overalls, shirts and a large variety of goods for working men. They employ one hundred hands in their factory. They keep four travelling salesmen on the road, and have a Boston office. The firm is the largest jobbing house of their line in New England, outside of

Boston, and their trade extends throughout New England and New York. Mr. Carter is a trustee of the Lebanon Savings Bank and a director of the First National Bank of Lebanon; president of the Business Men's Association, in 1890; president of the Lebanon Electric Light and Power Company; auditor of the state treasurer's accounts, for 1890 and 1891, and recently appointed as aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Veazy, commander-in-chief, G. A. R., of the United States. His election to the Senate is his first political trust. He married, Aug. 23, 1867, Dora, daughter of Oren and Mary A. (Robins) Bugbee, of Lebanon. He is a Republican and a member of the Congregational church for over twenty years, a member of Franklin Lodge No. 6, F. and A. M., St. Andrew's Chapter No. 1, R. A. M. and Sullivan Commandery, and a member of James B. Perry Post No. 13, G. A. R. Mr. Carter is a successful business man, as his many offices of trust indicate.

HON. JOSEPH R. BEAL,

Senator from the Keene District, No. 13, was born in Nelson, Aug., 18, 1834. He is the son of Joseph and Lois (Wardwell) Beal. He was educated at the public schools of his native town, and commenced his business career as a clerk at the age of seventeen years, the next year going to Keene, where he has ever since resided. A clerk there for three years, in 1856 he was taken into partnership with Jonas Parker and Harvey A. Bill, under the firm name of Parker, Bill & Co. The firm became Parker & Beal in 1858 and continued to Oct., 1859, when the firm of J. R. Beal & Co. was formed to carry on the clothing business, which

has continued until the present time. Mr. Beal was a member of the House in 1870 and 1871, common council one year, alderman two years, city treasurer two terms, county treasurer at present, director of the Keene National Bank from 1869 to 1879, since then cashier, trustee of the Cheshire Provident Institution, and clerk of the board of investment, director in the Keene Gas Light Company many years, and president of the Ashuelot Fire Insurance Co. at the time it was closed up.

He married, Dec., 26, 1860, Eleanor J., daughter of Amos and Nancy (Hastings) Cummings of Marlborough; one daughter, Jessie Gertrude Beal. Always a Republican, attends the Unitarian Church, member of Lodge of the Temple F. and A. M., Cheshire Royal Arch Chapter, Hugh DePayens Commandery, K. T.

HON. GEORGE W. PIERCE,

Senator from the Cheshire District, No. 14, was born in Winchester, April 24, 1833. He was the son of Dr. Hosea and Verlina (Putnam) Pierce. He was educated at the common schools of Winchester, at the Townsend, Vt., and Shelburne Falls, Mass. academies, and the New England Institute for young men in New York city. Studied medicine with his father and graduated at the Berkshire Medical College at Pittsfield, Mass., in 1854. With the exception of three years, 1848, 1849, and 1850, Dr. Pierce has always made his home in his native town, where he commenced to practise his profession with his father, immediately after his graduation. Dr. Pierce soon built up a large practice, and has won a favorable reputation as a surgeon.

April 21, 1864, he was appointed a

First Assistant Surgeon, with the rank of 1st Lieutenant, to the First New Hampshire Cavalry, and went directly to the front with his regiment. On the 12th day of November, 1864, while participating in a charge under General Custer upon the forces of the Confederate General Rosser, he was wounded and left for dead upon the field of battle. A party of Confederate soldiers, some time after the fight, scouring the field for plunder, discovered the Doctor to be living, and they made him a prisoner of war. He was confined from this time till January 14, 1865, in Libby Prison in Richmond, Va. While in Libby he was promoted for meritorious services to become a full Surgeon with the rank of Major. Upon his return to his regiment, he at once entered actively upon his duties, and continued so engaged until the close of the war. In September, 1864, he was assigned to duty at Brigade Headquarters, and then to Division Headquarters. His personal experience upon the battle field commenced at the Wilderness and ended at Appomattox, and comprises in all fifty-two battles in which he received five severe wounds, two in the head, one in the right shoulder, one in the left arm and one in the right hand. Probably no surgeon in the Union army has a martial record outranking that of Dr. Pierce.

He was appointed an Examining Surgeon by the Pension Department in 1862, and he retained this appointment till 1875, when he resigned the same to accept a seat in the New Hampshire Legislature. He was reappointed by the Pension Department to this office in 1883, but was removed by the Cleveland Administration for political reasons, upon its advent to power. He was appointed by Gov. Currier, Surgeon

General of New Hampshire upon his Staff, with the rank of Brig. General in the New Hampshire National Guard. At present he is treasurer of the Board of Education for the school district of Winchester, and president of the Republican town organization as well as a member of the State Central Republican Committee, a position he has held with scarcely an interruption for the last twenty years.

He is a prominent member of the G. A. R., being Past Commander of E. N. Taft Post 19, of the Department of New Hampshire, and has always been active in promoting every interest of his old comrades, and has been largely instrumental in placing most of the laws upon our statute books recognizing the obligation of New Hampshire to her old soldiers, sailors and marines, and their dependent relatives; and he believes that there is abundant reason for yet other laws, or modifications of present laws, to completely and forever divorce all cases of dependent soldiers, and their dependent relatives, from the slightest taint of pauperism.

In his profession he takes first rank among his medical brethren, often being called by them in consultation in cases of doubt and of great severity. As an expert witness in medical and surgical cases he has few equals in New Hampshire.

At home he is known as a true friend by every one. He is active in promoting every effort that works for the progress and advancement of his native place or her people, giving generously of his money, and unsparingly of his best efforts, being contented always if the good comes to any, though it may not particularly come to himself. He has never had but one kind of politics, for

the reason that he firmly believes that the Republican party to which he belongs will soonest educate all the people of the nation, will soonest secure to every citizen his full political rights, will soonest develop the industrial pursuits of the whole country, will soonest deal justly with her veteran soldiery and their dependents.

In George W. Pierce, the old soldiers of the Cheshire District have a typical soldiers' representative, and one who knows what it was to have been a soldier from 1861 to 1865, and one who knows what their past deprivations have been and what is now due to them, and one who has the ability and manliness to stand by his old comrades till their "Bonds" have been redeemed in full.

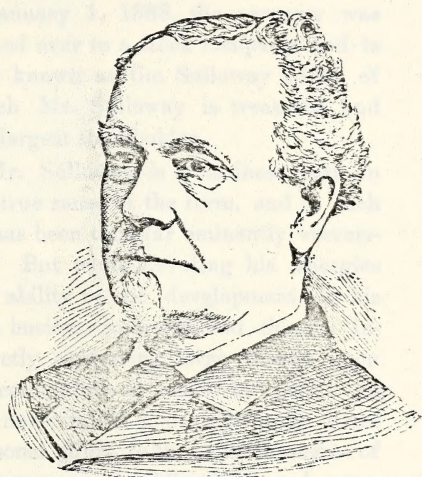
His first vote for President was cast for John C. Fremont. He was elected to the Senate by a flattering majority. He has done his party service on the stump during the last three presidential campaigns.

He married, in 1861, Maria C., daughter of William and Celia Follett of Winchester. They have four children.

HON. HORATIO FRADD,

Senator from the Manchester District, No. 18, was born in Cornwall, England, May 17, 1832. He is the son of Richard and Elizabeth (Warren) Fradd. He received his education in his native town, learned the brass-founders' trade, and came to this country at the age of eighteen years. He settled first in Boston where he remained four years, settling in Manchester in 1853, where he went into business for himself, dealing in hats and caps. In 1856 he embarked in the grocery business and still continues it. His first office was overseer of

the poor, which he held four years, then assessor two years, inspector of check-lists two years, alderman three years, member of the House in 1872 and 1873, member of the Constitutional convention in 1889, overseer of the poor in 1889 and 1890, and elected to the Senate in 1890. Always a Republican, attends the Congregational church, although brought up in the Church of England.



He married first, Mary E. Cayzer, a native of his own county in England, in January, 1853. Of the three children of this marriage, but one lives, Mary Elizabeth, who married Joseph Fradd, and lives in West Manchester. He married second, in Sept., 1876, Jennie McDonald of Fort Covington, N. Y. Five children. He is a member of the Aegis, a benevolent society.

HON. ALVAH W. SULLOWAY,

Senator from the Laconia District, No. 5, was born in Framingham, Mass., Dec. 25, 1838. He is the only son and eldest child of Israel W. and Adeline (Richardson) Sulloway. He received his academical education at Canaan, Barre,

Vt., and the Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vt.,—but spent a considerable portion of his time between the ages of ten and twenty-one years in active labor in his father's mill in the town of Enfield where the celebrated Shaker socks were first manufactured by machinery, gaining a practical knowledge of the business, and thoroughly familiarizing himself with the various processes in hosiery manufacture, and the general conduct of business in that important line of industry.

Upon attaining his majority, with that ambitious and independent spirit which so generally characterizes the youth of New England, and to which the development and prosperity of all sections of our country are so largely due, Mr. Sulloway determined to go into business for himself. His purpose received the ready sanction and encouragement of his father, and after due deliberation he formed a partnership with Walter Aiken, of Franklin, in the manufacture of hosiery. The partnership continued for about four years, when it was dissolved by mutual consent, and another firm was organized, which put in operation a new mill. This firm consisted of Mr. Sulloway and Frank H. Daniell, of Franklin, who carried on business together until 1869, when Mr. Daniell withdrew, and Mr. Sulloway has since been sole proprietor. The mill is situated upon the lower power of the Winnipiseogee, opposite the mills of the Winnipiseogee Paper Company, the power being used in common by the two establishments. The building is of brick, four stories high, with basement, contains eight sets of woollen machinery, with about 150 knitting-machines, and furnishes employment for about 200 operatives,

besides a large number of women in the vicinity and surrounding towns, whose labor is required in finishing the work which the machines leave incomplete. About five hundred dozen pairs are produced daily, giving an annual product of about \$250,000. The monthly pay-roll averages about \$4,500, aside from the amount paid for outside labor.

January 1, 1888, the property was turned over to a stock company, and is now known as the Sulloway Mills, of which Mr. Sulloway is treasurer and the largest stockholder.

Mr. Sulloway is a business man in the true sense of the term, and as such he has been thus far eminently successful. But while devoting his energies and ability to the development of his own business interests, and thereby indirectly conferring large benefit upon the community in which he moves, he has never failed to contribute, by direct personal effort, to the advancement of all measures of public utility and material progress; and to his labor and encouragement, personally and pecuniarily, as much as to any other among its many enterprising and public-spirited citizens, the town of Franklin is indebted for the advanced position which it holds, when regarded from a business, social, or educational stand-point. He was a prime mover in the organization of the Franklin National Bank, which went into operation in November, 1879, and has been president of the institution from the start. He has also been a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank ever since its establishment, and for several years past a member of the committee of investment. In 1880 he was chosen a member of the board of directors of the Northern Railroad, and was

includes a large number of women in the vicinity and surrounding towns, whose labor is required in finishing the work which the machines leave incomplete. About five hundred ladies give an annual product of about \$200,000. They are monthly paid, averaging about \$4.50, aside from the amount paid for materials.

January 1, 1888, the property was turned over to a new company and is now known as the Salloway Mill, and owned by Mr. Salloway, its manager and its largest stockholder.

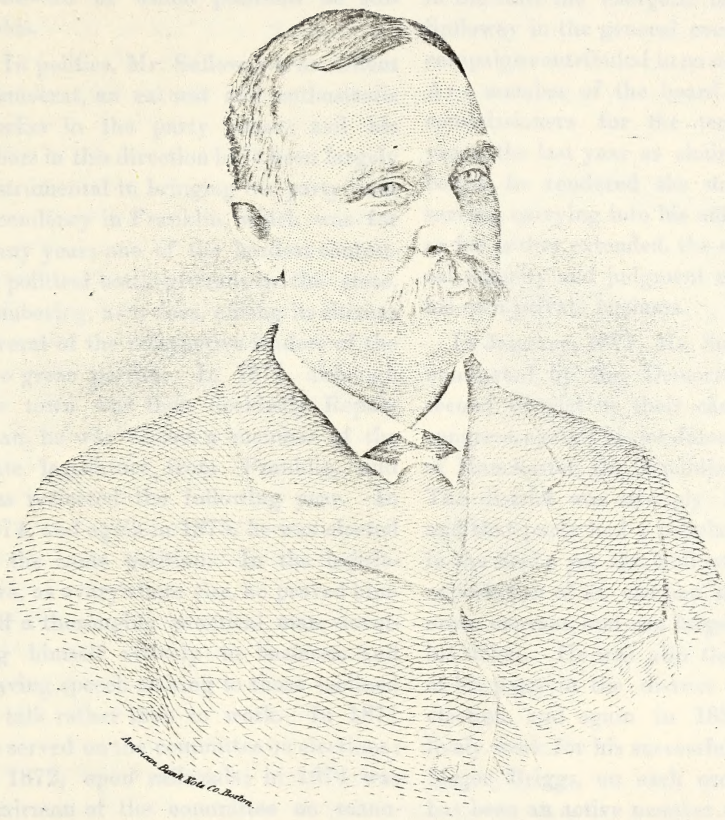
Mr. Salloway is a business man in the true sense of the term, and as such he has been able to successfully manage his factory, while securing the welfare and ability in the development of his own business interests and thereby indirectly contributing large benefit upon the community in which he works. He has never failed to contribute, by direct personal effort, to the advancement of all measures of public utility and moral progress; and to his labor and social, or educational standpoint. He was a prime mover in the organization of the Franklin National Bank, which went into operation in December, 1875, and has been president of the institution from the start. He has also been a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank ever since its establishment, and for several years past a member of the executive of the same. In 1870 he was chosen a member of the board of directors of the Northern Railroad, and was

Mr. and the first. Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vt.—but spent a considerable portion of his time between the ages of ten and twenty-one years in active labor in his father's mill in the town of Franklin, where the celebrated Salloway looms were first manufactured by machinery, gaining a practical knowledge of the business, and thereby amply familiarizing himself with the various processes in industry, manufacturing, and the general conduct of business in that important line of industry.

Upon attaining his majority, with that ambition and independent spirit which so generally characterizes the youth of New England, and in which the development and prosperity of all sections of our country are so largely due, Mr. Salloway determined to go into business for himself. His purpose received the ready sanction and consent of his father, and after due deliberation he formed a partnership with Walter Allen of Franklin in the manufacture of hosiery. The partnership continued for about four years, when it was dissolved by mutual consent, and another firm was organized, which put in operation a new mill. This firm consisted of Mr. Salloway and Frank H. Daniels of Franklin, who carried on business together until 1868, when Mr. Daniels withdrew, and Mr. Salloway has since been sole proprietor. The mill is situated upon the west power of the Winnepesaukee, opposite the mills of the Winnepesaukee Paper Company, the power being used in common by the two establishments. The building is of brick, four stories high, with basement, contains eight sets of woolen machinery, with about 150 knitting-machines, and furnishes employment for about 300 operatives.

Johnston, a 1884 graduate of the University of New Hampshire, and the daughter of the late General S. Johnston and P. A. Johnston, for governor and father of H. Hollands in 1882, daughter of the same name, followed at the hands of the State of Maine Railroad. He was, that year, the first of the many years of his life, all of which passed in the service of the State of New Hampshire.

In politics Mr. Sulloway was a Democrat, as was his father, and he was a member of the State of New Hampshire for his term of office. He was the first of the many years of his life, all of which passed in the service of the State of New Hampshire.



Mr Sulloway

Mr. Sulloway was married the first time to a daughter of the late General S. Johnston and P. A. Johnston, for governor and father of H. Hollands in 1882, daughter of the same name, followed at the hands of the State of Maine Railroad. He was, that year, the first of the many years of his life, all of which passed in the service of the State of New Hampshire.

elected president in 1884; president of the Concord & Claremont and P. & H. Railroads in 1889; director of the Boston & Maine Railroad the same year—all of which positions he still holds.

In politics, Mr. Sulloway is an ardent Democrat, an earnest and enthusiastic worker in the party cause; and his labors in this direction have been largely instrumental in bringing his party into ascendancy in Franklin, which was for many years one of the hardest contested political battle-grounds in the state, numbering, as it does, among its citizens several of the most active leaders of the two great parties. In 1871, although the town was then decidedly Republican, he was chosen a member of the state legislature from Franklin, and was reelected the following year. In 1874, and again in 1875, he was elected to the same position. In the legislature, as everywhere else, he proved himself a thoroughly practical man, devoting himself actively to business, and leaving speech-making to those inclined to talk rather than to work. In 1871 he served on the committee on elections; in 1872, upon railroads; in 1874 was chairman of the committee on manufactures, where his close acquaintance with manufacturing interests fitted him for most efficient service; and in 1875 was again a member of the elections committee. In 1874, when the Democratic party managers set to work systematically to win a victory in the state, Mr. Sulloway was nominated for railroad commissioner upon the ticket headed by James A. Weston for governor. Although there was no choice by the people in the election that year, the Democracy won a substantial victory, in that they secured a majority in the

legislature, and the election of their candidates for governor and railroad commissioner followed at the hands of that body. To this triumph of his party in the state the energetic labor of Mr. Sulloway in the general conduct of the campaign contributed in no small degree. As a member of the board of railroad commissioners for the term of three years, the last year as chairman of the board, he rendered the state efficient service, carrying into his official labors, so far as they extended, the same practical sagacity and judgment exercised in his own private business.

In January, 1877, Mr. Sulloway was nominated by the Democracy of the second district as their candidate for congress, against Major James F. Briggs, of Manchester, the Republican nominee. The district was strongly Republican, and that party had a popular candidate in the field; yet Mr. Sulloway, with no expectation of an election, made a vigorous canvass, and ran largely ahead of his ticket. He was also the candidate of his party in the district at the next election, and again in 1880, making lively work for his successful opponent, Major Briggs, on each occasion. He has been an active member of the Democratic state committee for more than fifteen years past, and for the greater portion of the time a member of the executive committee of that body, having direct charge of the campaign work. He was a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the national convention at St. Louis in 1876, which nominated Samuel J. Tilden for the presidency, and was an enthusiastic supporter of the great New York reformer, not only in convention, but also in the subsequent campaign in which he was actively engaged as a member of

the Democratic national committee from this state. In 1880 he was again a delegate to the national convention of his party, at Cincinnati, where Gen. Hancock was nominated, and was again elected as the New Hampshire member of the national committee. Again, in 1884, he was chosen a delegate to the National Democratic Convention which nominated Grover Cleveland, and chosen a member of the National Committee; also in 1888 a delegate and a member of the National Committee, which position he still holds. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1889, and was elected to the Senate in 1890.

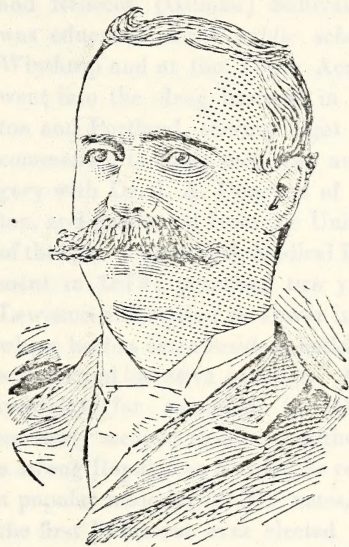
Mr. Sulloway is an active member and trustee of the Unitarian Society of Franklin. In this organization, as in business and politics, Mr. Sulloway is an earnest worker, and his labor and encouragement have contributed materially to its success.

In 1866 Mr. Sulloway was united in marriage with Miss Susan K. Daniell, an accomplished daughter of the late Jeremiah F. Daniell, a member of the noted paper-making firm of Peabody & Daniell, and a sister of the Hon. Warren F. Daniell, member-elect to the 52d congress. They have three children, a daughter and two sons,—the eldest, Alice, born August 5, 1871, Richard Woodbury, born February 15, 1876, and Frank Jones, born Dec. 11, 1883.

Mr. Sulloway is a man of keen perceptive powers and ready judgment, so that he is enabled to form conclusions upon all practical questions presented with more than ordinary promptness and accuracy. His opinion in all matters of public interest, as well as his advice in private business affairs, is

frequently sought, and carries great weight. He is frank and outspoken at all times. He has many warm friends, and enjoys a full measure of popularity in social, public, and business circles. Endowed with an active mind and healthy and vigorous bodily powers, he has great capacity for labor.

—*H. H. Metcalf.*



HON. CHARLES A. SINCLAIR,

Senator from the Portsmouth District, No. 24, was born in Bethlehem, Aug., 21, 1848. He is the son of Hon. John G., and Tamar M. (Clark) Sinclair. He was educated at Newbury, Vt., and at Sanbornton Bridge, and was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter. He entered Dartmouth College in 1867, but did not graduate. His home was in Bethlehem until 1867, in Lexington, Mich., until 1869, in Littleton, until 1873, and since that date in Portsmouth, where he has been actively engaged in business. He is a keen and sagacious business man of acknowledged ability. He is proprietor of the Ports-

mouth *Daily Evening Times* and the weekly *States and Union*. He has served as president of the Nashua & Rochester Railroad, of the Manchester & Lawrence Railroad, and as a director of the Boston & Maine Railroad and of many other corporations. He was founder and the largest owner in the Portsmouth Shoe Company. He was appointed colonel on the staff of Governor Weston in 1871, was a member of the House in 1873, and of the Senate in 1889-'90 from the Newmarket District. Always a Democrat, he is an acknowledged party leader. He attends the Baptist Church.

He married, Nov., 27, 1873, Emma I. Jones, niece and daughter-in-law of Hon. Frank Jones; four children.

HON. PERRY H. DOW,

Senator from the Amoskeag District, No. 19, was born July 8, 1854, in Manchester. He is the son of Hon. Israel and Lavinia H. (Hobbs) Dow, his father having been senator from the same district. He received his education at the public schools of Manchester, graduating from the High school in 1871, studying civil engineering with Hon. E. A. Straw, Edwin H. Hobbs, and A. M. Chapin. He has been in the employ of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company for twenty years, succeeding the late Hon. Edwin H. Hobbs, as the chief engineer of the company.

He was ward-clerk four years, member of the school board four years, representative in 1889, and was elected to the Senate by a large majority. He married, July 25, 1877, Susie C. Cook, daughter of the late Capt. Harvey Cook of Manchester. One son has come of the union, Clinton I. Dow, born April 12, 1886.

Mr. Dow is a Republican, attends the Unitarian church, Mason, Knight Templar, member of the Aleppo Temple Mystic Shrine.

HON. MIAH B. SULLIVAN,

Senator from the Dover District, No. 23, was born in Winthrop, Maine, May, 29, 1856. He is the son of Jeremiah and Rebecca (Gilman) Sullivan. He was educated at the public schools of Winthrop and at the Towle Academy, went into the drug business in Lewiston and Portland, serving eight years, commenced to study medicine and surgery with Dr. J. A. Donovan of Lewiston, and graduated from the University of the City of New York Medical Department in 1879; practised two years in Lewiston and settled in Dover in 1881, where he has since resided, building up a large and lucrative practice. He was candidate for councillor in 1886 and narrowly escaped election. Although in a strong Republican district, he received a popular majority of 379 votes, being the first Democrat ever elected in the District as Senator. He is Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in Dover. He is unmarried, and attends the Catholic Church.

HON. GEORGE R. ROWE,

Senator from the Rockingham District, No. 21, was born Feb., 22, 1849, in Brentwood, where he still resides. He is the son of Robert and Sally (Sinclair) Rowe. He was educated at the public schools of his native town, and at Kingstons and Tilton Academies. He went into business with his father and brothers, when he was twenty-one, in the firm of Robert Rowe & Sons, manufacturers of carriage wood-work. The father died in 1882, when the firm be-

came Robert Rowe's Sons. They employ about 20 workmen. Always a Republican, Mr. Rowe was town-clerk four years, second selectman one year, chairman one year, representative 1889.

He married July 3, 1870, Betsey J., daughter of Lewis B. and Mary (Roberts) Gordon; two sons—George Russell, who has lately graduated from the Manchester Commercial College, and Robert G., a student in Sanborn Seminary at Kingston.

Mr. Rowe attends the Congregational Church, and is a member of Gideon Lodge, No. 84, F. and A. M., St. Albans Chapter, of Exeter, and De Witt Clinton Commandery Knights Templar, Portsmouth.

HON. RICHARD M. SCAMMON,

Senator from the Newmarket District, No. 22, was born at Stratham, Dec., 6, 1859, and is the youngest member of the Senate. He is the son of Richard and Abigail (Batchelder) Scammon. He was educated at the Stratham public schools, and graduated from the Exeter High School in 1876, entered Cornell University, class of 1881, but left college on the death of his father, and has since made his home at Stratham, where he has one of the largest and best farms in a town noted for its agricultural excellence. This farm has been a possession of the family since 1642, being a part of the tract then purchased by William Waldron, of Dover, whose daughter Prudence married Richard Scammon in 1661, and settled there in 1665. Richard Scammon was the first settler, and subsequently the owner of all the tract then known as Shrewsbury Patent which now forms the southern part of the town of Stratham.

Mr. Scammon was elected town treas-

urer when 21 years old, has since served as superintending school committee and moderator, was chosen chairman of the board of selectmen but declined to act. He was a member of the House in 1885 and 1886. He is a Democrat both by inheritance and conviction, and has served his party several years as chairman of the town Democratic committee, and has been a member of the state, committee, and secretary of the county committee for four years.

He was the unanimous choice of the nominating convention of his senatorial district in 1890, and was elected by a flattering majority running largely ahead of his ticket especially in his own town.

He has served nine years in the New Hampshire National Guard, enlisting in Co. D, 1st Reg't., in 1882, was successively promoted corporal, sergeant, and lieutenant of the company, captain and aide on the Brigade Staff, and lieutenant colonel of 1st. Reg't, having held the last position since 1886.

Col. Scammon was appointed by Gov. Sawyer as the state's representative on the staff of Gen. Schofield at the Washington Centennial in New York City, May, 1889. He has been an interested student of the local history of his section, and is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and corresponding member of the Maine Genealogical Society. He is unmarried, is liberal in religious views, and attends the Christian Church.

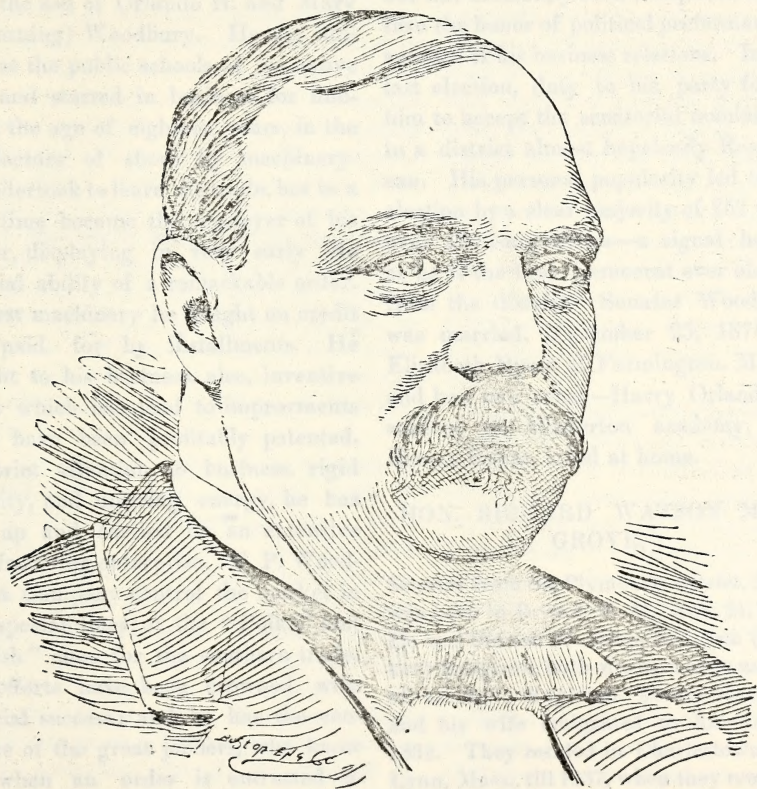
HON. CHARLES E. HALL,

Senator from the Peterborough district, No. 15, was born at Hanover, Dec. 11, 1847. He is the son of Lewis and Fidelia (Spencer) Hall, of Hanover. He was educated at the public schools of

Hanover, at the Kimball Union Academy, at Appleton academy, and at Dartmouth college, where he graduated in the class of 1870. He studied medicine at the New Hampshire medical college, and graduated from the medical department of the University of New York in 1873. He settled immediately after graduation at Greenville, where he

board of selectmen, representative in 1889, and chairman of the committee on Normal School which worked through the \$60,000 appropriation for a new building, and in 1890 was elected senator by a close majority. He is chairman of the Committee on Education in the senate.

He married, May 25, 1875, Nellie A.,



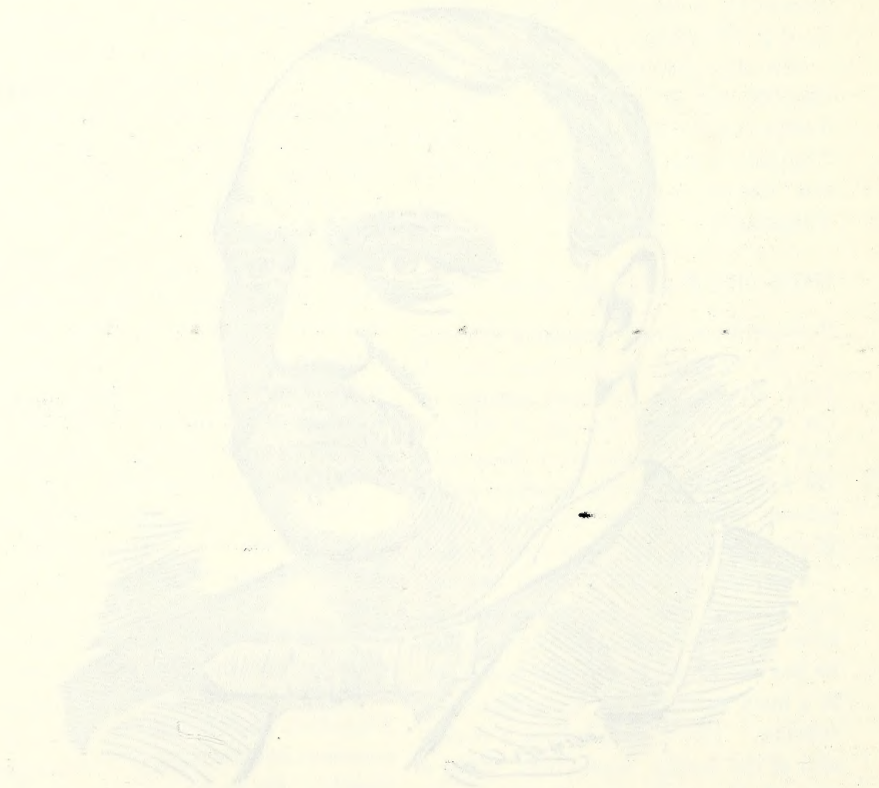
has since resided, practising his profession for seven years, and since then conducting business as a registered pharmacist.

He is now serving his eleventh year as superintendent of schools, and his fifth year as town treasurer. He has successively filled nearly every town office, having been three years chairman of the

daughter of Rev. Pliny F., and Julia (Hobart) Barnard, of Westminster, Vt. Their union has been blessed with one son, Adrian, born Jan. 21, 1880.

Dr. Hall has always been a Republican. He is a member of Dunster Hill Lodge of Odd Fellows and Souhegan Lodge, F. & A. M., and attends the Congregational church. He is a reader

Hamover at the English Union Academy at Appleton, Wisconsin, and at Dartmouth College where he graduated in the class of 1870. He studied medicine at the New Hampshire medical college and graduated from the medical department of the University of New York in 1873. He studied temporarily after graduation at Philadelphia where he



has since resided, practicing his profession for seven years, and since then non-dusting business as a registered pharmacist. He is now serving his eleventh year as superintendent of schools, and his fifth year as town treasurer. He has been centrally filled nearly every town office, having been three years chairman of the

of all standard works, a temperance man, charitable, and deeply interested in the welfare of education, not only in his town but throughout the state.

HON. FRANK P. WOODBURY,

Senator from the Londonderry District, No. 20, was born October 24, 1850, in Salem, where he has always resided. He is the son of Orlando H. and Mary E. (Corning) Woodbury. He was educated at the public schools of his native town, and started in business for himself at the age of eighteen years, in the manufacture of shoes by machinery. He undertook to learn the trade, but in a short time became the employer of his teacher, displaying in very early life financial ability of a remarkable order. His first machinery he bought on credit and paid for by installments. He brought to his business, also, inventive genius which has lead to improvements which have been profitably patented. By strict attention to business, rigid integrity, and untiring energy, he has built up and carried on an extensive manufacturing enterprise. F. P. Woodbury & Company control the market in their special lines of the "Polka" and "Polish" shoe for the southern trade. His efforts have been crowned with financial success; and he has the confidence of the great jobbers, who know that when an order is entrusted to him, it will be carried out in the spirit and to the letter of the contract. He is financially able to carry out whatever he may undertake, and is fair and honorable in all his dealings. At present he employs two hundred hands in one factory, and is so crowded with work and orders that he contemplates either enlarging his works, or using another building, erected for a shoe fac-

tory, which has come into his possession.

Politically following in the footsteps of his ancestors, so well known in New Hampshire history, he is a Democrat and an ardent supporter of his party and party measures. Held in honor and esteem by his townsmen, he has been tendered every office within their gift, but has uniformly been compelled to refuse the honor of political preferment on account of his business relations. In the last election, duty to his party forced him to accept the senatorial nomination in a district almost hopelessly Republican. His personal popularity led to his election by a clear majority of 257 votes over all competitors—a signal honor, as he is the first Democrat ever elected from the district. Senator Woodbury was married, November 25, 1870, to Elizabeth Ryant of Farmington, Maine, and has two sons,—Harry Orlando, a student at Pinkerton academy, and Ernest Ryant, a lad at home.

HON. RICHARD WATSON MUSGROVE,

Senator from the Plymouth district, No. 4, was born in Bristol, N. H., Nov. 21, 1810. He was the son of James and Ann (Donker) Musgrove, both of whom were natives of London, England. James Musgrove and his wife emigrated to America in 1832. They resided in Charlestown and Lynn, Mass., till 1837, when they removed to Bristol, N. H., where they made their home till their death.

James Musgrove was a cabin boy on board a British man-of-war for nine years, and at one time, during the War of 1812, was a prisoner of war at Philadelphia. His school advantages ceased when he was eight years old, but he was an intelligent, well read man. Both he and his wife were life-long, active members of the Methodist Episcopal church. By trade

he was a tailor, a hard-working, industrious man, but his income was insufficient to give his children any more than a common-school education. But he encouraged them to strive for a more liberal education than he had enjoyed, and so it happened that the subject of this sketch commenced to support himself at fourteen years of age, by working in a paper-mill for \$8 a month. He continued to attend school winters, and to work the balance of the year, until he was eighteen years of age, when he entered the seminary at Tilton. Here he supplemented his scanty savings of the summer by sawing wood and doing such other work as could be obtained, and in this way he continued to attend school two terms each year, having in view a collegiate education, and he had nearly completed his preparatory collegiate course, when in 1862 President Lincoln issued his famous call for 600,000 more men for the suppression of the rebellion. With many others at that school he laid aside his books, and enlisted as a private in Co. D, 12th Regt., N. H. Vols., for three years.

On the organization of the company he was made corporal. March 17, 1863, he was promoted sergeant, and Feb. 1, 1864, was made 1st sergeant. April 24, 1864, he was given a commission as 1st lieutenant by Gen. B. F. Butler in the 1st Regt. U. S. Vol. Infantry, organized by him from prisoners of war who had taken the oath of allegiance and enlisted in the United States service. Four months later he was promoted to a captaincy. During his connection with the 12th Regt. N. H. Vols., he was present for duty and did his best in every engagement in which his regiment took part, including Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights. During the memorable third day's fight at Gettysburg, he carried the state colors. While connected with the 1st U. S. Vol. Infantry, he did provost duty at Norfolk, Va., a short time, and then went with his regiment to the Western frontier where he served

nearly two years, the first year being stationed at Fort Ridgely, Minn., and then going to western Kansas, where his company and three others opened the Holliday Overland Despatch Company's line, the route now used for the Smoky Hill Branch of the Union Pacific Railroad. During his service on the frontier he was in several engagements with hostiles. At Pond Creek station he lived several months of the winter of 1865-66 in dug-outs, 225 miles from the nearest dwelling-house on the east. In the middle of January he was obliged to evacuate his station for lack of food, and march 150 miles over the trackless prairie, for fifteen nights making the snow his bed. In June, 1866, he was mustered out at St. Louis, Mo., after nearly four years of service, and returned to Bristol, bearing with him recommendations for a position in the regular army from Generals Corse, Sibley, and others. These he never used, but concluded to remain in his native place.

In 1868 he engaged in the job printing business at Bristol, and in June, 1878, he commenced the publication of the "Bristol Weekly Enterprise," and is still its editor and proprietor, and he has achieved a gratifying success in this field. Although an active Republican he has published a neutral paper, which has been received with such favor that the "Enterprise" has one of the best lists of subscribers in the state outside of the cities.

He has served as town-clerk of Bristol six years, has been chairman of the board of trustees of the Minot-Sleeper Library since its organization in 1884, is a member of the board of education of Union school-district of Bristol, and has been the recording steward of the Methodist Episcopal church at that place for over twenty years. He represented his town as a member of the house in 1885-'86, and was the originator of the law providing for the publication of the military history of all soldiers and sailors of New Hampshire, who served in the War of the

Rebellion, soon to be issued by the adjutant general. In November last he was elected to represent the fourth district in the New Hampshire senate.

December 23, 1869, he married Henrietta M., daughter of Ebenezer Guild of Newport, N. H. They have been blessed with six children, four girls and two boys. Mrs. Musgrove is a talented musician and teacher of music, and all the children have unusual musical gifts, and have attained a state reputation as the "Musgrove Family" of singers.

HON. JOHN G. TALLANT,

Senator from the Pittsfield District, No. 11, was born in Concord, Ward 2, March 2, 1846, and has always resided on the "mountain" in East Concord. He is the son of John L. and Sarah J. (Bean) Tallant. He was educated at the public schools of Concord, and at the Boscawen academy and New London academy. He has a farm of four hundred acres, and has carried it on for twenty-four years. In 1879 he formed a partnership with Hon. J. H. Walker, of Worcester, Mass., and embarked in breeding, rearing, and dealing in American Jersey Cattle Club registered Jerseys. Their herd of Jersey cattle numbered nearly three hundred head, and were known as the "Crystal Spring Herd." They have raised many cattle which have sold for extremely high prices,—one of their two years old Jerseys was sold for \$6,500. The partnership was dissolved in 1887, Mr. Tallant, reserving and maintaining at present on his farm at East Concord his part of the herd. He continues breeding fine Jerseys of the most fashionably bred strains, and the direct descendants of the most celebrated and remarkable performers of this valuable dairy breed. His farm, at one time well worn-out, he has brought up to a high state of cultivation, more than doubling its fertility and producing capacity.

In politics a Democrat, he has filled every office in his ward—selectman, com-

mon councilman, alderman, assessor, member of the school board, representative in 1885, and senator, receiving one third of the Republican votes of his own ward. He married, first, Addie G., daughter of Hon. Aaron and Arrianna (Barstow) Whittemore, of Pembroke. They had three children,—Catherine, Arie, and John. He married, second, Helen B., daughter of the late Daniel and — (Kelley) Wilson, of New Hampton. He is a member of the grange.

Mr. Tallant is high authority in his special line of raising fancy stock. At state and New England fairs he has been called upon as a judge, and his services have been sought as an expert in all dairy matters, and his efforts have been appreciated by the press and public generally throughout New England. In the grange, the great farmers' organization of the state, representing a membership of nearly 12,000, he has been very prominent, urging at all times upon the members the true way of bringing up the worn-out New Hampshire farms, and demonstrating that farming is a paying industry if carried on in a business way, and managed on business principles.

HON. GEORGE A. CUMMINGS,

Senator for the Concord District, No. 10, was born in Acworth, June 13, 1833. He is the son of Alvah and Polly (Grout) Cummings. He was educated at the public schools of his native town and at the South Acworth academy. In 1853 he went to Franklin and formed a partnership in the marble business with his brother, Oscar Cummings. In 1861 they established their business in Concord, which now extends throughout central New Hampshire and Eastern Vermont. The manufactory is located in a new brick block on South Main street, at the corner of Freight street, built and owned by E. G. and G. A. Cummings. Oscar Cummings died in 1864, and was succeeded in the firm by Milon D. Cummings.

Mr. Cummings has served two years as alderman, two years (1880-'83) as mayor of the city of Concord, and was a member of the house in 1870 and 1871. He has served as trustee of the Merrimack County Savings Bank and of the Orphans' Home at Franklin, vice-president of the Odd Fellows' Home, director of the Concord Street Railway, and president of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association.

He married, in March, 1854, Mary Lizzie, daughter of Frederick P. and Hannah Smith, of Manchester. His daughter, Ida E., died in 1876, aged 19 years. His son, Frank G. Cummings, is an alderman in the city of Haverhill, Mass., where he is established in the marble business.

Mr. Cummings is a man of the strictest integrity and of rare business ability, trusted and honored by his fellow citizens, kind-hearted, and hospitable. He is a Republican, and a member of the Baptist church.

HON. HENRY M. BAKER,

Senator from the Merrimack District, No. 9, was born, January 11, 1841, in Bow, where he still resides. He is the son of Aaron W. and Nancy (Dustin) Baker. On both sides he inherited the most heroic New England blood. His paternal ancestor, Captain Joseph Baker, a surveyor, married Hannah, daughter of Captain John Lovewell, the famous Indian fighter, and settled in Lovewell's township, or Suncook, afterwards Pembroke, before 1740. The town of Suncook included a large part of Bow. Another of his ancestors married a daughter of one of the settlers of Londonderry. Another, his grandmother, was a descendant of the Rev. Aaron Whittemore. On his mother's side he is a descendant of the heroine, Hannah Dustan.

He received his education at Pembroke and Hopkinton academies, and at the N. H. Conference Seminary at Tilton, and graduated from Dartmouth college

in 1863, receiving the degree of A. M. in 1866; the same year he received the degree of LL. B. from the Law School of Columbian University, and was admitted to the bar. In 1882 he was admitted to the bar of the United States supreme court. In 1864 he was appointed to a clerkship in the War Department, and later, to one in the Treasury Department, at Washington, where he remained until 1874, when he resigned and entered upon the practice of the law, chiefly in cases in the United States courts and before government commissions and departments. This practice has taken him much from his home in Bow, but he has always been active in local and general politics, to which he has devoted a part of each year. He has travelled extensively in the United States. He was Judge Advocate General on the staff of Governor Currier. He is a Republican, a Unitarian, unmarried, and was elected by a good majority to the senate.

HON. JACOB B. WHITTEMORE,

Senator from the Hillsborough District, No. 8, was born in Hillsborough, December 9, 1852. He is the son of William B. and Lucretia A. (Dinsmore) Whittemore. He was educated at the public schools of his native town, at Francetown academy, and graduated at Phillips Academy, Exeter, in 1873. After graduation he devoted his time for a number of years to farming, carrying on the ancestral farm in Antrim. He has been superintendent of schools three years, town-clerk two years, secretary of the Democratic State Committee two years, from 1880 to 1882. He served five years in the N. H. N. Guard, holding the rank of lieutenant of the Carter Guards, Co. K, 2d Regt., captain, and was paymaster of the regiment, with rank of major. He was member of the house in 1883-'84, and post-office inspector under the Cleveland administration. He is a member of Harmony Lodge F. & A. M.,

Woods Chapter, R. A. M., and Mt. Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar.

He is a Democrat. He was brought up a Congregationalist, but is extremely liberal in his views.

He received a majority of thirty votes for senator in Hillsborough, while the town went Republican by seventy-three majority on the rest of the ticket.

HON. ARTHUR L. HODSDON,

Senator for the Winnepesaukee District, No. 6, was born October 13, 1844, in Ossipee, where he still resides. He is the son of Col. Joseph and Dorcas G. (Gowell) Hodsdon. He was educated in the public schools of Ossipee and at Effingham and Fryeburg academies, and went into business at the age of 21 years, in company with his father, in the manufacture of leather. He continued in that business until 1881, when he embarked in the lumber business, and has continued in it to the present time. He was elected president of the Pine River Lumber Company in 1887. In 1889 he bought the company out, and reorganized it as the A. L. Hodsdon Co., of which he is president and agent.

Always a Republican, his first office was accepted when he was elected to the senate in 1890.

He married, September 4, 1870, Lottie M., daughter of Dr. Nathaniel and Charlotte S. (Hobbs) Grant, of Ossipee. Three children,—Walter G., aged 19, Herbert A., aged 17, now at Fryeburg academy, and Mary E., aged 12, who is at home.

He attends the Congregational church, is a Knight of Pythias, and a Master Mason.

HON. GEORGE S. SMITH,

Senator for the Sullivan District, No. 7, was born in Canton, Mass., July 13, 1826. He is the son of William and Esther (Crane) Smith. He was educated in the public schools of Charlestown, and worked

on the farm until twenty-one years of age. He had the advantage of four terms in the academy at Marlow, and taught school three winters during his minority and one winter afterwards. In 1847 he entered a store in Charlestown as clerk, and remained three years, after which he went West, settling in 1862 in Chicago, and going into the largest wholesale boot and shoe house in the city as clerk, salesman, and collector. He remained with that house fifteen years. For four years of his residence in Chicago he was a member of the Board of Trade. In 1882 he returned to Charlestown, and now lives on the old Rand homestead. He has been selectman two years, and was representative in 1889.

He married, first, April 17, 1854, Jane S., daughter of Robert and Laura (Wheeler) Rand, of Charlestown. He has one son, Robert Rand Smith, cashier of the State Bank of Renwick, Iowa. His wife died December 25, 1880. He married, second, in February, 1882, Sarah P. Rand, sister of his first wife.

Always a Republican, he voted a straight ticket. He attends the Episcopal church. He carries on a farm of 360 acres stocked with horses and sheep. The old mansion overlooks the Connecticut valley, and commands an extensive view.

HON. SAMUEL D. FELKER,

Senator for the Somersworth District, No. 12, was born in Rochester, April 16, 1859. He is the son of William H. and Deborah A. (Demeritt) Felker. He was brought up on a farm in the village of Gonic, received his education at the common schools of Rochester, the High School, New Hampton Institute, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1882. His brother, Henry W., graduated at the same college in 1883, and Charles S., another brother, in 1884. He read law with Hon. Joshua G. Hall, of Dover, and graduated at the Boston University Law School in 1887, and was admitted the

same year, on examination, in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. At the law-school he took the three years course in one year, and graduated among the highest in his class with *magna cum laude*. He stood at the head of those who passed their examination with him at Concord that year. He settled in the practice of law at Rochester, where he has met with flattering success. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1889.

Mr. Felker is a Democrat, unmarried, attends the Congregational Church, and took an active part on the stump during the last campaign.

CHARLES J. HAMBLETT.

Among the young men of New Hampshire who have demonstrated the truth of the saying, "nothing succeeds like success," Charles J. Hamblett, of Nashua, stands well toward the head of the lists. A poor boy, it seemed rather a discouraging task when a few years ago he commenced the study of the law; but to-day he has established himself in the confidence of the people of the state and has a very flattering clientage. Mr. Hamblett's success has not been the result of accident, but, rather, is the natural and inevitable outcome of unusual ability, indomitable will-power, and tireless energy. When he undertakes to accomplish a given result, nothing but the impossible will prevent success, and unless all signs fail, he will be an important factor in the future politics and legislation of New Hampshire. Genial, whole-souled and generous, true in his friendships, and unwavering in his attachments, a good lawyer, a popular citizen, an eloquent and convincing speaker, Mr. Hamblett certainly has reason to expect further honors and emoluments from the people of the state, and his numerous friends are confidently looking to him to fulfil the promise already given of honorable distinction and exalted position.

Charles J. Hamblett, only son of Judson A. and Mary J. Hamblett, was born Jan-

uary 31, 1862, at Nashua, N. H. He received his early education in the public schools of Milford, N. H., to which place he removed when five years of age; he was graduated from the high-school in 1881, and during the following year attended a private school; then entered the academy at Francestown and was graduated in 1883.

In the autumn of 1884 Mr. Hamblett entered the law office of Robert M. Wallace, at Milford, and commenced the study of law. In 1887 he entered the Boston University Law School, and was graduated in 1889, taking the three years course in two years. While attending the law-school he was also in the office of ex-Senator Wadleigh in Boston. In the fall of 1889 he located in the city of Nashua, and began the practice of law.

In August, 1890, he was elected city solicitor, and reelected in January, 1891. In 1883 he was elected messenger of the New Hampshire senate and reelected in 1885; in 1887 he was elected assistant-clerk of the senate and reelected in 1889, and at the session of 1891 he was elected clerk of the senate.

Mr. Hamblett is a staunch Republican, and unmarried.

EDWARD H. WASON.

Assistant-clerk of the New Hampshire senate, was born in New Boston, September 2, 1865, and is the eldest son of George A. and Clara L. Wason. His boyhood days were spent on the farm in his native town, where he learned practical agriculture in all its varied forms by actual employment. He acquired his early education in the district school; at the age of sixteen years he entered the Francestown academy, where he remained for two years, after which he entered the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, from which he graduated in June, 1886.

In the fall of 1886 he went to Nashua, and began the study of law with Geo.

B. French, Esq., remaining in the office of Mr. French for one year. He finished his study of law at the Boston University Law School, of Boston, Mass., taking the entire three years course in two years, and graduated from the law-school in June, 1890. In March, 1890, Mr. Wason passed his bar examination of this state, and in June of the same year he began the practice of his chosen profession in Nashua, where he is still located. While in college Mr. Wason taught several terms of school, and during his study of law served the city of Nashua for two years as principal of the Main-street evening-school. In politics Mr. Wason is a staunch Republican, and is proud to state that he never had a relative to his knowledge that belonged to any other party. In 1887, Mr. Wason was elected sergeant-at-arms of the senate, and reelected in 1889 to the same position: in 1891 he was promoted to the office of assistant-clerk by the present legislature, in which place he has manifested a peculiar fitness for the duties of his position, and has gained a host of friends by his uniform courtesy.

ORREN A. HAMBLETT,

Sergeant-at-Arms of the senate, a resident of Mason, was born in Dracut, Mass., April 29, 1838. He is the son of Galen and Sarah C. (Ames) Hamblett. He was educated at the public schools of Milford, graduating at the high-school. He went into business in partnership with his brother as merchant tailors, in 1869, in

Milford. Since 1883, he has been on a farm in Mason. April 19, 1861, he enlisted, the first volunteer from Milford, in the 13th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers and received an honorable discharge after a year's service. Since the war he has served as an officer of the N. H. N. G. He has been treasurer of Mason several years, and moderator many years, three years a member of the school board, and a member of the Legislature in 1889. He is a Mason, a member of G. A. R., Golden Cross, and the Grange, of which latter he served four years as Master.

He married M. Lizzie Wood, Dec., 15, 1862: four children, daughters, three of whom are living. He attends the Baptist church.

CHARLES T. EMONS,

of Wilmot, messenger of the senate, was born in Danbury, Nov. 15, 1852. He is the son of John and Amelia (Spear) Emons. He was educated in the common schools, and at New London academy. He worked as a clerk for a number of years and then embarked in farming, carrying on a farm of 40 acres. He has been tax collector and postmaster of Wilmot.

He married March 22, 1876, Jennie F. French of Sutton: children, Ethel, Edith, and John. Mr. Emons is a Republican, and attends the Freewill Baptist Church. In local politics Mr. Emons is an active worker, and is a courteous and popular officer of the senate.

NEW HAMPSHIRE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

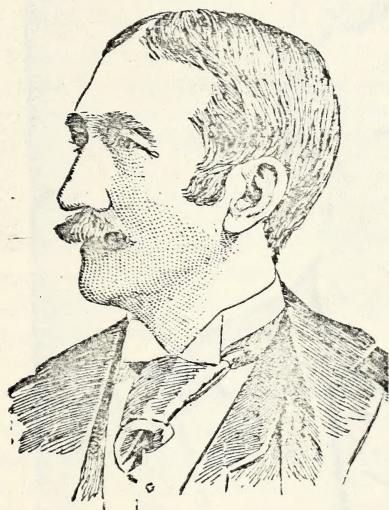
The house of representatives, 1891-'93, is made up of a very able body of men, to some of whom the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* have already been introduced. Concord sends Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger; Pembroke, George Peabody Little; Rindge, Hon. Ezra S. Stearns; Manches-

ter, Hon. James F. Briggs; Littleton, Hon. Harry Bingham.

HON. FRANK G. CLARKE,

Speaker of the House of Representatives and member from Peterborough, is one of the most promising and able of the young-

er men of the Republican party. A genial gentleman, an accomplished orator, a good lawyer, and an exceptionally successful presiding officer, he will carry with him, when the session closes, the good will of men of both the great political parties, and to an unusual extent the confidence and esteem of his party associates. It is safe to assume that Speaker Clarke will hereafter be an important factor in Republican politics, and if he desires it, can reasonably look forward to still higher honors in the future. He was born in Wilton, Sept. 10, 1850, and is the son



of Moses and Julia L. (Gay) Clarke. His father for many years was the treasurer of the Wilton savings-bank, and still resides in Wilton. He was a native of Acworth. Frank G. Clarke was educated at the public schools of Wilton, at Kimball Union Academy, was a member of the scientific department, and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1873. He was president of his class all through his course. Commenced the study of the law in the office of Hon. Albert S. Scott, at Peterborough, and was admitted to the bar in 1876, settling immediately in Peterborough, and forming a law partnership with Mr. Scott, which continued until the death of the latter in

the fall of 1877. Since then he has been alone. In 1885 he was elected a member of the house, and served as a member of the Judiciary Committee and as chairman of the Committee on Claims. The same year he was appointed an aid on the staff of Governor Hale. He was elected to the State Senate in 1889, in which body he served on the Judiciary Committee. He received the Republican nomination for Speaker of the House of Representatives 1891-'92, on the first ballot, by a handsome majority, and in the chair makes a fair and impartial presiding officer, prompt in his decisions, and thoroughly familiar with parliamentary usage. He married, in May, 1877, Fannie A., daughter of Charles H. and Mary B. (Conant) Brooks, and has one daughter, Mabel Frances.

Mr. Clarke was fortunate in entering into the large practice enjoyed by his partner, Mr. Scott, which fell into his hands upon Mr. Scott's death. He has now a lucrative practice which has steadily increased, and numbers among his clients railroads, banks, and other moneyed corporations. In politics he has always been a Republican, active in local and state affairs, trusted by his constituents, and filling all offices confided to him with fidelity and ability.

FRANK W. HICKS,

member from Wolfeborough, was born in Wolfeborough, April 14, 1855. He is the son of Nathaniel and Betsey (Watson) Hicks. He was educated in the public schools, and passed his boyhood on his father's farm. At the age of seventeen years he entered the employ of I. W. Springfield, blanket manufacturer, at South Wolfeborough, and since he was twenty-one years old has been foreman of the factory. He has been two terms on the board of supervisors, one term as chairman, and moderator. Coming of a Democratic family he became a Republican when a boy, and ascribes his conversion to his having read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He is a Mason of the third

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E. B. S. SANBORN.

degree, attends the Unitarian church, and has been master workman of Carroll Lodge, No. 7, Ancient Order United Workmen, and a representative to the Grand Lodge three times.

He married Nov. 27, 1877, Carrie S. Rollins, of Alton. Children, four—one living, Nathaniel G.

HON. EDWARD B. S. SANBORN,

Member from Franklin, was born in Canterbury, August 11, 1833. He is the son of Smith Sanborn. He graduated from Dartmouth College, class of 1855. He read law with Hon. Geo. W. Nesmith and was admitted to the bar in 1857. He was a member of the House in 1873, 1874, 1879, 1881, 1882 and 1889, and of the Constitutional Convention in 1876. He was a member of the first board of railroad commissioners, under the present law. True L. Norris gave him the following in the *Portsmouth Daily Times*:

"The member of this legislature, who fills the galleries, the speaker's rostrum, and all the seats in the house of representatives, is the gentleman from Franklin, the Hon. E. B. S. Sanborn. He is the most persuasive speaker in the House, and the most dangerous antagonist. It used to delight the late Gilman Marston to wait until the close of a debate, and then, just as a measure was about to pass, to rise up and "lay it cold and dead." Sanborn has none of that spirit in him. He rather leans the other way, and many a time have I seen him snatch a bill from seeming defeat and re-suscitate it into a living law, simply to help out some friend who had been hard pressed by the leaders of the house. "A single word, Mr. Speaker," he would say, when it appeared as if all argument had been exhausted on both sides of the subject, and then, in a thirty minutes

speech, he would attack the vulnerable point of the opposition in so logical a way and with such good temper and candor, that members would all wonder why they had not seen it that way from the first. He always speaks without notes of any kind, and one secret of his influence is his knowledge of when to speak. Other members are bobbing up on every question, but Sanborn never wearies the house with his eloquence, nor talks for the sake of talking.

I should say, as a guess, that he does not average to speak over six times during the session, but after members have heard him once, he can always command attention no matter how noisy the house may be. He has a free and easy delivery of speech, is courteous to his opponent, and coaxes the house by his frankness into supporting his views. He can deal an invective, however, if he is "riled," and then look out for as bitter retorts as ever escaped the lips of John J. Ingalls of Kansas. But if the cause is critical, he never allows himself to be drawn into a personal controversy. He is one of the best of parliamentarians, and if I were to pick out a model presiding officer, one who would curb a turbulent minority with fair words, one who would decide quickly and almost invariably be right, one who would bring to the speaker's chair grace, courtesy, and dignity, I should select E. B. S. Sanborn. In this respect he resembles the late Hon. Chas. P. Sanborn of Concord, who was the most accomplished speaker that ever guided the deliberations of the New Hampshire Legislature. Mr. Sanborn is a Democrat and a Presbyterian. As a lawyer he ranks among the first in New Hampshire.

He is married and has two children, daughters.

MR. CYRUS SARGEANT.

One of the most distinguished looking members of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1891 is Mr. Cyrus Sargeant, the member from Plymouth. His biography could form the plot of an American romance, so characteristic is it of New England life.

A word as to his ancestors! From the early records we glean the following facts:

"Jacob Sargent, fifth son to Will Sargent and Mary his wife, was born March 13, A. D. 1687-'88.

"Jacob Sargent, Jr., and Judith Harvey, both of Amesbury, were married together by Mr. Thomas Wells, minister of Amesbury, Dec. ye 7th, 1710."

His name appears first on the Chester records as selectman in 1728. He is styled ensign in a deed in 1730, and on the Chester records in 1731. He occupied a very prominent place in Chester. The name of "Insine Jacob Sargent" appears on the records of nearly every town meeting, for many years. He died April 6, 1749. Administration to his wife Judith, June 28, 1749.

Winthrop Sargent, son of Jacob and Judith (Harvey) Sargent, was born Oct. 28, 1711; married Phebe, daughter of William Healey, June 1, 1738. He lived on the Sargent homestead back towards Hall's village. He died in December, 1788. She died November 4, 1806, at the age of 90 years.

Captain John Sargeant, son of Winthrop and Phebe (Healey) Sargent, born March 17, 1746, married Mary, daughter of William Turner: lived in Candia after 1769: was a soldier of the Revolution: died Nov. 17, 1834. She was born April 9, 1752, and died June 22, 1823.

Moses Sargeant, son of John and Mary (Turner) Sargeant, was born in Candia, April 3, 1778: married Sarah (born Dec. 1, 1779, died Jan. 10, 1843), daughter of William Shannon: died April 29, 1857.

Rufus Sargeant, only child of Moses and Sarah (Shannon) Sargeant, was born

in Candia Nov. 29, 1801: married, Sept. 18, 1823, Ruth, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah (Patten) Wadleigh (born June 3, 1805, died Aug. 4, 1848). He went to California in 1849, and died there in 1855. Mrs. Sargeant died in Candia.

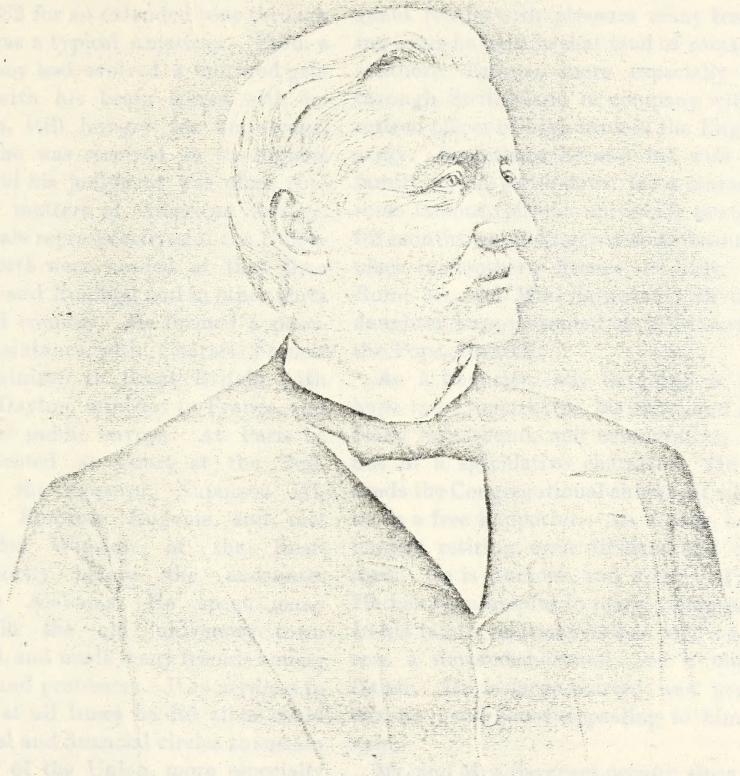
Cyrus Sargeant, son of Rufus and Ruth (Wadleigh) Sargeant, was born in Candia, August 24, 1824. His boyhood was spent on a farm, and his early youth in the country store of William Duncan. The rudiments of education were obtained at the "little red school-house." At the age of sixteen years he left home and went out into the world to win a fortune. His wardrobe, packed with a mother's loving care, he carried in his hand. He was poor in worldly goods, but rich in ambition, blessed with youth and strength, well taught in those principles of the Puritan religion, truth and honesty, which are the foundation of a strong character.

The boy reached Lowell, then, in 1840, a town of considerable importance, but found no opening to his taste. Thence he proceeded to Boston, the goal, then and now, of aspiring and ambitious youth. He quickly obtained employment with Samuel C. Capen, whose head-quarters were then on Drake's wharf. He soon developed those qualities which make the financier and successful man of business. His rise was rapid. In a few years he became a commission merchant, a broker, and a private banker; and at the end of two decades he had laid the foundation of a substantial fortune. His money he invested wisely and judiciously, chiefly in real estate in the heart of Boston; and, in 1862, at the age of thirty-eight years, he was able to retire from active business. In the meanwhile he had taken advantage of the excellent libraries of Boston to liberalize his education. He was a stockholder in the Athenæum, and was eager to store his mind from that great storehouse of human wisdom.

He married, in Boston, Jan. 31, 1855, Sarah J., daughter of Robert Emerson, of that city, who died Feb. 11, 1859, after

a happy marriage, having one daughter, shared to students and lovers of art and Caroline, who was educated in France, shared that love with Caroline, that "of social Yvonne's daughter, who married in all the quarters of life that she had passed May, 1861, Dr. Robert Bureau of Paris, with whom in that of travel which is month, where they were residing, I was, and a history of" together they have children, as should be marriage, and the country and through

The war was not again in the war, and the country and the country, Mr. Sargeant of 1892 for an extended period of time, and the country and the country, Mr. Sargeant



Cyrus Sargeant

a happy marriage, leaving one daughter, Caroline, who was educated in Europe and at Vassar college. She married in May, 1883, Dr. Robert Burns, of Plymouth, where they now reside. Four children have blessed the marriage.

The man who left Boston in the summer of 1862 for an extended tour through Europe was a typical American. From a country boy had evolved a cultured gentleman, with his brain stored with information, still hungry for knowledge. Abroad, he was received in the highest circles, and his judgment was often consulted on matters of American finance. Such private representatives of the Union-loving North were needed at that time in France and England and in other parts of the old country. He formed a pleasant acquaintance with Charles Francis Adams, minister to Great Britain, with William Dayton, minister to France, and with other public envoys. At Paris he was presented at Court at the Tuileries to the emperor, Napoleon III, and the Empress Eugenie, and met Commander Winslow of the *Kearsarge* shortly before the encounter with the *Alabama*. He spent many months in the old university town of Oxford, and made many friends among the dons and professors. It is needless to say, that at all times he did all he could in political and financial circles to sustain the cause of the Union, more especially in the city of London. Since his first visit to Europe, which was prolonged to three years, he has lived much in the Old World, studying art, architecture, places of historic interest, as well as the people.

In April, 1873, Mr. Sargeant married Mary E., daughter of James and Louisa (Page) McQuesten, of Plymouth. Of four children which have been born to them, two, Paul and Philip Winthrop, died in infancy; two, Cyrus, Jr., and Louise, are promising children.

Congenial in tastes, blessed with vigorous health and strength, enthusiastic in all opportunities the lands beyond the sea

afford to students and lovers of art and history, they feel, with Goethe, that "of all the pleasures of life that do not perish with using, is that of travel, which remains a lasting joy." Together they have wandered over this country and through Europe, seeing and studying. Mr. Sargeant recalls with pleasure many tramping tours he took in that land of romance, southern Europe, more especially one through Switzerland in company with a retired officer of high rank in the English army. Sometimes he and his wife and family would settle down for a season at some famous German university town, or for months would linger in some beautiful place in southern France or Italy. At Rome Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant with their daughter were presented at the Court of the Pope, Pius IX.

As a financier, Mr. Sargeant is perhaps most remarkable, his views and acts being safe, sound, and conservative, and not of a speculative character. He attends the Congregational church, of which he is a free supporter. As a man, he is modest, retiring, even diffident and reticent. He is studious, and a lover of art. He has been helpful to many young men. In his family relations he has been a good son, a devoted husband, and a tender father. He is large-hearted and generous, no good cause appealing to him in vain.

Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant occupy, since the death of Mrs. Sargeant's parents, the McQuesten homestead, centrally located in the pleasant village of Plymouth. The house, historic, as once the home of Nathaniel P. Rogers, and for one night, at least, the abiding-place of Mr. George Thompson, the Apostle of Anti-Slavery, is situated in spacious grounds, adjoining the normal school. The interior is homelike, evincing on every hand the literary and artistic taste and the broad culture of the host and hostess.

In early life a Whig, Mr. Sargeant believed in Daniel Webster, and later claimed allegiance to Abraham Lincoln

and Charles Sumner. With many of his business associates of old times in Boston, he became an admirer of Grover Cleveland, and since voting for him in 1884 has affiliated with the Democratic party. In the fall of 1890 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives.

JOHN D. LYMAN,

Member from Exeter, was born at Milton, July 3, 1823. He is the son of Micah and Mary (Kelley) Lyman. He was educated at the public schools of Milton, and at Rochester and Parsonsfield (Maine) and Gilmanton academies, paying his way by his own labor. He worked himself sick, and gave up his studies expecting to die. He was brought up on a farm, and in a saw-mill; taught school more or less for twelve years, numbering among his pupils Mrs. Wm. E. Chandler, Gov. and Mrs. Charles H. Sawyer, Gov. Geo. W. Emery, and Mrs. Frank Hobbs. He was cashier of the Farmington Bank from 1854 till the National Bank Bill closed the state banks. Settled in Exeter in 1869, and for a number of years was engaged in the wood and lumber business.

Mr. Lyman has been chairman of the school committee wherever he has lived; moderator many times; representative in 1853, 1854; in senate 1859 and 1860, when he lacked one vote of being nominated for its presidency; in house 1874 and 1875; visitor at West Point academy in 1865; bank commissioner five years; and member of the constitutional convention in 1889. As bank commissioner, he detected the defalcation at the Winchester bank, and time has never shown that any defaulter ever slipped through his hands.

He was the first bank commissioner to find out the amount of deposits in savings-banks, by actual test, and author of the law requiring bank commissioners to do the same, and also of the law requiring savings-banks to lay by a guaranty fund, instead of dividing every two years their

entire apparent surplus; also, author of the so called "scaling down" law, which enabled various now good banks to survive the panic which began in September, 1873. This law saved the savings-bank depositors about \$600,000, and saved to the state a great many thousand dollars of savings-bank tax. The frequency of defalcations and bank failures before his laws and methods of examinations, and their absence since, bear testimony to the value of his labors. Offering for several years \$100 corn premiums, the corn crop of this state, between 1870 and 1880, was increased more than 72,000 bushels at the time when all our other grain crops were rapidly decreasing; also, author of the law to prevent increase of taxation upon drained swamp land,—and he introduced the first bill to enable farmers to drain lands through lands owned by others. Trustee of Normal school, Agricultural college, and N. H. Orphans' Home; lecturer of the State Grange fifteen years; president of State Temperance Society; member of board of agriculture; delegate to Boston and Atlanta, Ga., sessions of American Forestry Congress; and secretary of state three years.

When Hon. Joel Eastman and General Gilman Marston were candidates for the congressional nomination, Mr. Lyman received more than half as many votes on first ballot in the convention as either of them, although next to no effort was made to secure delegates. He has addressed agricultural fairs, farmers' meetings, and various other meetings in this state, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York city, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Canada, and made many political addresses, and often spoken on Forestry. He was formerly a Free-Soil Whig.

He earnestly supported the war for suppressing the rebellion, making more war speeches than any other person on his side of the state, and contributing liberally to aid and help fit out the soldiers. He invested and took care of many thou-

sands of dollars which they sent him from the army, and never accepted a cent for these services. He warmly supported the National Bank bill which closed the state bank of which he was cashier and deprived him of his business.

He married, June 19, 1854, Laura P., daughter of Dudley M. and Nancy (Merrill) Cass, of Alexandria; children,—Mary L., wife of Hector M. Hitchings, lawyer, of New York city; Annie L., wife of Henry P. Warren, principal of the Albany, N. Y., academy; John T., in employ of bankers in Nevada, Mo.

HON. JOHN J. BELL,

Member from Exeter, was born in Chester, Oct. 30, 1827. He is the son of Chief-Justice Samuel D. and Mary (Healey) Bell, and a grandson of Governor Samuel Bell, and uncle of Charles H. Bell. He was educated in the public schools of Exeter, Concord, and Manchester, and at the Concord academy, and under the private tutorship of Hon. Moody Currier. Read law with his father and Hon. William C. Clarke. Graduate of Dane Law School of Harvard college, and was admitted to the bar in April, 1848; commenced practice in Nashua; later in Milford; in 1850 in Carmel, Maine,—settling in 1864 in Exeter. He was moderator, selectman, school-committee, supervisor, and committee appointed by the court to examine candidates for admission to the bar, while in Maine. In Exeter, he has been school-committee, moderator, member of the constitutional convention in 1876, member of the house in 1883, 1885, and 1887. He was justice of the police court in Exeter from 1877 to 1883. He was a member of the commission appointed to examine into the condition of the insane poor, and on the commission to ascertain and establish the true jurisdictional line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

He married, April 13, 1881, Cora L.,

daughter of Hervey and Eliza J. (Hanson) Kent; two children, Samuel Kent and John Kent. He has served on the Judiciary Committee, and as chairman, two terms, of the Committee on Revision of the Statutes. He retired from the active practice of the law before he was appointed judge. He is a director of the Concord & Portsmouth R. R.; director and president of the Suncook Valley and S. V. Extension Railroad; director and president of the Pemigewasset Railroad; director of the N. H. Fire Insurance Co.; president of the Exeter Board of Trade. He attends the Congregational church; is a 33-degree mason; a member of the N. H. Historical Society for many years—at present first vice-president, and deeply interested in historical subjects; a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the Old Colony Historical Society, and the Antiquarian Society of ancient Londonderry. He has a large and valuable library, and is a gentleman of great learning and broad culture.

CHARLES H. JACKSON,

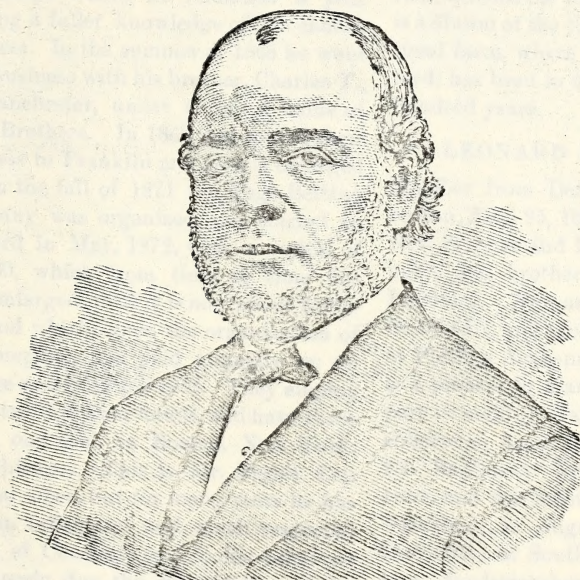
Member from Ward 2, Dover, was born in Madbury, March 24, 1845. He is the son of George W. and Angeline (Hall) Jackson. He was educated in the common schools. Enlisted Aug. 13, 1862, as private in Co. F, 13th Regt. N. H. Vols.; served with his regiment for three years; wounded in the forehead before Petersburg, June 15, 1864; was mustered out as a corporal May 15, 1865. Settled in Strafford in 1865, later in Northwood, Pittsfield, Lynn, and in Dover in 1885. He holds political office for the first time as a member of the house. He is by trade a shoemaker, a member of the G. A. R., International Union, and attends the Baptist church.

He married in the fall of 1869, Mattie A., daughter of Asa and Lydia A. (Reed) Seward, of Strafford. They have two children, Nellie G. and Asa A.

JOHN LANGDON SPRING,

Member from Lebanon, was born in Newport, January 14, 1830. He is the son of John C. and Lorena J. Spring. In 1831 his parents removed to Utica, N. Y., where they remained ten years, returning to New Hampshire and settling on a farm in Wilton in 1841. Leaving his father's farm in 1846, the lad found employment in the cotton factory of the Salmon Falls Company in the town of Somersworth. His education was obtained by a few terms at the district-school, but chiefly by studying nights. He at length turned his attention to the law, and was admitted to

Spring, born Feb. 25, 1858, now a lawyer in Boston; Clarence W., born April, 1859, now practising medicine in Fitchburg, Mass.; Carrie M., born Oct. 28, 1860, married Charles S. Clark, a supervisor of schools in Washington, D. C., where they now reside; and John Roland Spring, born Dec. 16, 1876. Mr. Spring has held the office of moderator, selectman, supervisor, and water commissioner. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1876; vice-president for New Hampshire of the American Bar Association; represented the state in the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., for



the bar in 1860, settling in Milford, and succeeding to the practice of Col. O. W. Lull, when that gentleman went to the war in command of the Eighth Regiment N. H. Volunteers. Mr. Spring remained in active practice in Milford until 1870. The late Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh was in practice in the town at that time, and usually they were pitted against each other in the trial of causes.

Mr. Spring removed to Lebanon in 1870, where he has been in active practice ever since. He married Ellen M. Fountain at Salmon Falls March 1, 1856. They have four children,—Arthur L.

four years; and is a Royal Arch Mason. In 1876 Dartmouth college conferred the honorary degree of A. M. upon him. He is a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House. He is a Congregationalist.

Mr. Spring had one brother, Dr. C. H. Spring, of Boston, who died in 1888, and one sister, married, and now living in Decatur, Ill. He inherited and has preserved an excellent constitution, and has enjoyed good health almost without interruption. He has delivered many lectures and addresses upon Odd Fellowship and other subjects. He is president of the Lebanon Business Association and trustee of the N. H. Odd Fellows' Home.

GEO. F. PAGE,

member from Ward 4, Concord, was born in Pittsfield, Nov. 23, 1844. He is the son of Moses W. and Mary A. (Ayer) Page. He attended the public schools of Chichester, Gilmanton, and Franklin, fitting for college at the Franklin High school. In 1866 he went to Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and took the course. In the meanwhile he had learned his trade of leather-making and belt manufacturing, and on the completion of his business course he went to Europe where he remained a year gaining a fuller knowledge of his chosen business. In the summer of 1868 he went into business with his brother, Charles T., in Manchester, under the firm name of Page Brothers. In 1869 they moved their business to Franklin and greatly enlarged it. In the fall of 1871 the Page Belting Company was organized, and started in Concord in May, 1872, with a capital of \$75,000, which from time to time has been enlarged until it is now about \$500,000, and which, since the organization of the company, has paid annually on an average nearly 12 per cent. They employ about two hundred hands, and have three stores, one each in Boston, New York, and Chicago. This is Mr. Page's first political office, but for many years he has been an influential and much respected citizen of Concord, and to his influence was largely due the organization of the Commercial Club.

He married, Oct. 31, 1869, Mary C., daughter of L. D. and Ursula P. (Greeley) Stevens. Children, Charles B. and Effie May. Mr. Page is a Republican, a Congregationalist, and from methodical study and research has become a man of broad learning outside of his business, in which he stands the equal of any man in the world.

GORDON WOODBURY,

member from Bedford, was born in New York city, Sept. 17, 1863. He is the son of Freeman P. and Harriet (McGaw)

Woodbury, a grandson of Dr. Peter P. Woodbury, of Bedford, who was a state senator, president of the N. H. Medical Society, and a brother of Hon. Levi Woodbury. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Exeter, and at Harvard College, class of 1886, read law with his uncle, Charles H. Woodbury, graduated at Columbia College Law School, was admitted to the bar in New York, June, 1888, in New Hampshire in July, 1890. He settled in 1890 in Manchester, where he still is in practice. He is a Democrat, unmarried, attends the Presbyterian church, and is a Mason of the third degree. The homestead farm, where he now resides, in Bedford, has been in the family for over two hundred years.

LEONARD H. PILLSBURY,

Member from Derry, was born in Dunbarton, Dec. 25, 1835. He is the son of Rev. Stephen and Lavinia (Hobart) Pillsbury, and brother of Hon. William S. Pillsbury. He was educated at the public schools, and took a three years course at Phillips Academy, Exeter, and settled as a pioneer in Kansas in 1855, and took part in making Kansas a free state. He enlisted in April, 1862, as a private in the 9th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, and was mustered out as captain at Vicksburg, in August, 1863. He was at the battles of South Mountain, of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Jackson. At the close of the war he settled and lived five years at Memphis, Tenn., serving as clerk of the United States courts. Since 1879 he has been a merchant at Derry Depot. He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1889. He is a Baptist.

He married Aug. 7, 1862, Evelyn F., daughter of William F. and Mary A. (Rowe) Sanborn, of Kingston. Children: four sons, Fred S., Ambrose B., Edwin S., in New York city, William S. in Lynn, Mass.; one daughter, Grace L. The two oldest sons and the daughter reside in Derry.

EUGENE S. HEAD,

member from Hooksett, was born in Hooksett, June 1, 1863. He is the son of William F. and Mary (Sargent) Head, and a nephew of the late Hon. Natt Head. He was educated in the public schools of Hooksett, graduated at Pembroke Academy, class of 1883, entered Dartmouth College, and left at end of the Freshman year to enter into business with his father in the manufacture of bricks. He has been a member of the school board for five years.

He married Nov. 19, 1884, Hattie M., daughter of Amos and Maria Hoyt, of Allentown. Children, William Hoyt and Mary Harriet. The firm of W. F. Head & Son probably make more bricks than any firm in the state, and are partners in the firm of Head & Dowst, lumber dealers, of Manchester. He is a Republican, attends the Methodist church, and is a Mason of the 32d degree. He is a director of the People's Fire Insurance Co., of Manchester, and a member of the New Hampshire Club.

PROF. EDMUND R. ANGELL,

Member from Derry, was born in No. Scituate, R. I., Oct. 4, 1848. He is the son of Edmund R. and Susan (Dexter) Angell. He was educated at the public schools of Scituate, at Lapham Institute, North Scituate, and at Bates College, graduating in 1873, taking the degree of A. M. in course; studied two years at the Cobb Divinity School; was teacher in the Nichols Latin School two years; tutor in mathematics in Bates College one year; principal of Castine (Me.) high school, 1875 and 1876; settled in Derry in March, 1876, and was principal of Pinkerton Academy for the next ensuing nine years; analyst to the state board of health since its organization in 1882. He makes a specialty of chemistry. He has held several town offices.

He married, Aug. 16, 1873, Lizzie, daughter of John and Maria (Prescott)

James, of Lewiston, Me. They have one child, Ralph H., six years of age.

REV. EDWIN C. LANGFORD,

Member from Monroe, was born in Ely, Cambridgeshire, England, October 23, 1852. He is the son of Robert and Margaret (Cosyns) Langford. He came to this country in 1874, after serving an apprenticeship of over six years learning the stone-cutter's trade. The first year he received thirty-six cents a week, which was increased by twenty-five cents a week every year. This pay did not include his board. He was a studious boy, attending the night-school and acquiring all the knowledge he could by studying evenings. He settled at first in Northern Vermont, and later in Littleton where he became interested in theological studies and was licensed to preach in 1881 by the presiding elder, J. W. Adams of the Methodist Episcopal church. For seven years he was foreman in the Saranac glove works in Littleton. Since 1887 he has been settled as a preacher in Monroe, where he organized a church and built a meeting house. Mr. Langford is a Republican, an Odd Fellow, and a Knight of Pythias.

He married Nov. 14, 1876, Emma Farnham, of Canaan, Vt.; ten children.

JOHN E. LOCKE,

Member from Moultonborough, was born in Loudon, Dec. 9, 1840. He is the son of John and Sarah S. (Sanborn) Locke. He was educated in the public schools of Loudon, and at the Loudon academy. He enlisted in Co. E, Berdan's Sharpshooters, Sept. 9, 1861, and served three full years. At the close of this time he was commissioned captain of the government watch of Washington, and served until the close of the war. He went to Iowa in 1870 where he studied law with Col. I. M. Preston of Marion, Iowa, and was admitted to the bar in 1874, before District Judge Rothrock, and settled in

Bradyville, Iowa and practised in Iowa and Missouri. During his service in the army he had an attack of typhoid fever, which so injured his eyes that he was obliged to give up his law practice in 1877. The following winter he settled in Florida. In the summer of 1878 he removed to Moultonborough. His residence is near the village of Centre Harbor, and he has, since living there, been a moving spirit in all that tends to the material development of that beautiful village. He was largely instrumental in the erection of "Independence Hall," of which any town might be proud.

He married, June 20, 1865, Susan M. French of Leominster, Mass.: two children, S. Alice, and Gracie M. He is devoted to his family, with whom he attends the Congregational church. He is a Republican. During the session he has proved an able and active member, efficient law-maker, and has tended strictly to business; and the Republican party and the community in which he lives will make no mistake in demanding his services in the future.

ALBERT P. DAVIS,

member from Warner, was born May 2, 1835, in Warner. He is the son of Zachariah and Lucinda (Pevere) Davis. He was educated in the public schools and fitted for college at Tilton Seminary, and for many years taught school winters, and carried on his farm and dealt in lumber during the summer. He read law with C. G. Hawthorne, Herman W. Greene, and John Y. Mugridge, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. From 1867 to 1873 he was deputy sheriff. He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1889, Gov. Harriman's secretary, doorkeeper of the senate several years, during the war. He was treasurer of Warner three years.

He married Lavona, daughter of Abner and Mary (Fisk) Harvey, of Warner, June 4, 1855. They have two children. Ida M. married W. W. Wheeler. Wood-

bury E. married, and resides in Warner. Mr. Davis is an earnest advocate of temperance, an easy speaker, a writer of recognized ability, and has taken no small part in revolutionizing the political status of his native town.

JAMES F. SARGENT,

Member from Sandown, was born July 31, 1855, in Plaistow. He is the son of Aaron B. and Catharine H. (Jackson) Sargent. He was educated at the public schools of Sandown. He carries on a farm with his father, and is interested with him in the manufacture of shoes, employing about a dozen hands. Mr. Sargent has served the town as supervisor six years, selectman three years, two years as chairman; a member of the Democratic town committee since his coming of age and a member of the Democratic County committee.

Mr. Sargent married, April 5, 1882, Florence N. Currier, daughter of Capt. David Currier of Danville; one daughter. He attends the Universalist church.

Mr. Sargent is a leader in the ranks of the young Democracy in his native town and in Rockingham county, and will be heard from in the future.

ARTHUR H. WILLIAMS,

Member from Manchester, Ward 3, was born in Manchester, August 20, 1861. He is the son of Hon. Charles and Augusta A. (Jackson) Williams. He was educated at the public schools of Manchester, graduating at the high school, and graduated from Dartmouth college in 1885. During his college course he was business manager of the *Dartmouth*. After his graduation he entered into business with his father in quarrying soapstone, having charge for one year of the business in New York city, and has travelled extensively, extending the trade. He is a Republican, and was elected to office for the first time when he was chosen to represent Manchester in the legislature. He is a member of the Order of Elks, United

Workmen, and is a Master-Mason. He attends the Methodist church.

He married, Nov. 11, 1855, Alice M., daughter of Hon. Jacob H. and Mary A. Gallinger, of Concord. She was born August 23, 1861, died December 16, 1886. One daughter, Alice G. Williams.

He married (2), Nov. 6, 1890, George A. Whittier, daughter of George W. Whittier, of Manchester.



JOHN H. BROWN.

Member from Bristol, was born in Bridgewater, May 20, 1850. He is the son of James and Judith B. (Harram) Brown. He was educated at the common schools of Holderness, and at the New Hampton Institute. In 1874 he entered the firm of Sanborn & Brown, lumber dealers of Bristol, and became extensively interested in the manufacture and sale of lumber. The firm was dissolved in 1881. Since then he has been engaged in promoting several business enterprises—among others the Bristol Aqueduct Company, of which he is at present clerk and superintendent—and has been identified with the works of public utility in the thriving and enterprising village of Bristol. As a land surveyor he is employed in all the neighboring towns. He was chairman of the board of selectmen in 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, and in 1886 and 1887, was postmaster under Arthur's administration: member of the Republican State Committee many years, chairman of the town committee twelve

years, and deputy sheriff for Grafton, Merrimack, and Belknap counties.

He married, June 10, 1872, Marietta S. Lougee, of Sanbornton. Mr. Brown is a past-master of Union Lodge No. 79, and a member of Pemigewasset Chapter, No. 16. He is a Republican, and attends the Congregational church.

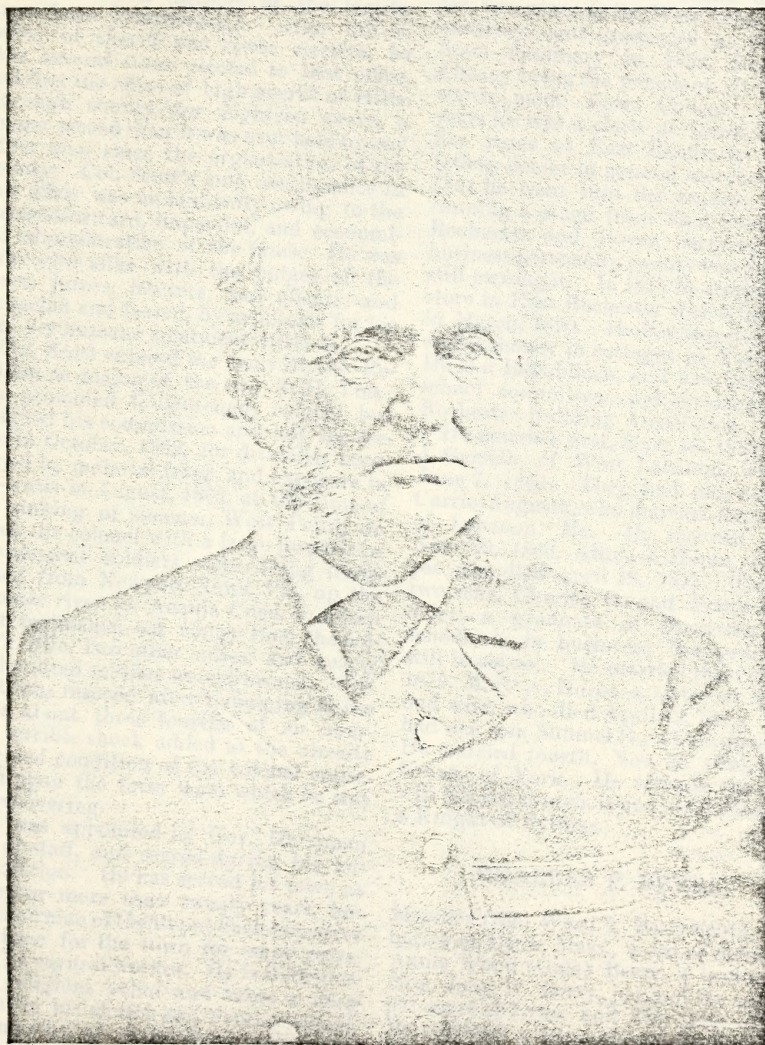
John H. Brown, of Bristol, ranks easily among the leading men on the Republican side of the House. While a strong partisan, he is immensely popular with Democrats as well as Republicans, being universally esteemed as an honorable gentleman, incapable of any kind of meanness. Among his party associates he is recognized as a "hustler," and any measure in which he becomes interested is sure to have an earnest and uncompromising supporter. Liberally educated, he both writes and speaks well and does not fail to impress the House with the sincerity of his views and the honesty of his convictions. A true friend, an active politician, a popular citizen, it is safe to predict that in the future mutations of New Hampshire politics "Brown of Bristol" will be well at the front rank in party councils, and will not fail to secure the recognition that his talents and energy justly entitle him to at the hands of the Republican party of the state.

COL. CHARLES SCOTT,

Member from Peterborough, was born in Peterborough, April 14, 1829. He is a son of William and Phylinda (Crossfield) Scott, a grandson of Hon. John Scott, who served several years in the Revolutionary war, and a great grandson of Maj. William Scott of Revolutionary fame. He has always resided in his native town. His early education was obtained in the common schools of the town, and was very limited on account of the death of his parents, when the oldest of a family of ten children was but 20 years of age. When 16 years old he entered a store as a clerk, and remained at that employment until he was 20, when, finding that indoor employment was undermining his health, he worked at out-door employment for several years, and then purchased the office of the Peterborough *Transcript*. At the end of three years he sold the printing establishment to his brother, K. C. Scott, now deceased, which office has remained in the Scott family ever since, and is now conducted by John Scott, the youngest member of the family.

Upon Col. Scott's retirement from the printing business he was appointed deputy

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Charles Scott

sheriff for Hillsborough county. In July, 1865, he was appointed high sheriff of the county, and held the office until 1874, when the Democrats came into power in the state. He was reappointed to the same office again in June, 1876, at which time he was a member of the legislature from Peterborough. After the office of sheriff was made elective, he was several times elected to that office, holding the office of high sheriff of Hillsborough county for eighteen years, a longer period than it was ever held by any other man since the organization of the county. Col. Scott's long continuance in this office was undoubtedly owing to the straightforward, impartial, and economical administration of the same. He was a favorite alike with the judges of the court, jurors, lawyers, and clients, and respected and feared by criminals for his firm yet humane treatment of them.

Col. Scott entered the army of the Rebellion as major of the 6th N. H. Vols., was promoted to lieutenant colonel, but resigned his commission and left the service in October, 1862, for disability occasioned by malarial fever and exposure in the water in August, 1862, at the time of the sinking of steamer, West Point, on which the colonel with a large number of convalescent soldiers were being transported from Newport News, Va., up the Potomac river to Acquia Creek to rejoin their regiments,—at which time the colonel's wife, two other ladies, and nearly two hundred soldiers were drowned. Col. Scott was rescued after remaining in the water about three fourths of an hour. This terrible shock added to the already enfeebled condition of the colonel consequent upon the fever from which he was just recovering.

He was appointed by Gov. Harriman chief of staff, and served during his administration. He has served his town as moderator more than twenty years, has been chairman of the Republican executive committee for the town for many years, and is an earnest worker. He is Orthodox in his religious belief and takes a deep interest in his church and Sunday-school.

He married in 1848, Mary Sophia Fuller, of Peterborough, who was drowned, Aug. 13, 1862. Two children died young. He married second, 1863, Charlotte Wilkins, of Peterborough. Their oldest child, Mary Lena, married Harry W. Ramsdell, son of Hon. Geo. A. Ramsdell, of Nashua. Their second child married Prof. L. G. Smith, of Newburyport. Their youngest daughter, Emma, resides with her parents.

STEPHEN F. SHOREY,

Member from Rochester, was born Dec. 14, 1837. He is the son of Stephen and Louisa (Corson) Shorey. He was educated at the public schools of Rochester, two years at the West Lebanon (Me.) academy, and graduated at the Maine State Seminary in 1858, Rev. O. B. Cheney being the president. It was afterwards made Bates College. For two years he was a clerk at Great Falls, and five years at East Rochester with his father, dealer in general merchandise. In 1864 he went into the express business, running a stage from East Rochester to Rochester and Dover, carrying on the business personally twenty-two years, and still owning it. In 1871 he started a drug store in East Rochester which he sold out in March, 1890. He has invested considerable money in cottages at York Beach. He is a Republican, and has been on the school committee, and president of the Rochester Building Association.

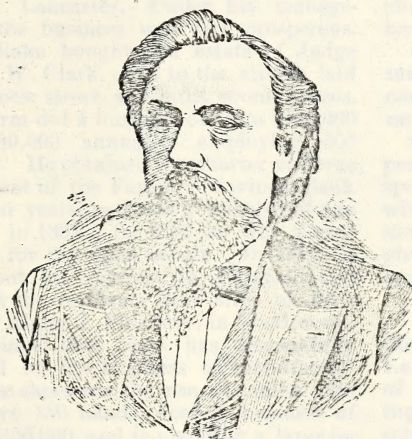
He married first, Sept. 16, 1859, Lizzie J. Gerrish, of West Lebanon, who died June 7, 1864. They had one daughter, Carrie Augusta, who married John Grant, of Lebanon, Me. He married second Nov. 29, 1866, Abbie J. Horne, of Ossipee, who died April 18, 1877. They had two sons, Charles C. and Frank I.; the older, a graduate of Rochester high-school, is in business; the younger is still in school. He married third Oct. 29, 1879, Mary A. Horne, a sister of his second wife, who died April 12, 1884. They had one son, Sumner G., who is in school. He married fourth, Nov. 22, 1886, Sarah Grant, of York. He attends the Free-will Baptist church, is an Odd Fellow, and a Knight of Pythias.

CHARLES P. BERRY,

Member from Ward 2, Portsmouth, is a native of Lynn, Mass., a son of John and Annie Wood (Gale) Berry, a brother of Hon. John W. Berry, judge of the municipal court of Lynn, and fifty years of age. He received a common-school education, and since youth has been connected with the manufacturing of shoes. In 1880 he became associated with Hon. Frank Jones, Hon. Charles A. Sinclair, Hon. Charles H. Mendon, and Hon. Calvin Page, in organizing an enterprise now so widely known as the Portsmouth Shoe Company, of which he is the vice-president and general manager. This company from its start has had ample capital, and

under the efficient management of Mr. Berry has won a high rank in the commercial world. It is an industry in which the city of Portsmouth and the whole state may take pride, as it is probably the largest establishment in the world devoted to the manufacture of shoes. It employs 1,200 hands, turns out 135 60-pair cases daily, and has a weekly payroll of \$12,000. The company makes fine ladies' shoes for the southern and western trade, and has a store, one of the finest in Boston, at 14 High street.

Mr. Berry is a popular, genial gentleman, of executive ability of a high order, and a business man who takes a pride in the commercial prosperity of the community in which he resides. In the house he is an active and influential member devoting much time to committee work.



CYRUS A. SULLOWAY,

Member from Ward 2, Manchester, was born in Grafton, June 8, 1839. He is the son of Greeley and Betsey L. Sulloway. He was educated at the public schools of his native town, and at the academies at Canaan, Andover, Franklin, and New London: commenced the study of law in 1861, with Pike & Barnard, at Franklin, and was admitted to bar in 1863, and soon after located at Manchester, forming a partnership with Samuel D. Lord, since 1873 with Elijah M. Topliff. A Republican. Mr. Sulloway was a member of the house in 1872, and 1873, serving the latter year as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was deputy collector of internal revenues, from 1873 to 1878; he was Greenback candidate for Congress in 1878; he was

again a member of the house in 1887, '89, '91; Mr. Sulloway is a Republican, and a conscientious Christian.

He married, May 31, 1864, Helen M., daughter of Jonathan W., and Theodorah (Dickinson) Fifield, of Franklin. One daughter, Belle H., born July 31, 1868.

"Mr. Sulloway, upon his admission to the bar, at once displayed such energy, ability, and adaptation to his profession, that he soon surrounded himself with a large clientage, and rapidly rose to prominence. To great keenness, penetration, and power of analysis, he adds fluency, pungency, and force, in the presentation of a cause to a jury, and as an advocate he espouses his causes fearlessly, and leaves nothing undone, in the line of honorable warfare, to win success. His prominence in the trial of the most important causes in Hillsborough county, and throughout the state, is a proof that his legal fame rests upon a solid and enduring basis."

—History Hillsborough County.

HON. HERMAN WELLS GREENE,

Member from Hopkinton, is a lawyer, son of Herman H. and Ellen C. (Little) Greene. He was born in Hopkinton, April 11, 1836; educated at Hopkinton, Gilmanton, and Pembroke academies. Deciding to pursue the profession of the law, he studied for a time in the office of George & Foster, at Concord, and at the age of 19 he went to Boston and completed his preparatory course in the office of Beard & Nickerson. On the day of his majority he was admitted to the Suffolk county bar, and began practice with Charles E. Pike. He afterwards practised with Ithamar W. Beard and James P. Sullivan. After about eight years in practice in Boston, Mr. Greene returned to Hopkinton, his health being impaired, and did not resume his practice until 1869. From 1871 for a number of years he was associated with Carlos G. Hawthorne in the practice of the law.

In politics a Republican, Mr. Greene has been for a number of years a power in the party. He has been moderator many times, superintending school committee, representative in 1881 and 1889, solicitor of Merrimack county 1876 to 1881, and a stump speaker of acknowledged ability.

He married (1), February 20, 1854, Frances Adelaide, daughter of Henry G. and Frances Adelaide (Whitman) Wil-

lard; one son, William Tibbetts. Mrs. Green died March 2, 1873. He married (2), Sept. 18, 1877, Anstice Irene, daughter of Daniel W. and Ruhama (Cochran) Clarke, of Hopkinton.

IRA N. BLAKE,

Member from Northwood, was born Oct. 11, 1832, in Kensington, where he lived until eighteen years of age. He is the son of Ira and Dolly (Sanborn) Blake. He received his education at the public schools, and learned the shoe-making trade. In 1869 he embarked in the manufacture of shoes by machinery at Seabrook and Hampton Falls, and continued for ten years. In 1879 he went to Pittsfield as the manager of the two large new factories erected there for C. B. Lancaster. Under his management the business was very prosperous. Mr. Blake bought the estate of Judge Lewis W. Clark, close to the village, laid out a new street, and built seven houses. The firm did a business of from \$500,000 to \$780,000 annually, employing 500 hands. He obtained the charter and was president of the Farmers' Savings Bank for four years, and was a member of the house in 1881. In 1885 he was a candidate for the state senate. In 1888 he sold out his interest in Pittsfield, and bought the residence and mills of John J. and Alpha J. Pillsbury, in Northwood, and since that time has successfully carried on the business of manufacturing fine shoes for the use of ladies. He employs 150 hands, does a business of over \$300,000, and is planning a large increase in his works. Always a Republican, unmarried, he attends the Unitarian church, and is a member of the Noble Order of Red Men. He was a delegate to the convention which nominated Ralph Metcalf for governor. During his residence in Pittsfield a strong friendship was formed between Mr. Blake and Governor Tuttle, which has continued to this day. They are both fond of a good game of whist. Mr. Blake is an active and influential man in business and political circles, and is popular with the citizens of his town.

FRANK H. BROWN,

Senior member of the House from Claremont, was born in Claremont, February 2, 1854. He is the son of Oscar J. and Lavinia (Porter) Brown. On both sides he is descended from old Connecti-

cut families, who following upward the course of the river, finally settled in the towns of Thetford and Hartford, Vermont. He was educated in the public schools of Claremont, fitted for college at its High school, and the Worcester Military Academy, entered the class of 1876 at Dartmouth college, and read law with Judge W. H. H. Allen two years. He graduated at the Boston University Law School in 1876, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in June of that year. He practised a short time in Boston; and from Nov., 1876, to Sept., 1879, in Concord; when he returned to Claremont, where he has since resided and practised his profession. He married, October 9, 1877, Susan Farwell Patten, daughter of Henry and Nancy (Farwell) Patten, of Claremont. One child, Ruth, born September 19, 1878, has blessed their union.

In the present legislature he is chairman of the Committee on Military Accounts, and a member of the Committee on the Revision of the Statutes.

Scholarly in tastes and habits, quick in perception, a good debater and ready speaker, versatile in his acquirements, with many friends among all classes of men. Mr. Brown with his fine presence, pleasing manner, and good address, has much in store for him in future.

NEWTON S. HUNTINGTON,

Member from Hanover, was born in Lebanon, August 9, 1822. He is the son of Elias and Lucinda (Putnam) Huntington. He was educated at the public schools of Hanover and at New London academy. His father, who was a farmer, died in Mr. Huntington's infancy, when the family moved to Hanover. Until thirty-three years of age Mr. Huntington remained on a farm, when he went into trade, continuing about seven years. In 1865 he organized the Dartmouth National Bank, of which he was chosen cashier, and was elected treasurer of the Dartmouth Savings Bank, and held these positions fourteen years, when he was chosen president of both banks, and holds both offices at present. In 1879 he went abroad: travelled through Scotland, England, France, Italy, and Switzerland, remaining away from home three months. He has travelled extensively through the United States and Canada, visiting every state east of the Rocky Mountains. Always a Republican, has filled every office in the gift of the town. Moderator over

thirty times; member of the house 1858, 1859, 1885, 1887, 1889, and 1891. Dartmouth college bestowed the degree of A. M. in 1887.

He married, April 30, 1843, Mary, daughter of Deacon Isaac and Lucy (Chandler) Bridgman, of Hanover, and has two daughters, Ellen M., who married Prof. Robert Fletcher of the Thayer Department, and Fanny C., who married Prof. Charles P. Chase, now treasurer of the two banks and treasurer of Dartmouth college. Baptist.



ANDREW KILLOREN,

member from Ward 5, Dover, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 17, 1854. He is single, a grocer, and a member of the Catholic church. He was an assessor in 1882 and 1883; a member of the house since 1887. He was the first in Ward 5 to break the one term record. He has been a member of the Democratic State Committee since 1888, and was chairman of the Democratic County Committee in 1890. For the last two sessions he has been chairman of the Dover delegation, also of the Strafford County delegation. He is a charter member of the Benevolent Order of Elks, Dover Lodge, No. 184, and a charter member of Court Strafford, Ancient Order of Forresters of America, and a member of Division 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

ISAAC L. HEATH,

Member from Ward 3, Manchester, was born in Bow near Page's Corner, and is the son of Carlton and Sarah (Long) Heath. Was educated at the

academies of Hopkinton, Pembroke, and Boscawen. Graduated at Dartmouth college in 1865, taught in the Franklin Street Grammar school five years, studying law at the same time with Hon. David Cross. Giving up teaching, he entered the office of Briggs & Huse, where he remained one year. He was admitted to the bar in 1872, and has practised law in Manchester since alone. Always a Republican, he has been a member of the school board, county treasurer two years, member of the house in 1881 and 1889. He has been a member of the Judiciary Committee every session, and in 1881 was chairman of Insurance Committee. In 1891 he was a candidate for speaker. Unmarried; attends Congregational church; is an Odd Fellow, and has been "through the chairs" in Lodge and Encampment. In Masonry he is a member of Lafayette Lodge, Mt. Horeb Chapter, Adoniram Council, and Trinity Commandery.

He has been Assistant Justice of the Manchester Police Court for a number of years.

CHARLES W. CONN,

Member from Hillsborough, was born in Hillsborough, Mar. 6, 1822. He is the son of William and Sarah (Priest) Conn, and is a brother of Dr. Granville P. Conn, of Concord. Was educated at the district schools, and at Still River academy, at Harvard, Mass. He has been a farmer all his life, and has dealt some in cattle. He has a farm of 250 acres. He has been a director of the Hillsborough First National Bank for ten years, a trustee of the Public Library since its organization, and is a member of the Congregational church and a deacon. He married Lucinda Colby in April, 1857. Two children,—Herbert F., a salesman and broker in Walla Walla, Washington, and Elsie J., who married Hiram A. Brockway, and resides with her parents, her husband being interested in the farm. Mr. Conn is a member of Valley Grange, No. 63, Patrons of Husbandry.

JOHN B. NASH,

Member from Conway, was born May 17, 1848, in Windham, Maine. He is the son of Barzillai and Lavina (Hicks) Nash. He was educated at the common schools and at Gorham academy. Read law with Hon. Joel Eastman, of Conway, was admitted to the bar in 1878, and

settled in Conway, where he still practises his profession. He was supervisor of the check-list four years, solicitor of Carroll county four years; member of the school board; and a member of the constitutional convention in 1889. He married Nov. 17, 1872, Susan J., daughter of David Libbey, of Gray, Maine; two children. Always a Democrat, attends the Universalist church, an Odd Fellow, Knight of Pythias, and a Mason.

He has rendered effective service on the stump since 1876, and is a graceful, easy, and eloquent speaker.

LEWIS JENKINS,

Sergeant-at-Arms of the house, was born in Barnstead, February 2, 1838. He is the son of Joseph and Lydia (Merrill) Jenkins, and one of ten brothers, eight of whom are living. He was educated at the public schools and at the Pittsfield academy. At the breaking out of the war he was on his father's farm, but, impelled by patriotism, enlisted Aug. 14, 1862, as a private, Company B, 12th N. H. Volunteers, at the same time with his brothers, Everett and Melvin J. He was promoted to sergeant, and was on detached service at Point Lookout fifteen months. He was wounded at Chancellorsville, and took part in the great battle of Fredericksburg and those about Richmond. He was one of the first of

the Union army to enter the capital of the Southern Confederacy. He was mustered out July 4, 1865. Since the war he has been farming most of the time. Since 1885 a resident of Pittsfield, and employed in the shoe-shop. Always a Republican, he has served as deputy sheriff of Belknap county, five years; door-keeper two terms; and is now serving his third term as sergeant-at arms. He was a member from Gilman-ton in 1881. He married, Sept. 14, 1862, Carrie S., daughter of Ransom C. and Alice (Fiske) Palmer of Sutton. Three children, Walter, Ellen, and Annie Maud. He attends the Free Will Baptist church, and is a member of Masonic Lodge, G. A. R., and the Noble Order of Red Men.

ORRIN D. HUSE,

Door-keeper of the House, was born in Sanbornton, Oct. 3, 1847. He is the son of Deacon Daniel and Elmira (Eaton) Huse. He was born on the farm which he now owns, and on which his father before him was born. The town of Sanbornton had been Democratic for thirty years before it was carried by the Republican party in 1889, when Mr. Huse was chosen chairman of the board of supervisors. He has been moderator three times.

Mr. Huse married Dec. 20, 1871, Stella A. Porter, of Laconia; two children, Daniel P., and John W. Mr. Huse is a Republican and a Baptist.

EDITORIAL.

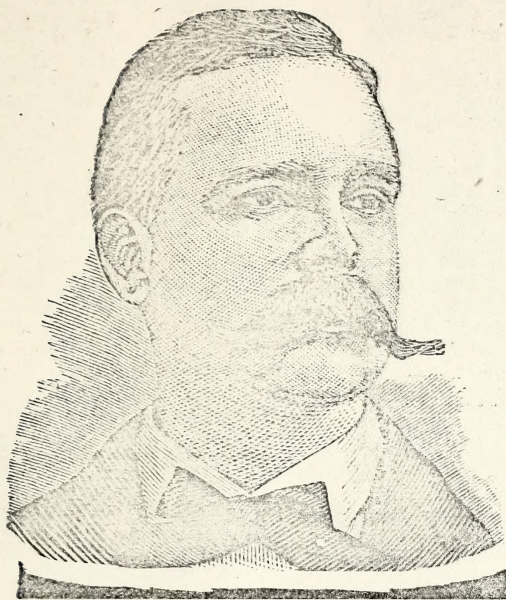
This number of the magazine completes the thirteenth volume. To the many friends of the publication who have sustained the work in the most acceptable manner by paying promptly in advance the subscription of \$1.50 per year, the publisher would apologize for the delay in issuing the numbers for 1890, and remind them that now is the time for sending in their subscriptions for 1891, and will promise, as far as possible, to be more prompt in the future.

To the very many friends of the Granite Monthly, who have been a little backward in coming forward and remitting their subscriptions, he would state that the present would be a very fitting time to remit arrearages, so that he may square up all accounts. At the same time, dear friends, that you pay for what has already been sent to you, be sure to enclose \$1.50 for your subscription for the year 1891.

Money is what is needed to pay for the paper, printing, binding, and mailing, besides the engraving and editorial work. New subscribers are always welcome. If only half those who read this number should send in their subscriptions, the editor and publisher would go wild with financial joy.

Remember this: The Granite Monthly is the pioneer of all similar publications in the United States. It has lived when hundreds have suspended. Its work is not yet done. It appeals to every patriotic New Hampshire man for support. Its aim is to afford a medium for the exchange of the thoughts of the brightest minds in the state. It puts on record valuable historical information, and keeps up with the times.

The stories, "Bessie Beaumont" and "Lord Bangs," will be continued in the next number.



WILLIAM A. THOMPSON.

One of the bright, wide-awake, active, young business men of Concord is William A. Thompson, who conducts a boot and shoe store in Bailey's Block. He has a large store and carries a very large stock,—perhaps the largest in his line in the state. He aims to meet the demands of all classes, and can furnish the brogan and the patent-leather, hand-sewed dancing-pumps, the carpet slipper, or the French kid boot for the most dainty lass. He exercises good judgment not only in selecting his goods but in meeting the wants of his customers. Like all successful men he is not above his business. He makes himself familiar with the idiosyncracies of his customers and seeks to please them and by all legitimate methods to hold their custom. What he says about a boot or a shoe may be taken as law, for he has always recognized the axiom that honesty is the best policy. Long experience and a natural aptitude have given him his rank in the trade.

Mr. Thompson started in business for himself, in 1880 in the firm of Thompson & Co., in the Statesman Block, becoming sole proprietor in 1882. Since 1885 he has occupied his present store. He is the sole agent in Concord and vicinity for the celebrated W. A. Douglas shoe. He has built up a large business by mail and

express, by being willing to receive back the goods ordered if not satisfactory.

THE NEW EAGLE.

The citizens of Concord have good reason to be proud of the New Eagle hotel, as it is an honor to the city. It occupies the site of the old Eagle: otherwise it is an entirely new structure, reconstructed throughout. The old front on Main street, facing the state house, was retained, but was raised one story and greatly improved in appearance. The office, wide and deep, is a light, spacious room. In the rear, at one side, a broad stairway leads to the upper floors, winding about the elevator shaft, and is lighted from the top. Beyond the stairway, with entrances on each side of it, is the spacious reading-room. In the rear of office and reading-room is the dining-room extending the whole width of the building, and so arranged that it can be made into two rooms. A description is sometimes made more explicit by comparison. When it is said that the railroad station at Concord is one of the finest in the United States, or that the government building in Concord is perfect, the reader who has seen neither can imagine two beautiful structures. It is not over-drawing the picture to state that the lower floor of the New Eagle is perfect either from an architectural or from an artistic standpoint. As one enters' from Main street, he is in a room which would do honor to any hotel in Boston, Chicago, Washington, or New York. In many respects it is unrivalled. I doubt if there is a more beautiful dining-room on this continent. The rooms above, approached by wide, light, tastefully decorated halls, are also light, bright, homelike, and attractive. Gas, steam, and electricity have all been called into use, and an artist would approve of every apartment. Concord is not a large city but the public demands of the legislature, conventions, St. Paul's School, and summer tourists going to or from the lake and mountain districts of New Hampshire require the extraordinary hotel accommodations which the New Eagle affords. The Phenix hotel is run in connection with the New Eagle.

The Eagle & Phenix Hotel Company, of which Edson J. Hill is treasurer and manager, was organized in 1890, with a capital of \$120,000. Messrs. Thompson and Peiren manage the hotel. The service is first-class in every respect.

